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181, 204

274-275 (6,7)

320-322

356-365

376

390

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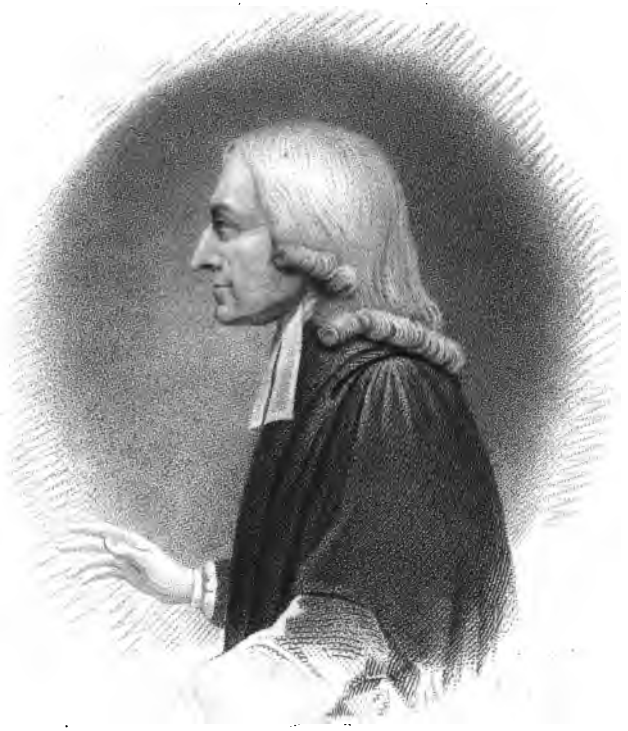

Engraved by J.B. Longacre.

J. Wesley

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205

THE

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205

THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY:

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING,

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY; OF HIS EDUCATION IN THE EARLY PART OF HIS LIFE, AND THE FIVE FIRST NUMBERS OF HIS JOURNAL.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

Philadelphia:

PUBLISHED BY D. & S. NEALL, AND W. S. STOCKTON.

PRINTED ON THE VERTICAL PRESS, BY D. & S. NEALL,
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PREFACE.

The want of a complete and uniform Edition of the Works of the Rev. John Wesley, has long been deplored by a considerable portion of the religious Public. The need complained of may now be supplied, as this Edition is a reprint of the London "Octavo Edition, prepared and Published by Authority of the British General Conference of the People called Methodists."—*See the English Editor's Preface, p.* 9.

The British Conference in their Annual Address for 1825, invite the attention of their Brethren to the important fact, "That the introduction of Books into their families, is the same thing as the introduction of companions into their societies."—"In this view (continues the Address) you will never, we trust, forget the eminent character of the Writings of our illustrious Founder, which we again recommend to you for your daily companions, as more clearly than any other human compositions, unfolding the scriptural doctrine of salvation; and, as connecting the evangelical system of pure and perfect morals, and its spirit of meekness and love, with the life of faith in the divine atonement;—subjects which, in other writings, in many respects excellent, are too often disjoined, or imperfectly stated."

As the first in order, of these Works, is the Journal, and as the English Editor has said but little respecting it, a few additional observations in this place, may be allowable. In his Journal, Mr. Wesley is, confessedly, his own best Biographer. All other histories of him, and of that great revival of religion in which he was the chief instrument, are, of necessity, more or less imperfect. Volumes were required to detail the principal occurrences of nearly sixty-five years of unremitted, if not unexampled, labours, trials, sacrifices, persecutions, and achievements: And with a continually "single eye," to the glory of God and the good of man, Mr. Wesley wrote volumes for this very purpose. Here the Reader may at his leisure, trace the progress of truth, on the mind of one of the most extraordinary men that has for a long time appeared on the stage of human life, from the first faint glimpse of its beams, like those of 'the morning spread upon the mountains,' through all its ascending gradations to mid-day splendour—this is one of the most delightful and instructive exercises in which the human intellect can possibly be

engaged. In this view, the Journal is replete with attractions: And there is another view in which these volumes are scarcely to be paralleled, if there are any others worthy to be compared with them. Mr. Wesley's Biography, throughout, connects itself with the history of the church, and in this respect not only eminently tends to an enlargement of mental vision, but at the same time strengthens the habit of a close and investigating observation of the works and ways of God. For these reasons, his Journal has ever been esteemed as the best history of him, and as forming the most authentic and comprehensive record of the rise and progress of Methodism, that has ever been published; and the remarks of the Writer on a great variety of subjects, which came under his notice in the course of his travels, render it one of the most interesting publications in the English language.

These considerations alone are sufficient to affix the highest value on Mr. Wesley's Journal; an observation of one of his Biographers, not greatly prejudiced in his favor, may, however, be added: —"The history of men who have been prime agents in those great moral and intellectual revolutions, which from time to time take place among mankind, is not less important than that of statesmen and conquerors—and there may come a time when the name of Wesley will be more generally known, and in remoter regions of the globe, than those of Kings and Czarinas. For the works of such men survive them, and continue to operate, when nothing remains of worldly ambition but the memory of its vanity and guilt."*

"But who can produce an intelligible theory which shall account for some of those mysterious relations, in the Journal, regarding the invisible world?" The Objector will *please to observe* that Mr. Wesley never identified any of these things with christianity. *He continually declares the contrary.* He merely relates what he conceived to rest on credible testimony; leaving every one to believe or not, without any offence to him. In the language of an eminent writer, it may be asked, if "From the testimony of credible witnesses we do not derive our information upon every subject, with which we have not either a demonstrative, or intuitive, or an experimental acquaintance? And shall we invalidate this evidence for the purpose of weakening even a collateral proof of the reality of things unseen? To the believer in Scriptural Revelation,—to the Christian,—these occasional disclosures of the certainty and of the nearness of the spiritual world are neither strange nor terrible. He feels himself beneath the

* Southey's "Life of Wesley."—Vol. 1, p. 135.

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shade of that surrounding Presence which supports, directs and governs the whole universe of intellectual, as well as material nature; and not only tranquilly reposes in the consciousness of safety, but rejoices to hold sweet associations with the world of spirits, and anticipates with solemn gladness the moment that 'shall give to beings one in nature, one abode.'"

Blind and sceptical philosophy must be allowed her exclusive privilege of questioning and impugning whatever lies deeper than her shallow line can fathom; and, if it seem good in her eyes, of contemning every christian practice, because it stretches to so immense an elevation as to leave her feeble pinion far behind in the flight.

The plain state of the case is this; The revival of primitive Christianity which distinguished the last Century, was itself distinguished by remarkable circumstances, characters and effects. Its influence is still witnessed in the annual addition of thousands to the Church of Christ. It every day assumes a more important aspect. It is an accumulating moral power, whose operation upon society becomes increasingly sensible. It is, therefore, in its nature, origin, and tendency, highly worthy of investigation by every lover of the human race.

PHILADELPHIA:
January, 1826.

*** Subscribers are informed that a Volume of MR. WESLEY'S Works will be published at least every two months from the above date, until the whole are finished; and that the desired uniformity in Paper and Printing, shall be carefully regarded. This Volume contains, including the Prefaces, four hundred and fifty-two pages; being the matter of six hundred and sixty-seven pages, of the English Octavo Edition.

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PREFACE TO THE LONDON EDITION.

Considering how much the Works of the late Rev. John Wesley have been read, and how well they are known, not only in the Societies of his Connexion, but by the more serious part of the Nation at large, it seems quite unnecessary to say much here in commendation of them. The topics which he treats are, in general, among the most important that can possibly come under the consideration of the human race. And his clear and concise manner of treating them is peculiarly calculated to give every attentive Reader the most just and satisfactory views of them in the fewest words, and with the least expense of time and trouble possible. His style, at the same time that it is pure and elegant, is also so luminous and clear, that the Reader must be dull of apprehension indeed, that has need to peruse any one of his sentences or paragraphs twice in order to understand it. And what is a peculiar excellence in many of his Writings, they are addressed not merely to the understanding or judgment of the Reader, but also to his heart and conscience, and are adapted not only to enlarge his knowledge, but also and especially to regulate his life and transform his soul into the Divine image; to make him a better man and a better Christian.

Having, as early as the year 1725, when he was in the twenty-second year of his age, made a resolution to dedicate all his life to God, from that period his design in writing, as well as in all his other labours and pursuits, was to glorify God and profit mankind, especially with respect to their best interests. "I have thought," says he, in the preface to his Sermons, "that I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God: just hovering over the great gulph; till a few moments hence I am no more seen; I drop into an unchangeable eternity." Under a deep sense of these things, it was his continual care to work while it was day, and to serve God and his generation to the uttermost of his power. And on all Divine subjects, that he might neither be misled himself, nor mislead others, his care was to keep close to the Holy Scriptures. "I want," says he, in the same place, "to know one thing, the way to heaven, to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach me the way: for this very end he came down from heaven. He hath written

it down in a book. O give me that book! At any price give me the Book of God! I sit down alone: only God is here. In his presence I open, I read his book for this end, to find the way to heaven. I lift up my heart to the Father of Lights. I meditate thereon with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. And what I thus learn, that I teach."

Such was the spirit in which he wrote most or all of his Treatises on Sacred subjects; and especially his Sermons, which, in general, are written with as great energy as clearness, and all with the benevolent design above-mentioned. "I design," says he, "plain truth for plain people. Therefore, of set purpose, I abstain from all nice and philosophical speculations; from all perplexed and intricate reasonings; and as far as possible, even from the shew of learning, unless in sometimes citing the Original Scriptures." The thoughts, however, in many of these Sermons, are deep and high, worthy of one who, standing on the verge of time, looked forward into eternity, which he had long and earnestly contemplated.

His Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion have generally been considered as most masterly productions. "They were written," say his biographers, "in the fullness of his heart: while beholding the world *lying in the wicked one*, he wept over it. We could almost venture to assert, that no unprejudiced person can read them without feeling their force, and acknowledging the justice of the observations which they contain." The pious and learned Dr. Doddridge intimates that he read them with great emotion; and tells us, that having gone through them, he wrote on the back, '*How forcible are right words!*' It is certain they have convinced many persons who were before deeply prejudiced, and utterly opposed to the Methodists, and some of these men of considerable learning.

We may give nearly the same character of many of his controversial Pieces. "They were written as need required: *first*, to preserve those who were in danger of being seduced from the plain Religion of the Bible; and *secondly*, to recover those who had already fallen into the snare." His Treatise on *Original Sin*, is perhaps one of the most laboured of these performances: For he knew and respected the abilities of his opponent, and therefore bestowed much time and attention in a careful investigation of the subject. Whether Dr. Taylor, was convinced or not, his esteem was gained; and, as he never would answer Mr. Wesley, so he always spoke of him in terms of great respect.

Indeed it has generally been acknowledged that Mr. Wesley excelled in Controversy. Few have equalled him either in logical skill,

or in moderation and a Christian temper. His opponents could not depart from the question, shift the terms, or use any fallacy, but he readily perceived and exposed it. And as he was attacked from every quarter, there is scarcely any point of divinity which he has not illustrated or confirmed in these occasional publications. His Tracts against absolute, unconditional Predestination are well known, and have been the means of convincing many of the error of that hypothesis, and of establishing them in the doctrine of General Redemption, and other topics connected therewith. Of These Tracts, that termed "*Predestination Calmly Considered*," is certainly of distinguished excellence. "It is a model of controversy," says a writer of his Life, who cannot be suspected of partiality, "clear and cogent; concise and argumentative; and the more convincing, because the spirit in which it is written is as amiable as the reasoning is unanswerable. Perhaps there is not in the English Language, a Treatise which contains, in so small a compass, so full and masterly a refutation of the principle he opposes."

His Journal, which, after a concise account of his family and the early part of his life, we first present to our Readers, will, we doubt not, be peculiarly interesting to them. It contains perhaps the best History of his Life and Labours, with the success attending them, which has yet appeared. It is written with great simplicity and clearness, and is an excellent model for that species of writing. It is as entertaining as it is instructive, and cannot fail to please and profit almost every description of persons into whose hands it falls. Although many Editions of the sundry Numbers which it comprises have been sold, the demand for them still continues, and, no doubt, will continue for ages to come.

Upon the whole, to use the words of a writer already quoted, "If usefulness be excellence; if public good ought to be the chief object of attention in public characters; and if the greatest benefactors to mankind are the most estimable, Mr. Wesley will be long remembered as one of the best of writers, as well as of men, as he was for more than fifty years the most diligent and indefatigable."

But excellent as the works of this eminent writer and most laborious servant of God are, his friends have long had to complain that no uniform and elegant Edition of them could be obtained. Indeed no such Edition had been printed. Many of his writings, like those of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, before the late Edition in Octavo appeared, had only been published in mere Pamphlets, on very indifferent paper, and with a small type, in order to suit the convenience of such Readers as had not much money to spare for the purchase of books.

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If it be objected, that an Edition of his Works, prepared by himself, was published near forty years ago in thirty-two volumes, we answer, that impression neither did nor could contain the Sermons, Tracts, and sundry Numbers of his Journal, which were not then composed; and being only in Duodecimo, and but indifferently executed, it is by no means such a Work as Mr. WESLEY's friends wish to have put into their hands. Besides, while it does not comprehend many of his own original Writings, it includes not a few composed by other Authors, and only abridged or extracted by him, which, however illustrative of his views of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, and well worthy of the attentive consideration of every Reader, cannot with propriety be termed the Works of Mr. WESLEY, and certainly ought not to be comprehended in what is held forth to the Public as an Edition merely of *his* Works. Add to all this, that the impression in thirty-two volumes has long been out of print, and except that a few odd volumes of it are occasionally to be met with, is, we believe, not to be procured from any bookseller in the Kingdom. The last General Conference, therefore, of the people called Methodists, having taken all these things into consideration, together with the requests of many individuals in different parts of the United Kingdom, have ordered the present Octavo Edition to be prepared for the Press, and published with all convenient speed; and it is not doubted but it will fully answer the expectations of all who respect Mr. WESLEY's memory, while it gives satisfaction to the Subscribers in general.

New Chapel, City-Road,
London, May 8, 1809.

JOSEPH BENSON, *Editor.*

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

OF HIS FAMILY AND THE EARLY PART OF HIS LIFE.

CHAP. PAGE.

I. *Of his great Grand-Father and Grand-Fathers, Wesley and Annesley,* 1

II. *Of his Parents and Sisters,* 8

SECTION 1, *Of his Father the Rev. Samuel Wesley, senior,* . . . . . *ibid.*

2, *Of his Mother,* 18

3, *Of Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Hall,* . . . 29

III. *Of his Brothers,* 36

SECTION 1, *The Rev. Samuel Wesley, junior,* . . *ibid.*

2, *Of the Rev. Charles Wesley,* . . . 44

IV. *Of the Rev. John Wesley from his Birth to the Year* 1729, 52

V. *Of his Residence at Oxford, and of the first Methodist Society,* 70

His Acquaintance with Mr. William Law, . . 87

His Journey to Epworth, London, and other Places, 90

His Reasons for not Applying for the Living at Epworth, 99

HIS JOURNAL.

NUMBER 1, From October 14, 1735, to February 1, 1738.

His Embarking for Georgia, and his Employment during the Voyage, ... 123

His Arrival in America, and Labours at Savannah and Frederica, ... 127

His Account of Georgia, ... 157

His Journey to Charles-Town, Voyage to England, and the State of His Mind at this Period, ... 163

NUMBER 2, From February 1, to September 16, 1738.

His Arrival in London, and Interview with Peter Bohler, 180

His Embracing in Theory and Experience the Doctrine of Justification by Faith, ... 185

His Sailing for and Journey through Germany, and Visiting the Moravian Settlement in Upper Lusatia, . 197

His Sundry Conversations with the most eminent Members of their Church, with their Doctrine and Discipline, . 204

NUMBER 3, From August 12, 1738, to November 1, 1739.

His leaving Hernhuth and the Occurences of his Journey on his Return to England. 233

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His Preaching in divers Churches, in London and its Environs, ... 237
His visiting Bristol and Bath, and beginning to Preach in the Fields with the extraordinary Effect of the Word, 251
The Building of the first Methodist Chapel, . . 257
Preaches to Multitudes in different parts of Kingswood, and builds a School and Chapel, ... 268
Preaches at Gloucester to many thousands; and answers "A Caution against Religious Delusion," . . . 273
Accused of being a Papist, and therefore declares his Judgment concerning the Church of Rome, and states its Principal Errors, ... 278
Preaches to Vast Multitudes in Moorfields, Kennington-Common, &c. 281
Visits and Preaches in sundry parts of South-Wales, 287

NUMBER 4, From November 1, 1739, to September 3, 1741.

An Address to the Moravian Church in England, . 296
He preaches at Oxford, Bristol, Tiverton; and Exeter, 300
On the Doctrine of Justification by Faith, . . . 304
The Difference, in point of Doctrine; between the Methodists and Moravians, ... 306
Persecution at Bristol, ... 313
Separates from the Moravians, ... 325
Persecution in Moorfields, ... 329
Controversy with Mr. Cennick and Mr. Whitefield, . 342
The Weekly Contribution, for the Poor, ... 345
Conversation with Count Zinzendorf, and letters to the Brethren at Hernhuth, ...356, 358

NUMBER 5, From September 6, 1741, to October 27, 1743.

He preaches at various places in South Wales, . . 368
His Recovery from a violent Fever, ... 372
Persecution at Pensford, ... 387
The first Watch-Night in London, ... 388
His first Visit to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ... 394
His second and third Journey to Newcastle, . . . 409
Visits Cornwall, and meets with much Persecution, . 429
Persecution in Staffordshire, ... 435
His Journey to the North of England, ... 440

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THE

LIFE AND JOURNAL

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

CHAPTER I.

OF HIS GREAT GRAND-FATHER, AND GRAND-FATHERS, WESLEY AND ANNESLEY.

SO far as we can trace back any account of the Family, Mr. Wesley's ancestors appear respectable for learning, conspicuous for piety, and firmly attached to those views of Christianity which they had formed from the Sacred Scriptures. Bartholomew Wesley, his great grand-father, was educated in one of our Universities, and afterwards held the living of Allington in Dorsetshire. When the *Act of Uniformity* took place in 1662, he was ejected from his living, and enrolled on the list of fame with those illustrious names, who chose rather to suffer the loss of all things than violate conscience. While in the university, Mr. Wesley had applied himself to the study of Physic as well as Divinity; a practice which had been frequent, and not then fallen wholly into disuse. He was often consulted as a Physician while he held his living, and after his ejectment applied himself chiefly to the practice of physic, though he still preached occasionally. It is said that he used a peculiar plainness of speech, which hindered him from becoming a popular preacher. He lived several years after he was silenced; but the death of his son, John Wesley, of whom we shall next speak, affected him so much, that he afterwards declined apace, and did not long survive him.*

JOHN WESLEY, M. A. of New-Inn Hall, Oxford, son of the abovementioned gentleman, was grand-father of the late Rev. JOHN WESLEY. We have no certain account of the time of his birth, nor of the year when he died. It pleased God to incline him to remember his Creator in the days of his youth, a circumstance which always affords comfort in the future part of life. He had a very humbling sense of sin, and a serious concern for his salvation when a schoolboy; and soon after began to keep a diary, in which he recorded the remarkable instances of providential care over him, the method of God's dealings with his soul, and how he found his heart affected un-

* See Nonconformist's Memorial, Vol. I. p. 441.

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der the means of grace, and the occurrences of providence, whether prosperous and pleasing, or afflictive. This method he continued, with very little intermission, to the end of his life.*

During his stay at Oxford, he was taken notice of for his seriousness and diligence. He applied himself particularly to the study of the Oriental languages, in which he made great progress. Dr. John Owen, who was at that time Vice-Chancellor, had a great regard for him, which affords strong evidence both of his abilities and piety at this early period of life. He began to preach occasionally at the age of twenty-two, and in May, 1658, was sent to preach at Whitchurch in Dorsetshire. Soon after the Restoration, some of his neighbours gave him a great deal of trouble, because he would not read the Common Prayer. They complained of him to the Bishop of Bristol, and laid many heavy things to his charge. Mr. Wesley being informed that the Bishop desired to speak with him, he waited on his Lordship, and has recorded in his diary the conversation that took place on this occasion.

Mr. Wesley's defence of himself turns chiefly on two points, His allegiance to the King; and, His right to preach the Gospel without being ordained according to the rites of the Established Church. With respect to the first, he solemnly assures the Bishop, that the things alleged against him were either invented or mistaken: that, whatever his bitter enemies might say against him, there were others who would give a different character of him; that Mr. Glisson had done it; and that Sir Francis Fulford, being his hearer, would acquaint his Lordship concerning him: that he did not think the old Non-conformists were his Majesty's enemies; and that he had conscientiously taken the oath of allegiance, and had faithfully kept it.

With respect to the second point, the Bishop informs Mr. Wesley, that if he preached, it must be upon ordination, according to the order of the church of England. Mr. Wesley answers, that if he meant by ordination the sending spoken of Rom. x. he had it; that he had a mission from God and man; but he was not satisfied in his conscience concerning the ordination in the church of England. As to his abilities, he offers to submit to any examination his Lordship would appoint; to give him a confession of his faith, or to take any other method that might be required. He then states the reasons which satisfied him that he ought to preach. These are, 1. That he was devoted to the service from his infancy. 2. That he was educated for it, at school and in the university. 3. That, as a son of the prophets, after having taken his degrees, he preached in the country, being approved of by judicious, able christians, ministers and others. 4. That it pleased God to seal his labours with success in the conversion of several souls from ignorance and profaneness, to the power of godliness: that such conversions had taken place wherever he had been called to preach; at Radpole, Melcomb, Turnwood, Whitchurch, and at sea. He declares, that if this were not found to be the case

* I have taken (says Dr. Whitehead) some pains to discover whether this manuscript be any where preserved; but I have not any where obtained any satisfactory information concerning it. The extracts from it have been preserved by Calamy.

upon examination, he was willing to be discharged from his ministry. "I will stand or fall, says he, on the issue thereof." He adds, 5. That the church, seeing the presence of God going along with him, they did, by fasting and prayer, in a day set apart for that end, seek an abundant blessing on his endeavours. "A particular church!" exclaims the Bishop: "Yes, my Lord," says Mr. Wesley, "I am not ashamed to own myself a member of one. Bishop. You have no warrant for your particular churches. Wesley. We have a plain, full, and sufficient rule for Gospel worship in the New Testament, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. B. We have not. W. The practice of the Apostles is a standing rule in those cases which were not extraordinary. B. Not their practice, but their precepts. W. Both practice and precepts. Our duty is not delivered to us in Scripture only by precepts, but by precedents, by promises, by threatenings mixed, not common-place wise. May it please your Lordship, we believe that *cultus non institutus est indebitus.* B. It is false. W. The second commandment speaks the same; Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image. B. That is, forms of your own invention. W. Bishop Andrews taking notice of *non facies tibi*, satisfied me, that we may not worship God but as commanded. B. You take discipline, church-government, and circumstances, for worship. W. You account ceremonies part of worship. B. Well then, you will justify your preaching, will you, without ordination, according to law? W. All these things laid together are satisfactory to me for my procedure therein. B. They are not enough. W. There has been more written in proof of the lawfulness of the preaching of gifted persons, with such approbation, than has been answered by any one yet. B. I am glad I heard this from your own mouth. You will stand to your principles, you say? W. I intend it, through the grace of God; and to be faithful to the King's Majesty, however you may deal with me. B. I will not meddle with you. W. Farewell to you, Sir. B. Farewell, good Mr. Wesley."

It is to be hoped that the Bishop was as good as his word. But there were some persons of influence in his neighbourhood who were too much his enemies to permit him to continue quietly at Whitchurch, till the act of uniformity ejected him. For in the beginning of 1662, he was seized on the Lord's Day, as he was coming out of church, carried to Blandford, and committed to prison. Sir Gerrard Napper was one of the most furious of his enemies, and the most forward in committing him! but meeting with an accident by which he broke his collar bone, he was so far softened, that he sent to some persons to bail Mr. Wesley, and told them, if they would not, he would do it himself. How various are the ways by which God brings men to a consciousness of their guilt! Mr. Wesley, however, was set at liberty, though bound over to appear at the next Assizes. He appeared accordingly, and came off much better than he expected. On this occasion the good man recorded in his diary the mercy of God to him, in raising up several friends to own him; inclining a solicitor to plead for him, and restraining the wrath of man, so that the judge, though a very passionate man, spoke not an angry word.

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Mr. Wesley came joyfully home from the Assizes, and preached constantly every Lord's Day till August 17, when he delivered his farewell sermon to a weeping audience, from Acts xx. 32. *And now, brethren I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.* October the 26th, the place was declared vacant by an apparitor, and orders given to sequester the profits; but his people had given him what was due. On the 22d of February, 1663, he quitted Whitchurch, and removed with his family to Melcomb: upon which the corporation made an order against his settlement there, imposing a fine of 20l. upon his landlady, and 5s. per week upon him, to be levied by distress. These violent proceedings forced him to leave the town, and he went to Bridgewater, Ilminster, and Taunton, in which places he met with great kindness and friendship from all the three denominations of Dissenters, and was almost every day employed in preaching in the several places to which he went; and got many good acquaintance, and friends, who were afterwards very kind to him and his numerous family. At length a gentleman who had a very good house at Preston, two or three miles from Melcomb, gave him free liberty to live in it without paying any rent. Thither he removed his family in the beginning of May, and there he continued as long as he lived. He records his coming to Preston with great wonder and thankfulness.

Soon after this he had some debates in his mind whether he ought not to remove beyond sea, to Surinam or Maryland; but after much consideration and advice, he determined to take his lot in his native country. He had some scruples also about attending public worship in the Established Church; but by several arguments in Mr. Nye's papers, he determined to do it. After some time he was called by a number of serious christians at Pool to be their pastor; and in that relation he continued to the day of his death, administering all ordinances to them as opportunity offered. By the Oxford Act he was obliged for a while to withdraw from Preston, and leave his family and people. But he preached wherever he came, if he could but have an audience. Upon his coming to the place of his retirement, in March 1666, he put this question to himself, "What dost thou here, at such a distance from church, wife, children?" &c. And in his answer, sets down the oath required by Government, and then adds the reasons why he could not take it as several ministers had done; and particularly, that to do it in his own private sense, would be but juggling with God, with the King, and with Conscience. But after all this and a good deal more against taking the oath, he thankfully mentions the goodness of God in so over-ruling the law-makers, that they did not send the ministers farther from their friends and flocks; and that they had so much time to prepare for their removal, and had liberty to pass on the road to any place. After he had lain hid for some time, he ventured home again, and returned to his labour among his people and among others occasionally. But notwithstanding all his prudence in managing his meetings, he was often disturbed; several times apprehended, and four times imprisoned; once at Pool, for

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half a year, and once at Dorchester, for three months: the other confinements were shorter. He was in many straits and difficulties, but wonderfully supported and comforted, and many times very seasonably and surprisingly delivered. The removal of many eminent christians into another world, who were his intimate acquaintance and kind friends; the great decay of serious religion among many that made a profession, and the increasing rage of the enemies of real godliness, manifestly sunk his spirits. "And having filled up his part of "what is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, for his body's "sake, which is the church, and finished the work given him to do, "he was taken* out of this vale of tears to that world where the wick-"ed cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, when he had not "been much longer an inhabitant here below than his blessed Master, "whom he served with his whole heart, according to the best light "he had. The vicar of Preston would not suffer him to be buried "in the church.†"

There are several things in this account of Mr. Wesley which deserve the reader's notice. 1. He appears to have made himself master of the controverted points in which he differed from those of the established church, and to have taken up his opinions from a conviction of their truth. 2. He shewed an ingenuous mind, free from low cunning, in an open avowal of his sentiments to the Bishop. 3. He appears to have been remarkably conscientious in all his conduct, and a zealous promoter of genuine piety, both in himself and others. 4. He discovered great firmness of mind, and an unshaken attachment to his principles, in the midst of the most unchristian persecution, and a train of accumulated evils which he suffered on that account. These are prominent features in his character, and which we cannot but admire, however we may differ from him in opinion; they shew a mind elevated far above the common level, even of those who had the advantages of an academical education.

Samuel Annesley, L. L. D. grand-father of the late Mr. Wesley, by the mother's side was born of religious parents, at Killingworth near Warwick, in the year 1620, and was their only child. It has been said, that he was first cousin to the Earl of Anglesey. His grand-mother, an eminently pious woman, dying before his birth, desired the child, if a boy, might be called Samuel; assigning as the reason of her request, "I can say I have asked him of the Lord." In his infancy he was strongly impressed with the thoughts of being a minister, for which his parents intended him from his birth; and such was the ardour of his mind in pursuing his design, that when about five or six years old, he began a practice, which he afterwards continued, of reading twenty chapters every day in the Bible. The continuance of this practice laid an excellent foundation of useful knowledge, for the future exercise of his ministry. He who studies the Scriptures well and believes them to be, not merely a sufficient, but the *only* safe rule of faith and practice, will generally exhibit a more

* It is conjectured that he died about the year 1670.
† See the nonconformist's Memorial, Vol. I. p. 478, to 486.

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uniform charcter as a minister of the Gospel, than he who takes his religious opinions from the subtle reasonings and systems of men. This observation was admirably illustrated and confirmed by the steady uniform conduct of Dr. Annesley, through some of the most trying situations in which his principles were put to the test.

He lost his father when four years old; but his pious mother took great care of his education; nor did he want the means of obtaining the best instruction, as the paternal estate was considerable. Though a child when he first formed his resolution concerning the ministry, yet he never varied from his purpose; nor was he discouraged by an affecting dream, in which he thought that he was a minister and sent for by the Bishop of London to be burnt as a martyr. At the age of fifteen he went to the University of Oxford, and took his degrees in the usual course. His piety and diligence at Oxford, were so much out of the common way of the place, that he attracted considerable notice. In 1664 he was ordained as chaplain in the ship called the Globe, under the Earl of Warwick, then Lord High Admiral of England. He went to sea with the fleet, and kept a diary of their voyage. But having no great liking to a sea-faring life, he soon quitted it, and settled at Cliff in Kent, where at first he met with a storm more violent than any he had experienced at sea. The minister of this place had been turned out for his barefaced encouragement of licentiousness, as Dr Williams reports, by attending the meetings of the people for dancing, drinking, and merriment on the Lord's day. The people on this account were exceedingly fond of him, and greatly prejudiced against his successor, Dr. Annesley, who was a man of a very different character. When he first went among them, they rose upon him with spits, forks, and stones, threatening to destroy him. This was no small trial to a young man of about twenty-five years of age. But he remained firm as a rock in his Master's cause, and as the people were not hardened against the evidence of gospel truth, he had some hopes of doing them good, notwithstanding their profaneness and violence. He therefore told them, that, "Let them use him as they would, he was resolved to continue with them, till God had prepared them by his ministry to entertain a better, who should succeed him: but solemnly declared, that when they became so prepared, he would leave the place." His labours were incessant, and the success of his preaching and engaging behaviour was surprising; so that in a few years the people were greatly reformed, and became exceedingly fond of him. Though he enjoyed here an income of four hundred pounds per *annum*, yet he paid so conscientious a regard to his first declaration, that he thought himself bound to leave them; which he accordingly did, and the people, who at his coming threatened to stone him, now parted with him with cries and tears, testifying their affection for him.

A very signal providence directed him to a settlement in London in 1652, by the unanimous choice of the inhabitants of the parish of St. John the Apostle. Soon after he was made Lecturer of St. Paul's, and in 1658, Cripplegate was made happy by his settlement there.

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He was a man of great uprightness, never regulating his religious profession by his secular interests. He was turned out of his Lecture because he would not comply with some things which he deemed extravagant and wrong: he thought conformity in him would be a sin, and he chose to quit a full maintenance, rather than injure his conscience. He was acknowledged by all parties to be an *Israelite indeed*, and yet he suffered much for Nonconformity; but such was the spirit of party, that an *angel* from heaven would have been persecuted and abused, if he had been a Dissenter. In his sufferings God often appeared remarkably for him; one person died while signing a warrant to apprehend him. He afterwards suffered, because he thought it his duty to bear witness for the old truth against *Antinomianism*. His integrity made him a stranger to all tricks or little artifices to serve his temporal interest; and his charitable and unsuspecting temper sometimes gave those who practised them, an opportunity to impose upon him.

In ministerial labours he was abundant. Before he was silenced, he often preached three times a day; during the troubles almost every day; afterwards twice every Lord's day. His sermons were not raw and uninteresting, but instructive and affecting; and his manner of delivery very peculiarly expressed his heartiness in the things he spoke.

His care and labour extended to every place where he might be useful. In some measure the care of all the churches was upon him. When any place wanted a minister, he used his endeavours to procure one for them: when any minister was oppressed by poverty, he soon employed himself for his relief. "O! how many places," says Dr Williams, "had sat in darkness; how many ministers had been starved, if Dr. Annesley had died thirty years since!" He was the chief, often the sole instrument in the education, as well as the subsistence of several ministers. The sick, the widows, the orphans, whom he relieved, were innumerable. As a minister, his usefulness was extensive, and God kept him faithful in his work to the last, for which he thus thanked God on his death bed: "Blessed be God, I can say, I have been faithful in the ministry above fifty-five years." Many called him father, as the instrument of their conversion; and many called him a comforter.

He had uninterrupted peace, and an assurance of God's love and favour, for above thirty years of the latter part of his life. This assurance had not one cloud in all his last sickness. A little before his departure, his desire of death appeared strong, and his soul was filled with the foretaste of glory. He often said, "Come, my dearest Jesus, the nearer the more precious, the more welcome." Another time his joy was so great, that in an ecstacy he cried out, "I cannot contain it: what manner of love is this to a poor worm? I cannot express the thousandth part of what praise is due to Thee! We know not what we do when we offer at praising God for his mercies. It is but little I can give thee, but, Lord help me to give thee my all. I will die praising thee, and rejoice that others can praise thee better. I shall be satisfied with thy likeness; satisfied! satisfied! Oh! my

dearest JESUS, I come!" Thus died this excellent man, December 31, 1696, in the 77th year of his age, and left us an example how to live, and how to die.

Dr. Annesley had naturally a strong robust constitution, which enabled him to undergo great labour and fatigue. He was seldom sick, and could endure the coldest weather without hat, gloves, or fire. For many years he scarcely ever drank any thing but water, and even to his last sickness, his sight continued so strong, that he could read the smallest print without spectacles. His piety, diligence, and zeal, made him highly esteemed by the Dissenters. He assisted at the first public ordination they had, after the *Act of Uniformity*, when Dr. Calamy, and six others, were ordained in the Dissenting place of worship in Little St. Hellen's, in 1694.*

CHAPTER II.

OF HIS PARENTS AND SISTERS.

SECTION I.

OF THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, SENIOR.

MR. JOHN WESLEY, of whom I have spoken before, left two sons, Matthew and Samuel; of the rest of the children we know nothing. As the family had been greatly reduced by persecution, these two brothers must have experienced some difficulties in their education. Their mother was niece to Dr. Thomas Fuller; but it does not appear that they received any assistance from this branch of the family. By industry they surmounted every difficulty that lay before them, and rose to very respectable and useful situations in life. Matthew Wesley, following the example of his grandfather, studied Physic, and afterwards made a fortune by his practice.† Samuel, the father of the late Mr. John Wesley, was born about the year 1662, or perhaps a little earlier; but he could not, I think, have been more than eight or nine years old when his father died. The first thing that shook his attachment to Dissenters was, a defence of the death of King Charles the First, and the proceedings of the Calve's Head club.‡ These things shocked him; and though it is certain that the Dissenters in general disapproved of the King's death, and that the proceedings

* See Nonconformist's Memorial, Vol. II. p. 238. For the account of Dr. Annesley, see the Funeral Sermon Dr. Williams preached for him; and Nonconformist's Memorial, Vol. I. p. 104.

† We shall afterwards see some verses on the death of this gentleman by his niece, Mrs. Wright.

‡ Notes of Samuel Wesley to his elegy on his father. For this, and some other original papers, of great use in this work, Dr. Whitehead was indebted to a private friend.

of a club ought not to be attributed to a large body of men, who had no connexion with the members of it, and differed greatly in opinion from them; yet they had such an effect on his mind, that he separated himself from the dissenting interest *while yet a boy*, as appears from the following lines in his son's elegy upon him:

> "With op'ning life his early worth began,
> The BOY misleads not, but foreshews the MAN.
> Directed wrong, though first he miss'd his way,
> Train'd to mistake, and disciplin'd to stray:
> Not long—for reason gilded error's night,
> And doubts well founded shot a gleam of light."

He spent some time at a private academy before he went to the university; but where, it is not said. About the age of sixteen he walked to Oxford, and entered himself of Exeter College. He had now only two pounds sixteen shillings; and no prospect of future supplies, but from his own exertions. By industry, I suppose by assisting the younger students, and instructing any who chose to employ him, he supported himself till he took his Bachelor's degree, without any preferment or assistance from his friends, except five shillings. This circumstance does him great honour, and shews him to have been a young man of wonderful diligence and resolution. Many feel his difficulties, but few are capable of his vigorous and continued exertions to overcome them in so honourable a way, and with such success. He now came to London, having increased his little stock to ten pounds fifteen shillings. He was ordained Deacon, and obtained a curacy, which he held one year, when he was appointed chaplain on board the fleet. This situation he held one year only, and then returned to London, and served a cure for two years. During this time he married, and his wife brought him a son. In this period he wrote several pieces, which brought him into notice and esteem, and a small living was given him in the country. We are not certain whether it was during his residence here, or while he was chaplain on board the fleet, that the following circumstance happened, but I suppose the latter. He was strongly solicited by the friends of King James II. to support the measures of the court in favour of Popery, with promises of preferment if he would comply with the King's desire. But he absolutely refused to read the King's declaration; and though surrounded with courtiers, soldiers, and informers, he preached a bold and pointed discourse against it, from Daniel iii. 17, 18. *If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.* His son Samuel describes this circumstance in the following lines of the poem entitled *The Parish Priest*, intended as a description of his father's character.

> "When zealous James unhappy sought the way
> T' establish Rome by arbitrary sway;
> In vain were bribes shower'd by the guilty crown,
> He sought no favour, as he fear'd no frown;

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Secure in faith, exempt from worldly views,
He dar'd the declaration to refuse:
Then from the sacred pulpit boldly shew'd
The dauntless Hebrews, true to Israel's God,
Who spake, regardless of their King's commands,
'The God we serve can save us from thy hands;
'If not, O Monarch, know we choose to die,
'Thy gods alike, and threatenings we defy;
'No power on earth our faith has e'er controll'd,
'We scorn to worship idols, though of gold.'
Resistless truth damp'd all the audience round;
The base informer sicken'd at the sound;
Attentive courtiers conscious stood amaz'd,
And soldiers silent trembled as they gaz'd.
No smallest murmur of distaste arose,
Abash'd and vanquish'd seem'd the church's foes.
So when like zeal their bosoms did inspire,
The Jewish martyrs walk'd unhurt in fire."

In this noble instance of integrity and firmness of mind, Mr. Wesley has given us an unequivocal proof that a person of high-church principles may be a true friend to the protestant cause, and the liberty of the subject. It is evident that he as much disliked the arbitrary proceedings of King James, as the religion which he endeavoured to introduce. When the glorious Revolution took place in 1688, Mr. Wesley most cordially approved of it, and was the first who wrote in defence of it. This work he dedicated to Queen Mary,* who, in consequence of it, gave him the living of Epworth in Lincolnshire, about the year 1693; and in 1723 he was presented to the living of Wroote in the same county, in addition to Epworth.

Mr. Wesley held the living of Epworth upwards of forty years. His abilities would have done him credit in a more conspicuous situation; and had Queen Mary lived much longer, it is probable that he would not have spent so great a part of his life in such an obscure corner of the kingdom. In the beginning of the year 1705, he printed a poem on the battle of Blenheim, which happened the year before, with which the duke of Marlborough was so well pleased, that he made him chaplain to Colonel Lapelle's regiment, which was to stay in England some time. In consequence of the same poem, a noble lord sent for him to London, promising to procure him a prebend. But unhappily he was at this time engaged in a controversy with the Dissenters, who, in the first part of Queen Anne's reign, had a very powerful influence in both houses of parliament, and at court; and were now preparing to present a petition to the House of Lords, praying for justice against the authors of several pamphlets written in opposition to them, and against Mr. Wesley in particular; but were dissuaded from taking this step by two members of that House. They had however interest enough to hinder Mr. Wesley from obtaining the prebend; they soon also worked him out of the chaplainship of the regiment, and brought several other very severe sufferings upon him and his family.†

As a pastor, he was indefatigable in the duties of his office: a constant preacher, feeding the flock with the pure doctrines of the Gospel, according to his ability; diligent in visiting the sick, and administer-

* MSS. Papers. † Mr. C. Wesley's Papers.

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ing such advice as their situations required; and attentive to the conduct of all who were under his care, so that every one in his parish became an object of his attention and concern. No strangers could settle in his parish but he presently knew it, and made himself acquainted with them. We have a proof of this from a letter he wrote to the Bishop of Lincoln, after being absent from home a very short time. "After my return to Epworth, (says he) and looking a little among my people, I found there were two strangers come hither, both of whom I have discovered to be Papists, though they come to church; and I have hopes of making one or both of them good members of the Church of England."

But his conscientious regard to *parochial* duties, did not divert him from literary pursuits. A man who spends all his time in the most useful manner he can, may diversify his employments, and accomplish by diligence what appears to others impracticable. His favourite study seems to have been the original Scriptures, in which he was indefatigable; a practice which can never be too much commended in a minister of the Gospel, when joined with a proper attention to practical duties.

The following extracts from two of his letters to his son, the late Mr. John Wesley, will give some idea of his diligence in this respect; and the second of them will shew us his opinion of a subject on which learned men have been much divided.

"*January* 26, 1725.

"I have some time since designed an edition of the Holy Bible in octavo, in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Septuagint, and the Vulgate; and have made some progress in it. What I desire of you on this article is, 1. That you would immediately fall to work, and read diligently the Hebrew text in the Polyglott, and collate it exactly with the Vulgate, writing all, even the least variations or differences between them. 2. To these I would have you add the Samaritan text in the last column but one; which is the very same with the Hebrew, except in some very few places, differing only in the Samaritan character, which I think is the true old Hebrew. In twelve months' time you will get through the Pentateuch; for I have done it four times the last year, and am going over it the fifth, and collating the two Greek versions, the Alexandrian and the Vatican, with what I can get of Symmachus and Theodotion," &c.

Mr. John Wesley was in the twenty-second year of his age, not yet ordained, nor had he attained any preferment in the University, when he received this letter from his father. It gives a pleasing view of his progress in biblical learning at this early period of life, and shews his father's confidence in his critical knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures. The following letter was written in 1731, and very clearly states the old gentleman's opinion of the translation of the Seventy, after a most laborious examination of it.

"I find in your letter an account of a learned friend you have, who has a great veneration for the Septuagint, and thinks that in some instances it corrects the present Hebrew. I do not wonder that he is of

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that mind; as it is likely he has read Vossius and other learned men, who magnify this translation so as to depreciate the original. When I first began to study the Scriptures in earnest, and had read it over several times, I was inclined to the same opinion. What then increased my respect for it was, 1. That I thought I found many texts in the Scriptures more happily explained than in our own or other versions. 2. That many words and phrases in the New Testament, can hardly be so well understood without having recourse to this translation. 3. That both our Saviour and his apostles so frequently quote it. These considerations held me in a blind admiration of the Septuagint; and though I did not esteem them absolutely infallible, yet I hardly dared to trust my own eyes, or think they were frequently mistaken. But upon reading this translation over very often, and comparing it *verbatim* with the Hebrew, I was forced by plain evidence of fact to be of another mind. That which led me to it was, some mistakes (I think not less than a thousand) in places indifferent, either occasioned by the ambiguous sense of some Hebrew words, or by the mistake of some letters, as *daleth* for *resh*, and *vice versa*; which every one knows are very much alike in the old Hebrew character. But what fully determined my judgment was, that I found, or thought I found, very many places which appeared purposely altered for no very justifiable reason. These at last came so thick upon me in my daily reading, that I began to note them down; not a few instances of which you will see in the dissertation I shall send you in my next packet. I would have you communicate it to your learned friend, with my compliments, earnestly desiring him, as well as you, to peruse it with the greatest prejudice you can: and after you have thoroughly weighed the whole, as I think the subject deserves, to make the strongest objections you are able against any article of it, where you are not convinced by my observations. For I should not deserve a friend, if I did not esteem those my best friends who do their endeavours to set me right, where I may possibly be mistaken, especially in a matter of so great moment."

Those two extracts give an interesting view of this gentleman's learning, diligent study of the Scriptures, and candour, in each of which he holds forth to us an example highly deserving of imitation.

Mr. Wesley was a voluminous writer, which in most cases is a disadvantage to an author, whatever his abilities may be. His Latin commentary on the book of Job is a most elaborate performance; but the subject of this book, and the language in which the commentary is written, are but ill adapted to the generality of modern readers. As a poet he has been censured by Garth and others; though when he failed, it was perhaps as much owing to the difficulty of the subject, as to want of poetical abilities.

Of his larger poetical performances, his son Samuel passes the following candid but impartial judgment, in the elegy above-mentioned.

"Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end,
Faith to assert, and virtue to defend.
He sung how God the Saviour deign'd t' expire,
With Vida's piety, though not his fire;

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Reduc'd his Maker's praise from age to age,
Through the long annals of the sacred page."

Most of his smaller pieces are excellent. We shall insert the following, both for its intrinsic beauty, and as a specimen of his poetical talents.

EUPOLIS'S HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

THE OCCASION.

Part of a (new) Dialogue, between Plato and Eupolis the Poet.—The rest not extant.*

Eupolis. But is it not a little hard that you should banish all our fraternity from your new Commonwealth? What hurt has father Homer done, that you dismiss him among the rest?

Plato. Certainly the blind old gentleman *lies* with the best grace in the world. But a *lie* handsomely told, debauches the taste and morals of a people. Besides, his tales of the *gods* are intolerable, and derogate, in the highest degree, from the dignity of the Divine nature.

Eupolis. But do you really think that these faults are inseparable from poetry? May not the ONE SUPREME be sung without any intermixture of them!

Plato. I must own I hardly ever saw any thing of that nature. But I shall be glad to see you, or any other, attempt and succeed in it. On that condition, I will gladly exempt you from the fate of your brother poets.

Eupolis. I am far from pretending to be a standard; but I will do the best I can.

THE HYMN.

AUTHOR of Being, source of Light,
With unfading beauties bright;
Fullness, Goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb without a bound:
Whether thee thy suppliants call
Truth, or Good, or One, or All.
Ei, or Iao; thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail:
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy steadfast being still the same.

Thee, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;
Thee, when sweet declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,
And teach the world to praise and love.

* Eupolis was an Athenian. He is mentioned several times by Horace, and once by Perseus; and was in high estimation at Athens for his poetical compositions, though he severely lashed the vices of the age he lived in. He was killed in an engagement at sea, between the Athenians and Lacedemonians; and his death was so much lamented at Athens, that they made a law, that no poet should go to battle. He lived about 409 years before Christ.

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Yonder azure vault on high;
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky;
Earth, on its firm basis plac'd,
And with circling waves embrac'd;
All creating pow'r confess;
All their mighty Maker bless,
Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod;
Sea, earth, and air confess the God:
Yet does thy powerful hand sustain
Both earth and heav'n, both firm and main.
Scarce can our daring thought arise
To thy pavilion in the skies.
Nor can Plato's self declare
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
Barren above thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious train:
The sons of God, the sons of light,
Ever joying in thy sight:
(For thee their silver harps are strung)
Ever beauteous, ever young,
Angelic forms their voices raise,
And through heav'n's arch resound thy praise.

The feather'd fowls that swim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there:
The lark, precentor of their choir,
Leading them higher still, and higher,
Listen and learn; th' angelic notes
Repeating in their warbling throats:
And ere to soft repose they go,
Teach them to their lords below:
On the green turf, their mossy nest,
The ev'ning anthem swells their breast;
Thus like thy golden chain from high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Source of Light! Thou bid'st the sun
On his burning axles run;
The stars, like dust, around him fly,
And strew the area of the sky.
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move;
So smooth his course, oblique or straight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night
Fills at his vase her orb of light,
Imparted lustre; thus we see
The solar virtue shines by thee.

Eiresione,* we'll no more,
Imaginary pow'r adore;

* This word (ειρεσιωνη from ειρος wool) signifies a kind of garland, composed of a branch of olive, wrapt about with wool, and loaded with all kinds of fruits of the earth,

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Since oil, and wool, and cheerful wine,
And life-sustaining bread, are thine.

Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains;
The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,
Rises pregnant from the ground;
At thy command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.
Minerva only is thy mind,
Wisdom and bounty to mankind.
The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,
Herb and flow'r, and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign;
That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,
For food, or med'cine, or delight;
Planted by thy parent-care,
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.

O ye nurses of soft dreams,
Reedy brooks, and winding streams;
Or murmuring o'er the pebbles sheen,
Or sliding through the meadows green;
Or where through matted sedge you creep,
Trav'lling to your parent deep:
Sound his praise by whom you rose,
That sea which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal woods and groves
Which th' enamour'd student loves;
Beneath whose venerable shade,
For thought and friendly converse made,
Fam'd Hecadem, old hero, lies,
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,
And through the gloom of silent night
Projects from far its trembling light;
You, whose roots descend as low,
As high in air your branches grow;
Your leafy arms to heav'n extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend:
Cedars and pines that wave above,
And the oak belov'd of Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy,
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!
Whether varied nature play,
Or re-invers'd, thy will obey,
And to rebel man declare
Famine, plague, or wasteful war.

as a token of peace and plenty. The poet says, he will no more worship the *imaginary* power, supposed to be the giver of these things; but the great Pan, the Creator, from whom they all proceed.

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Laugh, ye profane, who dare despise
The threat'ning vengeance of the skies;
Whilst the pious, on his guard,
Undismay'd, is still prepar'd:
Life or death, his mind's at rest,
Since what thou send'st must needs be best.

No evil can from thee proceed;
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed.
Darkness is not from the sun;
Nor mount the shades till he is gone:
Then does night obscure arise
From Erebus, and fill the skies,
Fantastic forms the air invade,
Daughters of nothing and of shade.

Can we forget thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare;
Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,
That dar'd old ocean's power deride;
Their shipwrecks strew'd the Eubean wave,
At Marathon they found a grave.
O ye blest Greeks who there expir'd,
For Greece with pious ardour fir'd,
What shrines or altars shall we raise
To secure your endless praise?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die!

And yet a greater hero far
(Unless great Socrates could err)
Shall rise to bless some future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, unknown Instructor, come!
Our leaping hearts shall make thee room:
Thou with Jove our vows shalt share,
Of Jove and thee we are the care.

O, Father, King, whose heav'nly face
Shines serene on all thy race;
We thy magnificence adore,
And thy well-known aid implore;
Nor vainly for thy help we call;
Nor can we want—for thou art All.

Every good judge, we apprehend, will readily allow that the author of these verses did not want talents for poetry. But wherever we fix his standing in the scale of learning and abilities, he still rises higher in our view for genuine piety, and a firm attachment to justice, mercy, and truth, in various trying situations in life. His integrity was conspicuous, and his conduct uniform. As he had chosen God and his service for his own portion, he chose the same for his children also. When two of his sons were pursuing a course of piety at Oxford, which threw their future prospects of preferment into a cloud

not likely to be dissipated, he encouraged them in it, choosing rather that he and his children should suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Few men have been so diligent in the pastoral office as he was; none, perhaps, more so. Though his income may be called small, and his family large, he had always something to give to those in distress. In conversation he was grave, yet instructive, lively, and full of anecdote; and this talent the late Mr. Wesley possessed in a high degree. His last moments were as conspicuous for resignation and Christian fortitude, as his life had been for zeal and diligence. His two sons, Mr. John and Charles Wesley, were both with him when he died, and Mr. Charles has given the following interesting account of his death, in a letter to his brother Samuel, dated April 30, 1735,

"DEAR BROTHER,

"After all your desire of seeing my father alive, you are at last assured, you must see his face no more till he is raised in incorruption. You have reason to envy us who could attend him in the last stage of his illness. The few words he could utter I saved, and hope never to forget. Some of them were, "Nothing is too much to suffer for heaven. The weaker I am in body, the stronger and more sensible support I feel from God. There is but a step between me and death; to morrow I would see you all with me round this table, that we may once more drink of the cup of blessing, before we drink it new in the kingdom of God. With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I die." The morning he was to communicate, he was so exceeding weak and full of pain, that he could not without the utmost difficulty receive the elements, often repeating, "Thou shakest me, thou shakest me; but immediately after receiving, there followed the most visible alteration. He appeared full of faith and peace, which extended even to his body; for he was so much better, that we almost hoped he would have recovered. The fear of death he entirely conquered, and at last gave up his latest human desires of finishing Job, paying his debts, and seeing you. He often laid his hand upon my head, and said, "Be steady! The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not." To My sister Emily he said, "Do not be concerned at my death, God will then begin to manifest himself to my family." When we were met about him, his usual expression was, "Now let me hear you talk of heaven." On my asking him whether he did not find himself worse, he replied, "O, my Charles, I feel a great deal; God chastens me with strong pain, but I praise him for it, I thank him for it, I love him for it." On the 25th, his voice failed him and nature seemed entirely spent, when, on my brother's asking whether he was not near heaven, he answered distinctly, and with the utmost of hope and triumph that could be expressed in sounds, "Yes, I am." He spoke once more, just after my brother had used the commendatory prayer; his last words were, "Now you have done all!" This was about half an hour after six, from which time till sun-set, he made signs of offering up himself, till my brother having again

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used the commendatory prayer, the very moment it was finished he expired. His passage was so smooth and insensible, that notwithstanding the stopping of his pulse, and ceasing of all sign of life and motion, we continued over him a considerable time, in doubt whether the soul was departed or no. My mother, who for several days before he died, hardly ever went into his chamber but she was carried out again in a fit, was far less shocked at the news than we expected, and told us that now she was heard, in his having so easy a death, and her being strengthened so to bear it."

In going through this work, let the reader consider himself as travelling slowly on a pleasant road, where a variety of objects, highly worthy of his attention and regard, present themselves to his view. In passing along this little distance, we have, as it were, stood by, and seen two ministers of the Gospel die; the one a *Nonconformist*, and the other a *High Churchman*. As we see them approach the entrance on eternity, the scene becomes interesting, and will suggest to the reader many important reflections. Dropping their singularities of opinion, and all party distinctions, we now view them coalescing, and becoming one in Christ Jesus. Animated with the same spirit of devotion, they look up to God as their *common* Father, through the *same* Mediator and Saviour; they praise him for the *same* mercies, and, looking forward to his kingdom and glory with the *same* humble confidence, both triumph over death, as he draws nigh to them; they give satisfactory evidence that they were united to Christ, belonging to the *same* family, and were heirs of the *same* heavenly inheritance, notwithstanding the external differences in their mode of worship. These considerations should teach us to be careful, not to over-value the external differences among Christians, nor to exalt the discriminating distinctions of parties into the rank of fundamental articles of Christianity. As long as we lay the *same foundation*, and endeavour to build upon it, *gold*, *silver*, and *precious stones*, we ought to have fellowship with each other as brethren, notwithstanding the *different manner* in which we manage the materials, and give a *varied appearance* to the building.

SECTION II.

OF MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY.

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY, the mother of the late Mr. John Wesley, was the youngest daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, and a few years younger than her husband. Being educated in a very religious family, she early imbibed a reverence for religion; but having a strong understanding, and a great thirst for knowledge, she soon found herself dissatisfied with believing on the authority of her teachers, and was determined, as far as possible, to see what evidence there was for the truth of those things she was required to believe. Before she was

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thirteen years old, she had examined the whole controversy between the Dissenters and the Established Church, and from that time became a member of the Church of England. And though different men may, and will, judge variously of the choice she made, yet all must acknowledge, that this effort to judge for herself, at so early an age, and in so complicated a subject, was singularly great, and shewed uncommon resolution and strength of mind. She afterwards examined the evidence of natural and revealed religion with scrupulous attention, and under every article set down the reasons which determined her to believe it. Of these things she speaks thus, in a letter to her son, Samuel Wesley, dated October 11, 1709.

"There is nothing I now desire to live for, but to do some small service to my children; that, as I have brought them into the world, I may, if it please God, be an instrument of doing good to their souls. I had been several years collecting from my little reading, but chiefly from my own *observation* and experience, some things which I hoped might be useful to you all. I had begun to correct and form all into a little manual, wherein I designed you should have seen what were the particular reasons which prevailed on me to believe the Being of a God, and the grounds of natural religion, together with the motives that induced me to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ; under which were comprehended my own private reasons for the truth of revealed religion. And because I was educated among the Dissenters, and there was something remarkable in my leaving them at so early an age, not being full thirteen, I had drawn up an account of the whole transaction, under which I had included the main of the controversy between them and the Established Church, as far as it had come to my knowledge; and then followed the reasons which had determined my judgment to the preference of the Church of England. I had fairly transcribed a great part of it, when, you writing to me for some directions about receiving the sacrament, I began a short discourse on that subject, intending to send them all together; but before I could finish my design, the flames consumed both this and all my other writings.* I would have you, at your leisure, begin to do something like this for yourself, and write down what are the principles on which you build your faith; and though I cannot possibly recover all I formerly wrote, yet I will gladly assist you what I can, in explaining any difficulty that may occur."

In one of her private meditations she reckons the following among the signal mercies which God had bestowed upon her. "Born in a christian country: early initiated and instructed in the first principles of the Christian religion: good examples in parents and several of the family: good books and ingenious conversation: preserved from ill accidents, once from violent death: married to a religious orthodox man; by him first drawn off from the Socinian heresy, and afterwards confirmed and strengthened by Bishop Bull."†

About the year 1700, she made a resolution to spend one hour, morning and evening, in private devotion, in prayer and meditation;

* When their house was burnt down in February, 1709.

† In the Manuscript it stands thus, B. B.; which seems intended for Bishop Bull.

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and she religiously kept it ever after, unless sickness hindered, or some absolutely necessary business of her family obliged her to shorten the time. If opportunity offered, she spent some time at noon in this religious and profitable employment. She generally wrote down her thoughts on different subjects at these times; and great numbers of her meditations have been preserved in her own handwriting. We shall select a few, because they shew us this excellent woman in her most private retirement, conversing without disguise with him who knows the heart.

Noon. "To know God only as a philosopher; to have the most sublime and curious speculations concerning his essence, attributes, and providence; to be able to demonstrate his Being from all, or any, of the works of nature, and to discourse with the greatest propriety and eloquence, of his existence and operations; will avail us nothing, unless at the same time we know him experimentally; unless the heart know him to be its supreme good, its only happiness; unless a man feel and acknowledge that he can find no repose, no peace, no joy, but in loving and being beloved by him, and does accordingly rest in him as the centre of his being, the fountain of his pleasures, the origin of all virtue and goodness, his light, his life, his strength, his all; in a word, his Lord, his God. Thus let me ever know thee, O God!"

Evening. "The mind of man is naturally so corrupted, and all the powers thereof so weakened, that we cannot possibly aspire vigorously towards God, or have any clear perception of spiritual things, without his assistance. Nothing less than the same Almighty power that raised Jesus Christ from the dead, can raise our souls from the death of sin to a life holiness.—To know God experimentally is altogether supernatural, and what we can never attain to, but by the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ. By virtue of what he has done and suffered, and is now doing in heaven for us, we obtain the Holy Spirit, who is the best instructer, the most powerful teacher we can possibly have; without whose agency, all other means of grace would be ineffectual.—How evidently does the Holy Spirit concur with the means of grace? and how certainly does he assist and strengthen the soul, if it be but sincere and hearty in its endeavours to avoid any evil, or perform any good.—To have a good desire, a fervent aspiration towards God, shall not pass unregarded. I have found, by long experience, that it is of great use to accustom one's self *to enter into solemn engagements with God* against any particular sin; but then I would have them never made for a longer time, than from morning till night, and from night till morning, that so the impression they make on the mind, may be always fresh and lively. This was many years tried with good success, in the case of—— Glory be to thee, O Lord."

Evening. "I am yet unsatisfied, because I do not enjoy enough of God; I apprehend myself at too great a distance from him; I would have my soul united more closely to him by faith and love.—I can appeal to his omniscience, that I would love him above all things. He that made me, knows my desires, my expectations, my joys all

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centre in him, and that it is he himself I desire; it is his favour, his acceptance, the communications of his grace, that I earnestly wish for more than any thing in the world; and that I have no relish or delight in any thing when under apprehensions of his displeasure. I rejoice in his essential glory and blessedness; I rejoice in my relation to him, that he is my Father, my Lord, and my God. I rejoice that he has power over me, and desire to live in subjection to him; that he condescends to punish me when I transgress his laws, as a father chasteneth the son whom he loveth—I thank him that he has brought me so far, and will beware of despairing of his mercy *for the time which is yet to come;* but will give God the glory of his free grace."

Morning. "Though man is born to trouble, yet I believe there is scarce a man to be found upon earth, but, take the whole course of his life, hath more mercies than afflictions, and much more pleasure than pain. I am sure it has been so in my case. I have many years suffered much pain, and great bodily infirmities; but I have likewise enjoyed great intervals of rest and ease. And those very sufferings have, by the blessing of God, been of excellent use, and proved the most proper means of reclaiming me from a vain and sinful conversation, insomuch, that I cannot say I had better have been without this affliction, this disease, loss, want, contempt, or reproach. All my sufferings, by the admirable management of Omnipotent goodness, have concurred to promote my spiritual and eternal good. And if I have not reaped that advantage by them which I might have done, it is merely owing to the perverseness of my own will, and frequent lapses into present things, and unfaithfulness to the good Spirit of God; who, notwithstanding all my prevarications, all the stupid opposition I have made, has never totally abandoned me. Eternal glory be to thee, O Lord!"

Evening. "If to esteem and to have the highest *reverence* for thee! If constantly and sincerely to acknowledge thee the supreme, the only desirable good, be to love thee, I do love thee!

"If comparatively to despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, or fair, or good; if earnestly and constantly to desire thee, thy favour, thy acceptance, thyself, rather than any or all things thou hast created, be to love thee, I do love thee!

"If to rejoice in thy essential majesty and glory! if to feel a vital joy o'erspread and cheer the heart at each perception of thy blessedness, at every thought that thou art God, that all things are in thy power; that there is none superior or equal to thee,—be to love thee, I do love thee!"

Notwithstanding Mrs. Wesley allotted two hours in the day for meditation and private prayer, no woman was ever more diligent in business, or attentive to family affairs than she was. Remarkable for method and good arrangement, both in her studies and business, she saved much time, and kept her mind free from perplexity. She had nineteen children, ten of whom, at least, grew up to be educated, and this duty fell upon her; and it was almost impossible for the children to have had a better instructer. From several things which are found in her papers, it appears that she had acquired some knowledge of

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the Latin and Greek languages in her youth, though she never makes any pretensions to it. She had read much, and thought deeply, and in general very accurately, on every part of natural and revealed religion, and on the common affairs of life. She had studied human nature well, and knew how to adapt her discourse either to youth or age; and without this no person is properly qualified to instruct others. She had set out in life with a determination to think and judge for herself; and not to be influenced by custom in matters of importance, unless when custom appeared to be founded in reason and truth. It was this principle which governed her in the education of her children; for, disapproving of the common methods of governing and instructing youth, she adopted those methods which appeared to her the most rational and proper. Their rising, dressing, eating, exercise, and every thing that related to them was managed by rule, unless when sickness hindered. They were very early taught obedience to their parents, and to wait their decision in every thing they were to have or do. As soon as they could speak, they were taught the Lord's prayer, and made to repeat it at rising and at bedtime constantly. As they grew bigger, they were taught a short prayer for their parents, and some collects; a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture as their memories could bear. They were early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days; and were soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs before they could kneel or speak. Her method of teaching them to read was certainly peculiar to herself, and deserves to be taken notice of; we shall give it in her own words, in a letter to Mr. John Wesley. "None of them were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was over-ruled; and she was more years in learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this: the day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine till twelve, or from two till five, which were our school hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters, and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly; for which I then thought them very dull; but the reason why I thought them so, was because the rest learned them so readily; and your brother Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learnt the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old on the tenth of February; the next day he began to learn, and as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it off hand without any hesitation; so on to the second, &c. till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did. Easter fell low that year, and by Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well; for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory, that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice. What was yet stranger, any word he had learnt in his lesson, he knew wherever he saw it,

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either in his Bible or any other book, by which means he learnt very soon to read an English author well.

"The same method was observed with them all. As soon as they knew the letters, they were first put to spell, and read one line, then a verse, never leaving till perfect in their lessons, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at school time without any intermission; and before we left school each child read what he had learnt that morning; and ere we parted in the afternoon, what he had learned that day."

Mr. Wesley observes of his mother, that even she, as well as her father and grand-father, her husband, and three sons, had been in her measure a preacher of righteousness. And this is a remarkable circumstance in her life, and shews her zeal and steadiness in doing good: it shall be related a little more at large, from the original letters, than Mr. Wesley has done.

Her husband usually attended the sittings of convocation; and on these occasions was obliged to reside in London for a length of time that was often injurious to his parish; and at an expense that was inconvenient to himself and his family. It was on this business, it appears, that he spent so much time in London in the beginning of the year 1712. During his absence, Mrs. Wesley formed a little meeting at her house on a Sunday evening, when she read a sermon, prayed, and conversed with the people who came for this purpose. She acquainted her husband of their meeting, who, on account of the newness and singularity of the thing, made some objections against it. Her answer is dated the 6th of February, 1712, in which she says, "I heartily thank you for dealing so plainly and so faithfully with me in a matter of no common concern. The main of your objections against our Sunday evening meetings are, first, that it will look particular; secondly, my sex; and, lastly, your being at present in a public station and character; to all which I shall answer briefly:

"As to its looking particular, I grant it does, and so does almost every thing that is serious, or that may in any degree advance the glory of God, or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit, or in the way of common conversation; because in our corrupt age, the utmost care and diligence have been used to banish all discourse of God, or spiritual concerns, out of society; as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much, as of professing ourselves to be christians.

"To your second, I reply, that, as I am a woman, so I am also mistress of a large family. And though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you, as head of the family, and as their minister, yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care, as a talent committed to me under a trust, by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth; and if I am unfaithful to him or to you, in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto him, when he shall command me to render an account of my stewardship.

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"As these, and other such like thoughts, made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants; so knowing that our most holy religion requires a strict observation of the Lord's day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by only going to church; but that likewise we were obliged to fill up the intermediate spaces of that sacred time by other acts of piety and devotion; I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading to, and instructing my family; especially in your absence, when, having no afternoon service, we have so much leisure for such exercises; and such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

"This was the beginning of my present practice: other people's coming in, and joining with us, was purely accidental. Our lad told his parents; they first desired to be admitted; then others who heard of it begged leave also; so our company increased to about thirty, and seldom exceeded forty last winter; and why it increased since, I leave you to judge after you have read what follows.

"Soon after you went to London, Emily found in your study the account of the Danish Missionaries; which, having never seen, I ordered her to read me. I was never, I think, more affected with any thing than with the relation of their travels; and was exceedingly pleased with the noble design they were engaged in. Their labours refreshed my soul beyond measure, and I could not forbear spending a good part of that evening in praising and adoring the Divine Goodness for inspiring those good men with such an ardent zeal for his glory, that they were willing to hazard their lives, and all that is esteemed dear to men in this world, to advance the honour of their Master, Jesus! For several days I could think or speak of little else. At last it came into my mind; though I am not a man, nor a minister of the Gospel, and so cannot be engaged in such a worthy employment as they were, yet, if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and if I were inspired with a true zeal for his glory, and did really desire the salvation of souls, I might do somewhat more than I do. I thought I might live in a more exemplary *manner in some things*; I might pray more for *the people*, and speak with more warmth to those with whom I have an opportunity of conversing. However I resolved to begin with my own children; and accordingly I proposed and observed the following method. I take such a proportion of time as I can best spare every night, to discourse with each child by itself, on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly; on Tuesday with Hetty; Wednesday with Nancy; Thursday with Jacky; Friday with Patty; Saturday with Charles; and with Emily and Suky together on Sunday.

"With those few neighbours who then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately *than before;* I chose the best and most awakening sermons we had, and I spent more time with them in such exercises. Since this our company has increased every night; for I dare deny none who ask admittance. Last Sunday I believe

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we had above two hundred, and yet many went away for want of room.

"But I never durst positively presume to hope, that God would make use of me as an instrument in doing good; the farthest I ever durst go was, It may be; who can tell? with God all things are possible. I will resign myself to him; or, as Herbert better expresses it,

> "Only, since God doth often make
> Of lowly matter, for high uses meet,
> I throw me at his feet;
> There will I lie, until my Maker seek
> For some mean stuff, whereon to shew his skill,
> Then is my time ——."

And thus I rested, without passing any reflection on myself, or forming any judgment about the success or event of this undertaking.

"Your third objection I leave to be answered by your own judgment. We meet not upon any worldly design. We banish all temporal concerns from our society; none is suffered to mingle any discourse about them with our reading or singing: we keep close to the business of the day, and as soon as it is over they all go home. And where is the harm of this? If I and my children went a visiting on Sunday nights, or if we admitted of impertinent visits, as too many do who think themselves good christians, perhaps it would be thought no scandalous practice, though in truth it would be so; therefore why any should reflect upon you, let your station be what it will, because your wife endeavours to draw people to church, and to restrain them by reading and other persuasions, from their profanation of God's most holy day, I cannot conceive. But if any should be so mad as to do it, I wish you would not regard it. For my part, I value no censure on this account: I have long since shook hands with the world, and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me.

"As for your proposal of letting some other person read, alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon, without spelling a good part of it; and how would that edify the rest? Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

"But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied; that is, their being present at family prayers. I do not speak of any concern I am under, barely because so many are present. For those who have the honour of speaking to the great and holy God, need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world, but because of my sex. I doubt, if it be proper for *me* to present the prayers of the people to God. Last Sunday I would fain have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay, I durst not deny them."

In this, as in every other part of her conduct, Mrs. Wesley acted from principle, and from mature deliberation. No person, perhaps, ever had a greater regard for the established order of the Church of England, than she had; but she considered her conduct, in this instance, as coinciding with the spirit and intention of that order; to reform the manners of the people, and to beget in them a reverence

for the public worship. It is obvious that this consideration alone silenced every objection in her mind, concerning her present proceedings. But, though she was satisfied of the propriety of her own conduct, she thought it her duty to abide by the decision of her husband. He had already written to her on the subject, and though he had made some objections, yet, upon the whole, he seemed to approve of the meeting. But Mr. Inman the Curate, and two or three of his companions highly disapproved of it, and wrote to Mr. Wesley, complaining heavily of it, calling it a conventicle, &c. It is painful to see a clergyman among the foremost to oppose any thing that may tend to diffuse knowledge among the common people, and impress their minds with a serious sense of religion, and the duties it enjoins. This was evidently the case in the present instance; and the representations made to Mr. Wesley had such an effect upon his mind, that he wrote to his wife in a tone of disapprobation which he had not used before. Her answer, which is dated the 25th of February, is worthy of herself, and of the cause in which she was engaged.

"Some few days since," says she, "I received a letter from you, I suppose dated the 16th instant, which I made no great haste to answer: because I judged it necessary for both of us to take some time to consider, before you determine in a matter of such great importance. I shall not inquire how it was possible that you should be prevailed on, by the senseless clamours of two or three of the worst of your parish, to condemn what you so very lately approved: but I shall tell you my mind in as few words as possible. I do not hear of more than three or four persons who are against our meeting, of whom Inman is the chief. He and Whiteley, I believe may call it a conventicle; but we hear no outcry here, nor has any one said a word against it to me. And what does their calling it a conventicle signify? Does it alter the nature of the thing? or do you think that what they say is a sufficient reason to forbear a thing that has already done much good, and, by the blessing of God, may do much more? If its being called a conventicle by those who know in their conscience they misrepresent it, did really make it one, what you say would be somewhat to the purpose; but it is plain, in fact, that this one thing has brought more people to church than ever any thing did in so short a time. We used not to have above twenty, or twenty-five, at evening service, whereas now we have between two and three hundred; which are more than ever came before to hear Inman in the morning.

"Besides the constant attendance on the public worship of God, our meeting has wonderfully conciliated the minds of this people towards us, so that we now live in the greatest amity imaginable; and, what is still better, they are very much reformed in their behaviour on the Lord's Day; and those who used to be playing in the streets, now come to hear a good sermon read, which is surely more acceptable to Almighty God.

"Another reason for what I do, is, that I have no other way of conversing with this people, and therefore, have no other way of

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doing them good; but by this I have an opportunity of exercising the greatest and noblest charity, that is charity to their souls.

"Some families who seldom went to church, now go constantly; and one person who has not been there for seven years, is now prevailed upon to go with the rest.

"There are many other good consequences of this meeting which I have not time to mention. Now, I beseech you, weigh all things in an impartial balance: on the one side, the honour of Almighty God, the doing much good to many souls, and the friendship of the best among whom we live; on the other, (if folly, impiety, and vanity, may abide in the scale against so ponderous a weight) the senseless objections of a few scandalous persons, laughing at us, and censuring us as precise and hypocritical; and when you have duly considered all things, let me know your positive determination.

"I need not tell you the consequences, if you determine to put an end to our meeting. You may easily foresee what prejudices it may raise in the minds of those people against Inman especially, who has so little wit as to speak publicly against it. I can now keep them to the church, but if it be laid aside, I doubt they will never go to hear him more, at least those who come from the lower end of the town; but if this be continued till you return, which will not be long, it may please God that their hearts may be so changed by that time, that they may love and delight in his public worship so as never to neglect it more.

"If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience: but send me your *positive command*, in such full and express terms, as may absolve me from guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our LORD JESUS CHRIST."

The meeting was continued until Mr. Wesley returned to Epworth.

Mrs. Wesley continued to discharge the duties of a wife and parent with the greatest diligence and punctuality. The letters she wrote to her sons when at Oxford, and after they had left it, shew her in the most amiable light, both for knowledge and piety. In 1735, she lost her husband, and afterwards divided her time between her children, till about the year 1739; after which she resided chiefly in London.

It appears from all we have seen of Mrs Wesley, that she was a woman of real experience in the things of God. But it does not appear that she had a clear notion of justification as distinct from sanctification; on the contrary she seems to have confounded them together. The consequence was, that her knowledge of the doctrine of justification by faith alone, without the law, was not so clear as it might have been; and this hindered her from enjoying that full assurance of her acceptance and the peace and joy consequent upon it, which otherwise she would have had. When her two sons Mr. J. and C. Wesley, began to preach the doctrine of justification by faith, in 1738, and many professed to be justified, and to know the time this change in their state took place, she mentions their notions as new,

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in a letter she wrote to her son Samuel in November this year:* tho' it must be acknowledged that she had not then conversed with them on the subject, and, therefore, did not know what doctrines they taught except by report. But soon after, she came to reside chiefly in London, and then enjoyed the conversation of her sons alternately, the one being always in town while the other was in the country. She also attended on their ministry, conversed with the people of the society, and became more perfectly acquainted with their whole doctrine, and seems heartily to have embraced it.

She continued in the most perfect harmony with them till her death; attending on their ministry, and walking in the light of God's countenance, she rejoiced in the happy experience of the truth she heard them preach. In the first attempts of a Layman to preach, it is said she heard his discourse. Mr John Wesley was, at this time, absent from London; but the thing being quite new, and appearing extraordinary, he was immediately made acquainted with it. He hastened up to London, with a full determination to put a stop to so glaring an irregularity. He conversed with his mother on the subject and told her his intention. She said, "I charge you before God, take care what you do, for that man is as much called to preach the gospel as ever you were." This kept him from an hasty execution of his purpose; and it being found, upon enquiry, that good was done to the people, the practice was *suffered* to continue.

Mr. Wesley gives the following account of his mother's death:† "I left Bristol in the evening of Sunday the 18th, (July 1742) and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity. But she had no doubt nor fear; nor any desire but as soon as God should call, *to depart and be with Christ.*

"Friday the 23d, about three in the afternoon, I went to my mother, and found her change was near. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but, I believe, quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four, the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty! We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech; 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'

"Sunday, August 1st. Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother to sleep with her fathers. The portion of scripture from which I afterwards spoke, was, *I saw a great white throne and him that sat on it; from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, standing before God, and the books were opened—And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.*

* Printed in Dr. Priestley's Collection.

† Wesley's Works, Duodecimo Edition, Vol. xxviii. p. 83. N. B. The date in the printed Journal is erroneous.

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It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side eternity.

"We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words:

"Here lies the body of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the youngest and last surviving daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley.

"In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown." &c.

SECTION III.

OF MR. WESLEY'S SISTERS.

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY, of whom we have last spoken, had taken great pains with all her children, to furnish their minds with useful knowledge, and to instil into them the principles of religion and virtue. The daughters were by no means neglected, they shared their mother's care with the sons. Most of them had a fine genius for poetry; but Mrs. Wright shone the brightest in this walk of elegant amusement, and to her we shall chiefly confine our observations in speaking of the daughters of these venerable parents.

Mrs. Wright was her mother's tenth or eleventh child; and it has been said, that when she was eight years old she could read the Greek Testament. From her infancy she was gay and sprightly, and extremely addicted to wit and humour. As she grew up, she indulged herself in these dispositions so far as to give great uneasiness to her parents, and was often betrayed into little inadvertencies, which contributed, at least, to her future unhappiness in life. About the year 1724, or the beginning of 1725, a gentleman, respectable so far as we can find, both for his abilities and situation in life, paid his addresses to her, and she had a sincere regard for him. But from some circumstance or other, he and her father disagreed, and the affair was broken off. From a concurrence of circumstances in the end of the year 1725, she was induced to marry a person no way adapted to make her happy; being low and rude in address, and much inferior to her in understanding; and he proved unkind to her. Her situation preyed upon her mind, her health and strength gradually wasted away, and at length, she sunk into a degree of melancholy that made her truly wretched. Most of her verses which have been preserved, though beautiful, and written in the true spirit of poetry, are saddened with an air of deep distress, which strongly marks this state of her body and mind.

The following beautiful lines seem to have been a mere extempore effusion poured out from the fulness of her heart on the occasion, and sharpened with the keen distress of her hopeless situation.

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Address to her dying Infant, September*, 1728.

"TENDER softness! infant mild!
Perfect, sweetest, loveliest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rend thy unresisting heart,
Ere the long-enduring swoon
Weigh thy precious eye-lids down!
Ah regard a mother's moan;
Anguish deeper than thine own.

"Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture bless'd my sight;
Ere your orbs extinguish'd be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!
Drooping sweetness! verdant flower
Blooming, with'ring in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
Hear a suppliant! let me be
Partner in thy destiny!

"That whene'er the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud;
When deadly damps (impending now)
Shall hover round thy destin'd brow;
Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the blossom blast the tree!

In this state of mind and declining fast in health, she wrote the following Epitaph for herself:

"Destin'd while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain!
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint she learn'd to bear
A living death, a long despair;
Till hard oppress'd by adverse fate
O'ercharg'd, she sunk beneath the weight;
And to this peaceful tomb retir'd,
So much esteem'd, so long desir'd!
The painful, mortal conflict's o'er:
A broken heart can bleed no more."

Mrs. Wright, however, lived many years after this; and, at length, religion coming to her aid, it soothed the anguish of her mind, and gave her peace, tho' she never recovered her health.

* The child died the third day after it was born. *Private Papers.*

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The first religious letter she wrote to Mr. Wesley, was in 1743; she says, "Some years ago I told my brother Charles, I could not be of his way of thinking then, but that if ever I was, I would as freely own it. After I was convinced of sin—and of your opinion, as far as I had examined your principles, I still forbore declaring my sentiments so openly as I had inclination to do, fearing I should relapse into my former state. When I was delivered from this fear, and had a blessed hope, that he who had begun would finish his work, I never confessed, so fully as I ought, how entirely I was of your mind; because I was taxed with insincerity and hypocrisy whenever I opened my mouth in favour of religion, or owned how great things God had done for me. This discouraged me utterly, and prevented me from making my change as public as my folly and vanity had formerly been. But now my health is gone, I cannot be easy without declaring that I have long desired to know but one thing; that is Jesus Christ, and him crucified; and this desire prevails above all others. And tho' I am cut off from all human help or ministry, I am not without assistance; tho' I have no spiritual friend, nor ever had one yet, except, perhaps, once in a year or two, when I have seen one of my brothers, or some other religious person, by stealth: yet (no thanks to me) I am enabled to seek him still, and to be satisfied with nothing less than God, in whose presence I affirm this truth. I dare not desire health, only patience, resignation, and the spirit of an healthful mind.—I have been so long weak, that I know not how long my trial may last; but I have a firm persuasion and blessed hope (though no full assurance) that in the country I am going to, I shall not sing Hallelujah, and Holy, holy, holy, without company, as I have done in this. Dear brother, I am unused to speak or write on these things—I only speak my plain thoughts as they occur. Adieu. If you have time from better business, to send a line to Stanmore, so great a comfort would be as welcome as it is wanted."

In July, 1744, she wrote to her brother from Bristol, where, it seems, she then resided, at least for some time. She speaks of herself in the most humiliating terms. She highly commends the christian friendship of Mrs. Vigor, Miss Stafford, and some others. She now enjoyed the means of grace, and the benefit of conversation with the people of the society, and continued to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Wright persevered in a religious course of life, patient in her sufferings, resigned to her weakness, and waiting for full salvation in a deliverance from this mortal state, till 1751. In March this year, Mr. Charles Wesley speaks thus of her:—"Prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul; a bruised reed, which the Lord will not break." She died on the 21st of the same month, and Mr. Charles preached her funeral sermon. He observes that he had sweet fellowship with her in explaining those words, *Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.* He adds, "All present seemed partakers both of my sorrow and my joy."

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From this authentic account of Mrs. Wright, taken from original letters, we may correct an error of Mr. Duncombe concerning her. This gentleman has insinuated in his *Feminead*, that her pungent distress and gloomy despair, originated from mistaken and superstitious views of religion: it appears, on the contrary, that they arose from a very different cause, and that religion was the thing that restored her to peace and happiness; and, indeed, the only thing that could do it. Mr. Duncombe's words are,

"But ah! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh?
Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye?
What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,
When sweetly, mournful hapless WRIGHT complains?
And who but grieves to see her gen'rous mind,
For nobler views, and worthier guests design'd,
Amidst the hateful form of black despair,
Wan with the gloom of superstitious care?
In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
She call'd on heav'n to close her weary eyes,
And long on earth by heart-felt woes opprest,
Was borne by friendly death to welcome rest!"*

It is grievous to see authors, whose works are likely to be read, take every opportunity to dress out religion in the most ugly forms they can invent, to deter young people from embracing it, and attributing to it the calamities of life, which religion alone is able to alleviate and redress.

The following, among other poetical compositions, were written by Mrs. Wright; but at what period of her life is not known.

To the Memory of her Uncle, a Physician.†
He died in 1737.‡

"HOW can the muse attempt the string,
Forsaken by her guardian power:
Ah me! that she survives to sing,
Her friend and patron, now no more!
Yet private grief she might suppress,
Since CLIO bears no selfish mind;
But, oh! she mourns to wild excess
The friend and patron of mankind.

"Alas! the sovereign healing art,
Which rescu'd thousands from the grave,
Unaided left the gentlest heart,
Nor could its skilful master save.
Who shall the helpless sex sustain,
Now VARO's lenient hand is gone?
Which knew so well to soften pain,
And ward all dangers but his own.

"His darling muse, his CLIO dear,
Whom first his favour rais'd to fame,

* See Christian Magazine, vol. iii. p. 523.
† Christian Magazine, vol. iii. p. 284. See above page 8.
‡ Mr. Charles Wesley's Journal.

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His gentle voice vouchsaf'd to cheer,
His art upheld her tender frame.
Pale envy durst not shew her teeth,
Above contempt she gaily shone
Chief favourite, till the hand of death
Endanger'd both by striking one.

"Perceiving well, devoid of fear,
His latest fatal conflict nigh,
Reclin'd on her he held most dear,
Whose breast receiv'd his parting sigh;
With every art and grace adorn'd,
By man admir'd, by heaven approv'd,
Good VARO died—applauded, mourn'd,
And honour'd by the muse he lov'd."

To the Memory of her Sister.

"IF happy spirits are allow'd to know,
And hover round what once they lov'd below,
MARIA, gentlest excellence, attend,
To one who glories to have call'd thee friend!
Remote in merit, though ally'd in blood,
Though worthless I, and thou divinely good,
Accept, dear shade, from me these artless lays,
Who never durst unjustly blame or praise.

"With bus'ness and devotion never cloy'd,
No moment of thy life pass'd unemploy'd:
Well-natur'd mirth matur'd discretion join'd,
Constant attendants on the virtuous mind:
Ah me! that heav'n has from this bosom torn
The dearest friend whom I must ever mourn,
Ere STELLA could discharge the smallest part
Of what she ow'd to such immense desert.

"Pleasing thy face and form, tho' heav'n confin'd
To scanty limits thy extensive mind:
Witness the taintless lustre of thy skin,
Bright emblem of the brighter soul within;
That soul which easy, unaffected, mild,
Through jetty eyes with pleasing sweetness smil'd.

"To soundest prudence, life's unerring guide,
To love sincere, religion void of pride;
To friendship, perfect in a female mind,
Which I can never hope again to find:
To mirth, the balm of care, from lightness free,
To steadfast truth, unwearied industry,
To every charm and grace, compriz'd in you,
Sister and friend, a long and last adieu!

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A Farewell to the World.

"WHILE sickness rends this tenement of clay,
Th' approaching change with pleasure I survey,
O'erjoy'd to reach the goal with eager pace,
Ere my slow life has measur'd half its race.
No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,
The hard constraint of seeming much at ease,
Wearing an outward smile, a look serene,
While piercing racks and tortures lurk within,
Yet let me not, ungrateful to my God,
Record the evil and forget the good;
For both I humble adoration pay,
And bless the power who gives and takes away:
Long shall my faithful memory retain,
And oft recall each interval of pain.
Nay to high heav'n for greater gifts I bend,
Health I've enjoy'd, and I had once a friend.
Our labour sweet, if labour it may seem,
Allow'd the sportive and instructive scene:
Yet here no lewd or useless wit was found,
We pois'd the wav'ring sail with ballast sound.
Learning here plac'd her richer stores in view;
Or, wing'd with love, the minutes gaily flew.
Nay, yet sublimer joys our bosoms prov'd,
Divine benevolence, by heav'n belov'd:
Wan meagre forms, torn from impending death,
Exulting, bless'd us with reviving breath.
The shiv'ring wretch we cloth'd, the mourner cheer'd,
And sickness ceas'd to groan when we appear'd:
Unask'd, our care assists with tender art
Their bodies, nor neglects th' immortal part.

"Sometimes, in shades impierc'd by Cynthia's beam,
Whose lustre glimmer'd on the dimpled stream,
We led the sprightly dance thro' sylvan scenes,
Or tripp'd like fairies, o'er the level greens!
In every breast a gen'rous fervour glows,
Soft bliss, which innocence alone bestows!
From fragrant herbage, deck'd with pearly dews,
And flow'rets of a thousand various hues,
By wafting gales the mingling odours fly,
And round our heads in whisp'ring breezes sigh.
Whole nature seems to heighten and improve
The holier hours of innocence and love.
Youth, wit, good nature, candour, sense combin'd,
To serve, delight, and civilize mankind,
In wisdom's lore we ev'ry heart engage,
And triumph to restore the golden age!

"Now close the blissful scene, exhausted muse,
The latest blissful scene which thou shalt choose;
Satiate with life, what joys for me remain,
Save one dear wish, to balance ev'ry pain!

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To bow my head, with grief and toil opprest,
Till borne by angel-bands to everlasting rest."

Miss Kezzy Wesley was addressed by Mr. Hall, a young gentleman of good understanding, agreeable in his person, and engaging in his address. He was entered at Lincoln College as Mr. Wesley's pupil, on the 22d of January, 1731; but Mr. Wesley was totally ignorant of the matter when he first paid his addresses to his sister.* Mr. Hall entered into Orders while he was at Oxford; and though most of the family thought highly of him in every respect as a religious character, yet Samuel Wesley strongly doubted his sincerity. Mr. John Wesley believed him sincere and pious, but in a letter written to his mother, when Mr. Hall was at Oxford, he speaks of him as highly enthusiastic and superstitious. After he had gained the affections of the young lady he quitted her, and paid his addresses to her elder sister. The family opposed this conduct with great vehemence, especially the three brothers. But the marriage, notwithstanding took place, and the future conduct of Mr. Hall by no means corresponded to the expectations they at first formed of him. After some years he quitted his wife, and afterwards lived in the most loose and scandalous manner. Mrs. Hall bore her trials with remarkable patience and resignation. Indeed, in this respect, she was a pattern to all christians; for she was never heard to speak ill of any person, whatever injuries she might have received.—Miss Kezzy Wesley died on the 9th of March, 1741, and Mr. Charles Wesley gives the following account of her death in a letter to his brother.

"Yesterday morning sister Kezzy died in the Lord Jesus. He finished his work, and cut it short in mercy—full of thankfulness, resignation, and love, without pain or trouble, she commended her spirit into the hands of Jesus, and fell asleep." Mrs. Hall survived all her brothers and sisters, and died in peace, July 12, 1791.

* This appears from a letter Mr. Wesley wrote to Mr. Hall, in which he mentions this circumstance.

CHAPTER

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CHAPTER III.

OF HIS BROTHERS, THE REV. SAMUEL AND CHARLES WESLEY.

SECTION I.

OF THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, JUNIOR.

SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A. son of Samuel and Susannah Wesley, was born about 1692,* a year or two before his parents removed to Epworth; being nearly eleven years older than his brother, Mr. John Wesley, and sixteen older than Mr. Charles. He was sent to Westminster School about the beginning of the year 1704, and admitted a King's Scholar in 1707.† Before he left home, his mother by judicious and constant instruction, had formed his mind to a knowledge and serious sense of religion; but she knew the danger of his situation at Westminster, and how exceedingly apt young persons are to be drawn aside from religion and virtue, by improper companions, and bad examples constantly before their eyes. On this account she was anxious for the preservation of his morals, as he grew up and became more exposed to the temptations of evil. After she had recovered from the shock of the fire, which destroyed all they had, and from the fury of which they saved themselves with great difficulty, she wrote to him a long letter, dated October 1709; which, for the importance of the matter, and the energy with which it is written, is highly deserving of preservation; but, on account of its length, we can insert only a part of it. This part of it, however, will bring forward to the view of parents an example of attention to the best interests of a child, which it will be their happiness and glory to follow.

"I hope," says she, "that you retain the impressions of your education, nor have forgot that the vows of God are upon you. You know that the first fruits are heaven's by an unalienable right; and that, as your parents devoted you to the service of the altar, so you yourself made it your choice when your father was offered another way of life for you. But have you duly considered what such a choice, and such a dedication imports? Consider well, what separation from the world! what purity! what devotion! what exemplary virtue! is required in those who are to guide others to glory. I say *exemplary;* for low, common degrees of piety are not sufficient for those of the sacred function. You must not think to live like the rest of the world; your light must so shine among men, that they may see your good works, and thereby be led to glorify your Father

* This date of his birth is taken from a memorandum, which Mr. John Wesley wrote on the back of one of his brother's letters.

† Welsh's List of Scholars of St. Peter's College, Westminster, as they were elected to Christ-church, Oxford, and to Trinity College, Cambridge, page 91.

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which is in heaven. For my part, I cannot see with what face clergymen can reprove sinners, or exhort men to lead a good life, when they themselves indulge their own corrupt inclinations, and by their practice contradict their doctrine. If the *holy Jesus*, be in truth their Master, and they are really his *Embassadors*, surely it becomes them to live like his *Disciples:* and if they do not, what a sad account must they give of their stewardship.

"I would advise you, as much as possible in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a certain method; by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties. Begin and end the day with him who is the *Alpha* and *Omega;* and if you really experience what it is to love God, you will redeem all the time you can for his more immediate service. I will tell you what rule I used to observe when I was in my father's house, and had as little, if not less liberty than you have now: I used to allow myself as much time for recreation as I spent in private devotion; not that I always spent so much, but I gave myself leave to go so far, but no farther. So in all things else, appoint so much time for sleep, eating, company, &c. But above all things, my dear Samy, I command you; I beg, I beseech you, to be very strict in observing the Lord's Day. In all things endeavour to act upon principle, and do not live like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried which way the stream or wind drives them. Often put this question to yourself, Why do I this or that? Why do I pray, read, study, use devotion? &c.—by which means you will come to such a steadiness and consistency in your words and actions, as becomes a reasonable creature and a good christian." These observations were worthy of the mother, and they were properly regarded and followed by the son.

When senior scholar at Westminster, the Bishop of Rochester* took him to his seat at Bromley in Kent, to read to him in the evenings. He was, at this time, eagerly pursuing his studies, and this circumstance, which for several reasons would have been highly gratifying to many, was to him no small mortification. From this place he wrote a Latin letter to his father, in August 1710, in which he complains heavily of the Bishop for the interruption he gave him in his learning. An extract from this letter we shall insert below,† and give the general purport of it in English. Speaking of the Bishop, he observes "He will always be exceeding troublesome to me both

* The predecessor of Atterbury, who was not advanced to the See of Rochester till 1713.

† Speaking of the Bishop, he says, "Ille mihi, et in sacris et in profanis rebus semper erit infestissimus; studia enim intermitti cogit, quibus ro virili incubueram. Ultimo anno in Collegio agendo, ubi non mihi seniori opus est amicorum hospitio, a studiis et a schola me detraxit; non modo nullam ad utilitatem sed ne ad minimam quidem vel utilitatis vel voluptatis specimen me vocavit. Ipse hodie foras est, aliter vix otium foret quo has scriberem. Me ex omnibus discipulis elegit, ut perlegerm ei noctu libros; me rancum, me *μωρε* Gaudeo vos valetudine bona frui. Tuam et maternam benedictionem oro—Episcopus jussit me illius in literis mentionem facere. Da veniam subitis—Aviam ultimis festis vidi; his venientibus non possum, quia ab inimico amico detineor"

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in sacred and profane learning; for he interrupts the studies to which I had applied with all my might. Last year, in the midst of our business in the College, he took me off both from study and from school, not only without any benefit, but without calling me to any thing which had even the appearance of either utility or pleasure. To day he is from home, or I should scarcely have leisure to write this letter. He chose me from all the scholars;—me, who am hoarse and short sighted, to read to him at night. I am glad you enjoy good health, I beg yours and my mother's blessing. I saw my grandmother* in the last holidays; in those which are approaching I cannot, because I am detained by an *unfriendly* friend."

He was about eighteen years old when he wrote this letter, and not yet removed from school. We may observe in it marks of a strong mind, wholly devoted to the pursuit of classical knowledge; and considering his age and situation at the time, it shews a progress in learning which does him credit.

His mother's advices had a proper effect on his mind, and were the means of preserving him from vices too common to the youth of the place. He retained his sobriety, his reverence for God, and regard for religion. In December this year he wrote to his mother, and the following extract from his letter gives a pleasing view of his simplicity, and serious attention to the state of his own heart, and the first motions of evil. "I received the sacrament," says he, "the first Sunday of this month—I am unstable as water—I frequently make good resolutions, and keep them for a time, and then grow weary of the restraint. I have one grand failing, which is, that having done my duty, I undervalue others, and think what wretches the rest of the College are compared with me. Sometimes in my relapses I cry out, *Can the Æthiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots, then may you also do good who are accustomed to do evil:* But I answer again, *with men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible. Amen.*"

The next year, 1711, he was elected to Christ-church, Oxford;† and here, as well as at Westminster, he acquired the character of an excellent *classic* scholar. But his mind was too large, and his zeal for religion and the established church too ardent, to be confined within the bounds prescribed by the common exercises of the place, and he took an active part in some of the principal questions agitated among the literati of that time.

When he had taken his Master's degree, or perhaps before he took it, he was sent for to officiate as Usher at Westminster school; and soon afterwards he took orders, under the patronage of Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of Westminster. He became an able, judicious divine: his conduct in discharging the various duties of life, was exemplary, and did honour to his profession as a christian and a minister of the gospel. He was a man who had the nicest sense of honour and integrity; and the utmost abhorrence of

* The widow of Mr John Wesley, of New Inn Hall, Oxford, and niece of Dr. Thomas Fuller. She had now been a widow near forty years.

† Welch's List, &c. page 95.

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duplicity and falsehood. He was humane and charitable; not only administering to the wants of the poor and afflicted, as far as his income would permit, but also using his influence with others to procure them relief. In filial affection and duty to parents, he was remarkable; no man in the same circumstances ever shone brighter than he, in this branch of Christian duty, thro' the whole course of his life.

Mr. Samuel Wesley was highly esteemed by Lord Oxford, Bishop Atterbury, Mr. Pope, and several other persons among the first characters in the kingdom, for rank and literary talents. With Lord Oxford and Mr. Pope he held a friendly correspondence: with Bishop Atterbury he was in close habits of friendship. Atterbury was a man of first rate abilities: he had a fine genius improved by study, and a spirit to exert his talents. His notions of Church government were very high, and on this subject there was perfect harmony between them. The Bishop had made himself an object of hatred to Walpole and the rest of the King's ministers, by the opposition which he gave, in the House of Lords, to their measures; being generally among the protestors, and drawing up the reasons of the protests with his own hand. On the 24th of August, 1722, he was apprehended under a suspicion of being concerned in a plot to subvert the government, and bring in the Pretender. Mr. Wesley, by his intimacy with him, became an object of dislike to Walpole; and on this ground only, we believe, has of late years been accused of *Jacobitism*. But Mr. John Wesley vehemently affirmed that his brother Samuel was not disaffected to the present reigning family. And if we consider, that his father was the first who wrote in defence of the *Revolution*, and that he mentions this circumstance, apparently with pleasure, it will not appear probable that he was a *Jacobite*. As Mr. Wesley acted on principle in every part of his conduct, so the banishment of Atterbury made no change in his friendship for him. If he had full conviction of the Bishop's innocence, which is probable, it must have given him great pain, to see his friend persecuted, oppressed, and banished by the manœuvres of a Minister of the State. It is no wonder this treatment of his friend should raise his indignation to the highest pitch; which seems to have been the case, and will be some apology for the severity of his satire in some verses which he wrote on this occasion.

His own attachment to Atterbury, and opposition to Walpole, having blocked up his way to preferment at Westminster, he left his situation at this place about the year 1732, for the Free Grammar School at Tiverton, in Devon, over which he presided till his death. In 1736, he published a quarto volume of poems, for which he obtained a numerous and respectable list of subscribers. Many of these poems possess a considerable share of excellence; the tales are admirably well told, and highly entertaining; the satire is pointed, and the moral instructive.—The following beautiful verses are a paraphrase on these words in the fortieth chapter of Isaiah: *All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.* They were occasioned by the death of a young lady.

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THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom;
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
If firm the word of God remains.

Mr. Samuel Wesley was a very high Church-man; and it must be owned, that he was extremely rigid in his principles, which is perhaps the greatest blemish in his character. It has been said, that he was prejudiced against some of the highest truths of the gospel, because many of the Dissenters insisted upon them. This is a heavy charge, and if true, would shew him to have been a man almost void of principle; but happily it appears to be without foundation.

As a high Church-man, Mr. Wesley had objections to *extempore* prayer. In the duodecimo edition of his poems are the following lines on *forms* of prayer, which, for the sprightly turn of thought they contain, I shall insert:

"FORM stints the spirit," Watts has said,
"And therefore oft is wrong;
"At best a crutch the weak to aid,
"A cumbrance to the strong."

Old David, both in prayer and praise,
A form for crutches brings;
But Watts has dignifi'd his lays,
And furnish'd him with wings.

Ev'n Watts a form for praise can choose,
For prayer, who throws it by;

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Crutches to walk he can refuse,
But uses them to fly.

Mr. Samuel Wesley's principles led him to disapprove of the conduct of his brothers, Mr. John and Charles Wesley, when they became itinerant preachers; being afraid they would make a separation from the Church of England. Several letters passed between him and his brother John Wesley, both on the doctrine which he taught, and on his manner of teaching it. We shall have an opportunity of considering some of these letters when we come to that period of Mr. John Wesley's Life in which he and Mr. Charles became itinerants.

Mr. Samuel Wesley had a bad state of health some time before he left Westminster, and his removal to Tiverton did not much mend it. On the night of the 5th of November, 1739, he went to bed, seemingly as well as usual; was taken ill about three in the morning, and died at seven, after about four hours illness. But the following letter, written to the late Mr. Charles Wesley, will state the circumstances more minutely.

TIVERTON, *Nov.* 14, 1739.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"YOUR brother and my dear friend (for so you are sensible he was to me) on Monday, the 5th of November, went to bed, as he thought, as well as he had been for some time before; was seized about three o'clock in the morning very ill, *when* your sister immediately sent for Mr. Norman, and ordered the servant to call me. Mr. Norman came as quick as he possibly could, but said, as soon as he saw him, that he could not get over it, but would die in a few hours. He was not able to take any thing, nor able to speak to us, only yes, or no, to a question asked him, and that did not last half an hour. I never went from his bed-side till he expired, which was about seven the same morning. With a great deal of difficulty we persuaded your dear sister to leave the room before he died. I trembled to think how she would bear it, knowing the sincere affection and love she had for him: but, blessed be God, he hath heard and answered prayer on her behalf, and, in a great measure, calmed her spirit, though she has not yet been out of her chamber. Your brother, was buried on Monday last in the afternoon—and is gone to reap the fruit of his labours—I pray God we may imitate him in all his virtues, and be prepared to follow. I should enlarge much more, but have not time; for which reason I hope you will excuse him who is under the greatest obligations to be, and really is, with the greatest sincerity, yours in all things,

AMOS MATTHEWS."

In the second edition of his poems in *duodecimo*, printed at Cambridge in 1743, there is, *some account of the author, by a friend*, prefixed to it. We know not who the writer of this account was, but as it was written soon after his death, and by a person who seems to

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have been well acquainted with him, we shall give a short extract from it.

"THE author of these poems, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, frankly declares in his preface to the edition published by himself, that *it was not any opinion of excellence in the verses themselves, that occasioned their present collection and publication, but merely the profit proposed by the subscription.* If his modesty had permitted him to have been sensible of his own merit, he might, without this, or any other apology, have safely trusted them to speak for themselves: and perhaps the candid reader, upon an impartial perusal, will hardly think them inferior to the most favoured and celebrated collections of this kind.

"For though it must be owned, that a certain roughness may be observed to run through them, the vehemence and surprising vivacity of his temper not suffering him to revise, or, as he used to call it, to *tinker* what he had once finished—yet strong, just, manly sentiments every where occur, set off with all the advantage which a most luxuriant fancy, and a very uncommon compass of knowledge could adorn them with; together with a flowing and unaffected pleasantness in the more humoursome parts, beyond what could proceed from, even the happiest talent of wit, unless also accompanied with that innocence and cheerfulness of heart, which to him made life delightful in his laborious station, and endeared his conversation to all, especially his learned and ingenious friends; and many such he had, of all ranks and degrees.

"He was the son of a clergyman in Lincolnshire, from whence he was brought to Westminster-school; where having passed thro' the College as a King's Scholar, he was elected Student of Christ-church in Oxford. In both these places, by the sprightliness of his compositions, and his remarkable industry, he gained a reputation beyond most of his cotemporaries, being thoroughly and critically skilful in the learned languages, and master of the classics to a degree of perfection, perhaps not very common in this last mentioned Society, so justly famous for polite learning.

"It must be observed, in justice to his memory, that his wit and learning were the least part of this worthy man's praise. An open benevolent temper which he had from nature, he so cultivated upon principle, that the number and the continual success of his good offices was astonishing even to his friends. He was an instance how exceedingly serviceable in life, a person of a very inferior station may be, who sets his heart upon it. His own little income was liberally made use of, and as his acquaintance whom he applied to, were always confident of his care and integrity, he never wanted means to carry on his good purposes. One particular must not be omitted: he was one of the first projectors, and a very careful and active promoter, of the first Infirmary set up at Westminster, for the relief of the sick and needy, in 1719, and he had the satisfaction to see it flourish, and propagate by its example, under the prudent management of other good persons, many pious establishments of the same kind in distant parts of the nation."

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The following extracts of letters from his patron, Bishop Atterbury, are too much to his honour not to be mentioned here; they were occasioned by that fine poem on the death of Mrs. Morice, his Lordship's daughter.

"*April* 24, 1730.

"I HAVE received a poem from Mr. Morice, which I must be insensible not to thank you for, your Elegy on the death of Mrs. Morice—I cannot help an impulse upon me, to tell you under my own hand, the satisfaction I feel, the approbation I give, the envy I bear you, for this good work; as a poet and as a man, I thank you, I esteem you."

"PARIS, *May* 27, 1730.

"I AM obliged to W. for what he has written on my dear child; and take it more kindly because he could not hope for my being ever in a condition to reward him—though if ever I am, I will; for he has shewn an invariable regard for me all along in all circumstances; and much more than some of his acquaintance, who had ten times greater obligations."

"PARIS, *June* 30, 1730.

"THE verses you sent me touched me very nearly, and the Latin in the front of them as much as the English that followed. There are a great many good lines in them, and they are writ with as much affection as poetry: they came from the heart of the author, and he has a share of mine in return; and if ever I come back to my country with honour, he shall find it."

These extracts do honour to the feelings of Atterbury, as a man; and they give a noble testimony to the disinterested and unchangeable friendship of Mr. Wesley for a person whom he esteemed, and whom he thought deeply injured.

The author of, *Some Account of Mr. Samuel Wesley*, prefixed to his poems, informs us that the following inscription was put upon his grave-stone, in the church yard at Tiverton:

HERE LIE INTERR'D
The remains of the REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, A. M.
Some time Student of Christ Church, Oxon:
A man, for his uncommon wit and learning,
For the benevolence of his temper, and simplicity of manners,
Deservedly beloved and esteemed by all.
An excellent Preacher:
But whose best Sermon was, the constant example of an edifying life,
So continually and zealously employed in acts of beneficence and charity,
That he truly followed his blessed Master's example
In going about doing good.
Of such scrupulous integrity,
That he declined occasions of advancement in the world
Through fear of being involved in dangerous compliances,
And avoided the usual ways to preferment as studiously as many others seek them.
Therefore, after a life spent
In the laborious employment of teaching youth,
First, for near twenty years
As one of the Ushers in WESTMINSTER SCHOOL;
Afterwards for seven years
As Head Master of the Free Scool at TIVERTON,
He resigned his soul to God, Nov. 6, 1739, in the 49th year of his age.

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SECTION II.

OF THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, A. M.

MR. CHARLES WESLEY was born December 18, 1708, several weeks before his time, at Epworth in Lincolnshire; being about five years younger than his brother John Wesley, and about sixteen younger than Samuel.

He appeared dead rather than alive, when he was born. He did not cry, nor open his eyes, and was kept wrapt up in soft wool until the time when he should have been born according to the usual course of nature, and then he opened his eyes and cried.

He received the first rudiments of learning at home, under the pious care of his mother, as all the other children did. In 1716, he was sent to Westminster school, and placed under the care of his eldest brother Samuel Wesley, an high Church-man, who educated him in his own principles. He was exceedingly sprightly and active; very apt to learn, but arch and unlucky, though not ill-natured.

When he had been some years at school, Mr. R. Wesley, a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, wrote to his father and asked if he had any son named Charles; if so he would make him his heir. Accordingly a gentleman in London brought money for his education several years. But one year another gentleman called, probably Mr. Wesley himself, talked largely with him, and asked if he was willing to go with him to Ireland. Mr. Charles desired to write to his father, who answered him immediately, and left him to his own choice. He chose to stay in England. Mr. W. then found and adopted another Charles Wesley, who was the late Earl of M—n—g—n. A fair escape, says Mr. John Wesley, from whose short account of his brother we have taken this anecdote.

From this time, Mr. Charles Wesley depended chiefly on his brother Samuel till 1721, when he was admitted a scholar of St. Peter's College, Westminster.* He was now a King's scholar; and as he advanced in age and learning, he acted dramas, and at length became Captain of the school. In 1726, he was elected to Christ-Church, Oxford,† at which time his brother was fellow of Lincoln College. Mr. John Wesley gives the following account of him after he came to Oxford. "He pursued his studies diligently, and led a regular, harmless life: but if I spoke to him about religion, he would warmly answer, 'What, would you have me to be a saint all at once?' and would hear no more. I was then near three years my father's curate. During most of this time he continued much the same; but in the year 1729, I observed his letters grew much more serious, and when I returned to Oxford in November that year, I found him in great earnestness to save his soul."

* Welch's List of Scholars of St. Peter's College, Westminster, as they were elected to Christ Church College, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, p. 105.
† Ibid. p. 110.

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Mr. Charles Wesley gives the following account of himself for the first year or two after he went to Oxford:* "My first year at College I lost in diversions: the next, I set myself to study. Diligence led me into serious thinking: I went to the weekly sacrament, and persuaded two or three of the young students to accompany me, and observe the method of study prescribed by the statutes of the university. This gained me the harmless name of *Methodist*. In half a year (after this) my brother left his curacy at Epworth, and came to our assistance. We then proceeded regularly in our studies, and in doing what good we could to the bodies and souls of men."

It was in the year 1728, in the twentieth year of his age, that he began to apply more closely to study, and to be more serious in his general deportment than usual. He soon gave proof of his sincere desire to be truly religious, by expressing a wish to write a diary, in which he intended to register daily the state of his mind, and the actions of the day. A diary of this kind faithfully kept, is a delineation of a man's moral and religious character; it is a moral picture of the man accurately drawn. No man wishes to draw his own character in this way, in every little circumstance of life, and to review it often, but he who is desirous to think and act rightly, and to improve daily in knowledge and virtue. He knew that his brother Mr. John Wesley, had kept such a diary, and was able to give him instructions how to proceed. He therefore wrote to him in January 1729, as follows:—

"I would willingly write a diary of my actions, but do not know how to go about it? What particulars am I to take notice of? Am I to give my thoughts and words, as well as deeds, a place in it? Am I to mark all the good and ill I do; and what besides? Must I not take account of my progress in learning as well as religion? What cypher can I make use of? If you would direct me to the same or like method of your own, I would gladly follow it, for I am fully convinced of the usefulness of such an undertaking. I shall be at a stand till I hear from you.

"God has thought fit, it may be to increase my wariness, to deny me at present your company and assistance. It is through him strengthening me, I trust to maintain my ground till we meet. And I hope that neither before nor after that time, I shall relapse into my former state of insensibility. It is through your means, I firmly believe, that God will establish what he has begun in me; and there is no one person I would so willingly have to be the instrument of good to me as you. It is owing, in great measure to somebody's prayers (my mother's most likely) that I come to think as I do; for I cannot tell myself, how or when I awoke out of my lethargy—only that it was not long after you went away."

The enemies of the Christian Revelation, and the friends of Deism were so much increased about this time, and were become so bold and daring in their attempts to propagate their principles in the University, as to rouse the attention of the Vice-Chancellor; who, with the

* In his Letter to Dr. Chandler.

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consent of the Heads of Houses and Proctors, issued a programma, or edict, in opposition thereto, which was fixed up in most of the Halls of the University.

It is always pleasing to a pious mind, to trace the ways of Providence, not only as they relate to individuals, but as they affect large bodies of men collectively considered. In the case before us there is something worthy of observation. At the very time when the friends of infidelity were making so strong an effort to propagate their principles in this celebrated seminary of learning, God was preparing two or three young men, to plant a religious society in the same place; which should grow up with vigour, and spread its branches through several countries, in opposition to the baneful influence of infidelity and profaneness.

In the course of the following summer, Mr. Charles Wesley became more and more serious, and began to be singularly diligent, both in the means of grace and in his studies. His zeal for God began already to kindle, and manifest itself in exertions to do good beyond the common round of religious duties. He endeavoured to awaken an attention to religion in the minds of some of the students, and was soon successful in two or three instances, as appears from a letter he wrote to his brother John Wesley, in May 1729.

From this and another of his letters to his brother, and from the account which he has given of himself in a letter to Dr. Chandler, the following particulars appear evident. 1. That he was awakened to a most serious and earnest desire of being truly religious and devoted to God, while his brother was at Epworth, as his father's curate. 2. That he observed an exact *method* in his studies, and in his attendance on the duties of religion; receiving the sacrament once a week. 3. That he persuaded two or three young gentlemen to join him in these things, among whom, I believe, Morgan was one. 4. That the exact method and order which he observed in spending his time, and regulating his conduct, gained him the name of *Methodist*. Hence it appears that Mr. Charles Wesley was the first Methodist, and laid the foundation of that little society at Oxford, which afterwards made so much noise in the world: but it does not appear that any regular meetings were held, or that the members had extended their views beyond their own improvement in knowledge and virtue, until Mr. John Wesley left his curacy, and came to reside wholly at Oxford in November 1729. The beginning of this society was small, and it appeared contemptible to those around; but events have shewn, that it was big with consequences of the utmost importance to the happiness of thousands. So little do men know before hand of the designs of Providence.

Man was made for social intercourse with man. A well regulated society of a few well chosen persons, improves the understanding, invigorates the powers of the mind, strengthens our resolutions, and animates us to perseverance in the execution of our designs. These were the happy effects of the union of the two brothers in November this year, when Mr. John Wesley left Epworth, and came to reside at Oxford. They now formed a regular society, and quickened the

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diligence and zeal of each other in the execution of their pious purposes. About this time Mr. Charles began to take pupils. On this occasion his father wrote to him as follows, in a letter dated January 1730, when Charles had just passed the 21st year of his age.

"I HAD your last, and you may easily guess whether I were not pleased with it, both on your account and my own. You have a double advantage by your pupils, which will soon bring you more, if you will improve it, as I firmly hope you will, by taking the utmost care to form their minds to piety as well as learning. As for yourself, between Logic, Grammar, and Mathematics, be idle if you can. I give my blessing to the Bishop for having tied you a little faster, by obliging you to rub up your Arabic: and a fixed and constant method will make the whole both pleasing and delightful to you. But for all that, you must find time every day for walking, which you know you may do with advantage to your pupils; and a little more robust exercise, now and then, will do you no harm. You are launched fairly Charles; hold up your head, and swim like a man; and when you cuff the wave beneath you, say to it, much as another hero did,

CAROLUM *vehis, et* CAROLI *fortunam.**

But always keep your eye fixed above the pole-star, and so God send you a good voyage through the troublesome sea of life, which is the hearty prayer of your loving father."

Mr. Charles Wesley and his brother John, had been always united in affection; they were now united in their pursuit of learning, their views of religion, and their endeavours to do good. Mr. Morgan was to them as another brother, and united together, they were as a *three-fold cord* which *is not easily broken.* Tho' few in number, of little reputation in the world, and unsupported by any powerful allies, yet they boldly lifted up their standard against infidelity and profaneness, the common enemies of religion and virtue. They did not, indeed, at present, make any great inroads into the enemies' territory, but they bravely kept their ground, and defended their little fort with success, against every attempt of the enemy to dislodge them. When death robbed them of Morgan, the two brothers remained unshaken in their purpose. They were the bond of union between the members of their little society at Oxford; and if one or more of these deserted them, through fear or shame, or being weary of restraint, they stood firm as a rock, persevering in their resolution to serve God and do good to men, without the least shadow of wavering, thro' evil report and good report, as if alike insensible to either. Happily they were not hurried on by a rash intemperate zeal in their proceedings; which is the common failing of young men. They were cautious and wary, using every prudential means in their power, to prevent the good that was in them from being evil spoken of. Charles had much more fire, and openness of temper than his brother; but he was not less cautious in this respect. If any doubts arose in his mind; or if any practice which he thought proper and commendable, seemed likely to give great offence to others, he asked

* Thou carriest Charles, and Charles's fortune.

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the advice of those who were older and wiser than himself, how he ought to proceed. This appears from a letter which he wrote to his father in June 1731, in which he says, "On Whitsunday the whole College received the sacrament, except the servitors (for we are too well bred to communicate with them, though in the body and blood of Christ) to whom it was administered the next day; on which I was present at church, but with the canons left the sacrament to those for whom alone it was prepared. What I would beg to be resolved in is, whether or no my being assured I should give infinite scandal by staying, could sufficiently justify me in turning my back on God's ordinance. It is a question my future conduct is much concerned in, and I shall therefore earnestly wait for your decision."

Mr. Charles Wesley proceeded Master of Arts in the usual course, and thought only of spending all his days at Oxford as a tutor; for he exceedingly dreaded entering into Holy Orders.* In 1735, Mr. John Wesley yielded to the pressing solicitations of Mr. Oglethorpe, Dr. Burton, and some others, to go to Georgia as a missionary, to preach to the Indians, and he prevailed on his brother Charles to accompany him. Their brother Samuel consented that Mr. John Wesley should go, but vehemently opposed the design of Charles to accompany him. But his opposition had no effect, for Mr. Charles engaged himself as Secretary to Mr. Oglethorpe, and also as Secretary to Indian affairs, and in this character he went to Georgia. A little before they left England, Dr. Burton suggested that it might be well if Mr. Charles was ordained before he left this country. His brother John over-ruled his inclination in this thing also, and he was ordained Deacon, by Dr. Potter, Bishop of Oxford; and the Sunday following, Priest, by Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London.†

On the 22d of October, this year, 1735, they sailed from Gravesend, and from this time the two brothers were perfectly associated in their designs, labours, and dangers. Their lives, therefore, are so closely connected, and the events of the one so much involved in those of the other, that, as it certainly would not be consistent with our plan in this work, so it does not seem necessary to proceed any further with a detailed account of the life of Mr. Charles Wesley. Many important and interesting circumstances of it will occur in Mr. John Wesley's Journals, which commence from this period. And those who wish for further information, may have recourse to Dr. Whitehead's memoir of him, published in his Life of Mr. John Wesley, which memoir, perhaps, may hereafter appear in a separate publication. Suffice it then for us to add the following particulars. After his return from America, he for many years chiefly travelled with his brother through various parts of Britain and Ireland, preaching the word of life, and helping to form and visit the societies. His word, especially in those his younger days, was frequently attended with a very extraordinary power, and was a mean of awakening many hundreds, if not even thousands out of the sleep of sin, and bringing them to experience and evidence repentance towards God,

* His Letter to Dr. Chandler. † His Letter to Dr. Chandler.

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and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. This was the case, especially at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sunderland, and the parts adjacent: in Staffordshire, Cornwall, at Dublin, Cork, and other parts of Ireland. After this, having married Miss Sarah Gwynne, a lady of considerable family in the county of Brecon, South Wales, he chiefly divided his labours between London and Bristol, in which cities he was rendered useful in the conversion and spiritual profit of many souls. As a *Preacher*, he was mighty in the Scriptures, and possessed a remarkable talent of uttering truths with simplicity, force and brevity. His discourses were not dry and systematic, but flowed from the present views and feelings of his own mind. And they were sometimes truly apostolic, forcing conviction on the hearers in spite of the most determined opposition.

As a *Poet*, he greatly excelled. It is of his poetical compositions that Mr. John W. says, in the Preface to his Large Hymn Book, "In these hymns there is no doggerel, no botches, nothing put in to patch up the rhyme, no feeble expletives. Here is nothing turgid and bombast on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other. Here are no cant expressions, no words without meaning. Here are (allow me to say) both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language, and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity."

Mr. Charles Wesley wrote short hymns on most of the remarkable passages of the old and New Testament, and very largely on some parts of both. His *Hymns and sacred Poems* are an invaluable treasure. There is not a point of Divinity, doctrinal, experimental, or practical, which he has not illustrated in verse, that for purity, and often for sublimity, may vie with any thing in the English language. But they especially evidence that the mind of the writer was deeply impressed with his subject, and fully acquainted with the religion of the heart. In these short hymns, he has expressed his opinion on the leading doctrines of the Gospel, with great energy and beauty.

The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed.
Matt. xiii. 31.

"A GRAIN of grace may we not see,
This moment, and the next a tree?
Or MUST we patiently attend,
To find the precious seed ascend?
Our Lord declares it must be so;
And striking deep our root we grow,
And lower sink and higher rise,
Till Christ transplant us to the skies."

The following comment on a much disputed passage, shews his humanity and benevolence.

To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me.
1 Sam. xxviii. 19.

"WHAT do these solemn words portend?
A gleam of hope when life shall end:
'Thou and thy sons, though slain shall be
To-morrow in repose with me!'

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Not in a state of hellish pain,
If Saul with Samuel doth remain;
Not in a state of damn'd despair,
If loving Jonathan be there."

His lively turn of thought did not leave him in his old age, as the following lines will testify.

The Man of Fashion: Written in 1784.

"WHAT is a modern man of fashion?
A man of taste and dissipation:
A busy man, without employment,
A happy man, without enjoyment:
Who squanders all his time and treasures,
On empty joys and tasteless pleasures;
Visits, attendance, and attention,
And courtly arts too low to mention.

"In sleep, and dress, and sport and play,
He throws his worthless life away;
Has no opinion of his own,
But takes from leading Beaux the ton;
With a disdainful smile or frown,
He on the rif-raf crowd looks down:
The world polite, his friends and he,
And all the rest are nobody!

"Taught by the great his smiles to sell,
And how to write, and how to spell;
The great his oracles he makes,
Copies their vices, and mistakes;
Custom pursues, his only rule,
And lives an ape, and dies a fool."

Had Mr. Charles Wesley engaged in the higher walks of verse, there is no doubt but he would have been esteemed a considerable poet, even by those who now despise his hymns. He chose the most excellent way, the writing of hymns for the instruction and edification of the many, rather than devote all his life in attempts to please the fancy of the few. Some of his hymns are certainly among the best pieces in that species of composition.

Mr. Charles Wesley had a weak body, and a poor state of health, during the greatest part of his life. He laid the foundation of both, at Oxford, by too close application to study and abstinence from food. He rode much on horseback, which, probably, contributed to lengthen out life to a good old age. In his last sickness, his body was indeed reduced to the most extreme state of weakness. He possessed that state of mind which he had always been pleased to see in others, unaffected humility, and holy resignation to the will of God. He had no transports of joy, but solid hope and unshaken confidence in Christ, which kept his mind in perfect peace. A few days before his death, he composed the following lines. Having been silent and quiet for some time, he called Mrs. Wesley to him, and bid her write as he dictated;

"IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

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He died, March 29, 1788, aged seventy-nine years and three months; and was buried in April 5, in Marybone church-yard, at his own desire. The pall was supported by eight clergymen of the Church of England. On his tomb-stone are the following lines, written by himself on the death of one of his friends: they could not be more aptly applied to any person than to Mr Charles Wesley.

"WITH poverty of spirit bless'd,
Rest happy saint, in Jesus rest;
A sinner sav'd, through grace forgiv'n,
Redeem'd from earth to reign in heav'n!
Thy labours of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crowned above;
Crown'd, through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward!"

"Mr. Wesley" (observes Dr. Whitehead) "was of a lively disposition; of great franknesss and integrity, and generous and steady in his friendships. His love of simplicity, and utter abhorrence of hypocrisy, and even of affectation in the professors of religion, made him sometimes appear severe on those who assumed a consequence, on account of their experience, or, were pert and forward in talking of themselves and others. These persons were sure of meeting with a reproof from him, which some, perhaps, might call precipitate and imprudent, though it was evidently founded on a knowledge of the human heart. In conversation he was pleasing, instructive, and cheerful; and his observations were often seasoned with wit and humour. His religion was genuine and unaffected. As a minister, he was familiarly acquainted with every part of Divinity; and his mind was furnished with an uncommon knowledge of the Scriptures. As a husband, a father, and a friend, his character was amiable. Mrs. Wesley brought him five children, of whom two sons and a daughter are still living. The sons discovered a taste for music, and a fine musical ear, at an early period of infancy, which excited general amazement; and are now justly admired by the best judges for their talents in that pleasing art.

From a review of the life of Mr. Charles Wesley, it will appear evident, that the Methodists are greatly indebted to him for his unwearied labours and great usefulness at the first formation of the Societies, when every step was attended with difficulty and danger. And being dead he yet speaketh by his numerous and excellent hymns, written for the use of the Societies, which still continue to be the means of daily edification and comfort to thousands.

CHAPTER

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CHAPTER IV.

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY,

FROM HIS BIRTH TO THE YEAR 1729.

WHEN we view Mr. Wesley rising into public notice, from the bosom of a family which had long been venerable for Christian knowledge and piety, the mind feels a prepossession in his favour, and our expectation is raised of something great and good from him. As we proceed to examine his education, and the principles instilled into his mind, at an early period of life, we shall see a solid foundation laid of sound knowledge and genuine piety. But that every one may judge for himself in this matter, we shall endeavour to trace, step by step, the circumstances of his early life, during the period mentioned in this chapter.

He was the second son of Samuel and Susannah Wesley, and born at Epworth in Lincolnshire, on the 17th of June, 1703, O. S. There has, indeed, been some variations in the accounts given of his age by different persons of the family; but the certificate of it, sent him by his father a little before he was ordained Priest, to satisfy the Bishop of his age, puts the matter beyond a doubt. The original lies before us, and the following is a faithful copy.

EPWORTH, *August* 23, 1728.

"JOHN WESLEY, M. A. Fellow of Lincoln College, was twenty-five years old the 17th of June last, having been baptized a few hours after his birth, by me,

"SAMUEL WESLEY, *Rector of Epworth.*

When he was nearly six years old, a calamity happened, which threatened the whole family with destruction, and him in particular; his parents for a short time believing, that he was actually consuming in the flames of their house. But his mother's letter to the Rev. Mr. Hoole, will be the best account of this matter. It is dated August 24, 1709, and is as follows:

"REV. SIR,

"My master is much concerned that he was so unhappy as to miss of seeing you at Epworth; and he is not a little troubled that the great hurry of business about building his house will not afford him leisure to write. He has, therefore, ordered me to satisfy your desire as well as I can, which I shall do by a simple relation of matters of fact, though I cannot, at this distance of time, recollect every ca-

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lamitous circumstance that attended our strange reverse of fortune. On Wednesday night, February the 9th, between the hours of eleven and twelve, our house took fire, by what accident God only knows. It was discovered by some sparks falling from the roof upon a bed where one of the children (Hetty) lay, and burnt her feet. She immediately ran to our chamber and called us; but I believe no one heard her, for Mr. Wesley was alarmed by a cry of fire in the street, upon which he rose, little imagining that his own house was on fire; but, on opening his door, he found it was full of smoke, and that the roof was already burnt through. He immediately came to my room (as I was very ill, he lay in a separate room from me) and bid me and my two eldest daughters rise quickly and shift for our lives, the house being all on fire. Then he ran and burst open the nursery door, and called the maid to bring out the children. The two little ones lay in bed with her; the three others in another bed. She snatched up the youngest, and bid the rest follow, which they did, except Jacky. When we were got into the hall, and saw ourselves surrounded with flames, and the roof was on the point of falling, we concluded ourselves inevitably lost, as Mr. Wesley in his fright had forgot the keys of the doors above stairs. But he ventured up stairs once more, and recovered them a minute before the stair-case took fire. When we opened the street door, the strong North-east wind drove the flames in with such violence, that none could stand against them: Mr. Wesley, only, had such presence of mind as to think of the garden-door, out of which he helped some of the children; the rest got through the windows. I was not in a condition to climb up to the windows; nor could I get to the garden door. I endeavoured three times to force my passage through the street door, but was as often beat back by the fury of the flames. In this distress I besought our blessed Saviour to preserve me, if it were his will, from that death, and then waded through the fire, naked as I was, which did me no farther harm than a little scorching my hands and face.

"While Mr. Wesley was carrying the children into the garden, he heard the child in the nursery cry out miserably for help, which extremely affected him; but his affliction was much increased, when he had several times attempted the stairs then on fire, and found they would not bear his weight. Finding it was impossible to get near him, he gave him up for lost, and kneeling down, he commended his soul to God, and left him, as he thought, perishing in the flames. But the boy seeing none come to his help, and being frightened, the chamber and bed being on fire, he climbed up to the casement, where he was soon perceived by the men in the yard, who immediately got up and pulled him out, just in the article of time that the roof fell in, and beat the chamber to the ground. Thus by the infinite mercy of Almighty God, our lives were all preserved by little less than miracle, for there passed but a few minutes between the first alarm of fire, and the falling of the house."

Mr. John Wesley's account of what happened to himself, varies a little from this relation given by his mother. "I believe," says he, "it was just at that time (when they thought they heard him cry) I

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waked: for I did not cry as they imagined, unless it was afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains, and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no further, all the floor beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed upon a chest which stood near the window: one in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, there will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here, I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man and set him on my shoulders. They did so, and he took me out of the window. Just then the roof fell; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours! let us kneel down! let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children: let the house go, I am rich enough!'

"The next day, as he was walking in the garden, and surveying the ruins of the house, he picked up part of a leaf of his Polyglott Bible, on which just those words were legible: *Vade; vende, omnia, quæ habes, et attolle crucem, et sequere me. Go; sell all that thou hast; and take up thy cross and follow me.*"*

The peculiar danger and wonderful escape of this child, excited a good deal of attention and inquiry at the time, especially among the friends and relations of his family. His brother Samuel being then at Westminster, writes to his mother on this occasion in the following words, complaining that they did not inform him of the particulars. "I have not heard a word from the country, since the first letter you sent me after the fire. I am quite ashamed to go to any of my relations. They ask me, whether my father means to leave Epworth? whether he is building his house? whether he has lost all his books and papers? if nothing was saved? what was the lost child, a boy or a girl? what was its name? &c. To all of which I am forced to answer, I cannot tell; I do not know; I have not heard—I have asked my father some of these questions, but am still an ignoramus."

All the children received the first rudiments of learning from their mother, who, as we have seen, was admirably qualified for this office in her own family. We can find no evidence that the boys were ever put to any school in the country, their mother having a very bad opinion of the common methods of instructing and governing children. But she was not only attentive to their progress in learning, she likewise endeavoured to give them, as early as possible, just and useful notions of religion. Her mind seems to have been led to a more than ordinary attention for Mr. Wesley in this respect. In one of her private meditations, when he was near eight years old, she mentions him in a manner that shews how much her heart was engaged in forming his mind for religion. We shall transcribe the whole meditation for the benefit of the reader.

* Arminian Magazine, vol. i. page 32.

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"EVENING, MAY 17, 1711. *Son John.*

"WHAT shall I render to the Lord for all his mercies? The little unworthy praise that I can offer, is so mean and contemptible an offering, that I am even ashamed to tender it. But, Lord, accept it for the sake of Christ, and pardon the deficiency of the sacrifice.

"I would offer thee myself, and all that thou hast given me; and I would resolve, O give me grace to do it, that the residue of my life shall be all devoted to thy service. And I do intend to be more *particularly* careful of the soul of this child, that thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been; that I may do my endeavour to instil into his mind the principles of thy true religion, and virtue. Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success."

Her good endeavours were not without the desired effect; for it is believed it was about this time, being eight years old, that he began to receive the sacrament.

In the month of April 1712, he had the small-pox, together with four others of the children. His father was then in London, to whom his mother writes thus: "Jack has bore his disease bravely, like a man, and indeed like a Christian, without any complaint; though he seemed angry at the small-pox when they were sore, as we guessed by his looking sourly at them, for he never said any thing." In 1714, he was placed at the Charter-House, and became distinguished for his diligence and progress in learning; so that, in 1719, when his father was hesitating in what situation he should place Charles, his brother Samuel writes thus of him: "My brother Jack, I can faithfully assure you, gives you no manner of discouragement from breeding your third son a scholar." Two or three months afterwards he mentions him again, in a letter to his father: "Jack is with me, and a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can."

He was now sixteen, and the next year was elected to Christ-Church, Oxford. Here he pursued his studies with great advantage, under the direction of Doctor Wigan, a gentleman eminent for his classical knowledge. Mr. Wesley's natural temper in his youth was gay and sprightly, with a turn for wit and humour. When he was about twenty-one years of age, "he appeared, (as Mr. Badcock has observed) the very sensible and acute Collegian—a young fellow of the finest classical taste, of the most liberal and manly sentiments."* His perfect knowledge of the classics gave a smooth polish to his wit, and an air of superior elegance to all his compositions. He had already begun to amuse himself occasionally with writing verses, though most of his poetical pieces at this period, were, we believe, either imitations or translations of the Latin. Some time in this year, however, he wrote an imitation of the 65th Psalm, which he sent to his father, who says, "I like your verses on the 65th Psalm, and would not have you bury your talent."

In the summer of this year, his brother, Mr. Samuel Wesley, broke his leg, and, when he was recovering, wrote to Mr. John Wesley at

* Westminster Magazine.

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Oxford, informing him of his misfortune. Mr. Wesley's answer is dated the 17th of June, when he was just twenty-one years of age. The letter shews his lively and pleasant manner of writing when young.

"I believe (says he) I need not use many arguments to shew I am sorry for your misfortune, though at the same time I am glad you are in a fair way of recovery. If I had heard of it from any one else, I might probably have pleased you with some impertinent consolations; but the way of your relating it is a sufficient proof, that they are what you don't stand in need of. And, indeed, if I understand you rightly, you have more reason to thank God that you did not break both, than to repine because you have broke one leg. You have undoubtedly heard the story of the Dutch seaman, who having broke one of his legs by a fall from the main-mast, instead of condoling himself, thanked God that he had not broke his neck. I scarce know whether your first news vexed me, or you last news pleased me more: but I can assure you, that though I did not cry for grief at the former, I did for joy at the latter part of your letter. The two things which I most wished for of almost any thing in the world, were to see my mother, and Westminster once again, and to see them both together was so far above my expectations, that I almost looked upon it as next to an impossibility. I have been so very frequently disappointed when I had set my heart on any pleasure, that I will never again depend on any before it comes. However, I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me, as near as you can, how soon my uncle is expected in England,* and my mother in London."

Toward the close of this year, Mr. Wesley began to think of entering into Deacons' Orders; and this led him to reflect on the importance of the ministerial office, the motives of entering into it, and the necessary qualifications for it. On examining the step he intended to take, through all its consequences to himself and others, it appeared of the greatest magnitude, and made so deep an impression on his mind, that he became more serious than usual, and applied himself with more attention to subjects of divinity. Some doubts arising in his mind on the motives which ought to influence a man in taking Holy Orders, he proposed them to his father, with a frankness that does great credit to the integrity of his heart. His father's answer is dated, January 26, 1725. "As to what you mention of entering into Holy Orders, it is, indeed, a great work, and I am pleased to find you think it so. As to the motives you take notice of, my thoughts are; if it is no harm to desire getting into that office, even as Eli's sons, *to eat a piece of bread;* yet certainly a desire and intention to lead a stricter life, and a belief that one should do so, is a better reason: though this should, by all means, be begun before, or ten to one it will deceive us afterwards. But if a man be unwilling and undesirous to enter into Orders, it is easy to guess whether he can say so

* The uncle here mentioned was his mother's only brother. He was in the service of the East-India Company, and the public prints having stated that he was returning home in one of the Company's ships, Mrs. Wesley came to London when the ship arrived, to meet him. But the information was false, and she disappointed. *Private Papers.*

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much as, with common honesty, that he trusts he is "moved to it by the Holy Ghost." But the principal spring and motive, to which all the former should be only secondary, must certainly be the glory of God, and the service of his church in the edification of our neighbour. And woe to him who, with any meaner leading view, attempts so sacred a work." He then mentions the qualifications necessary, for Holy Orders, and answers a question which his son asked. "You ask me which is the best Commentary on the Bible? I answer, the Bible itself. For, the several Paraphrases and Translations of it in the Polyglot, compared with the Original, and with one another, are, in my opinion, to an honest, devout, industrious, and humble man, infinitely preferable to any comment I ever saw. But Grotius is the best, for the most part, especially on the Old Testament." He then hints to his son, that he thought it too soon for him to take Orders; and encourages him to work and write while he could. "You see," says he, "time has shaken me by the hand; and death is but a little behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left; and I bless God for them."

His mother wrote to him in February on the same subject, and seemed desirous that he should enter into Orders as soon as possible. "I think," says she, "the sooner you are a Deacon the better, because it may be an inducement to greater application in the study of practical divinity, which of all other studies I humbly conceive to be the best for Candidates for Orders." His mother was remarkable for taking every opportunity to impress a serious sense of religion on the minds of her children; and she was too watchful to let the present occasion slip without improvement. "The alteration of your temper" (says she, in the same letter) "has occasioned me much speculation. I, who am apt to be sanguine, hope it may proceed from the operations of God's Holy Spirit, that, by taking off your relish for earthly enjoyments, he may prepare and dispose your mind for a more serious and close application to things of a more sublime and spiritual nature. If it be so, happy are you if you cherish those dispositions; and now, in good earnest, resolve to make religion the business of your life; for, after all, that is the one thing that, strictly speaking, is necessary: all things beside are comparatively little to the purposes of life. I heartily wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have, the satisfaction of knowing it will abundantly reward your pains: if you have not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in a tragedy. This matter deserves great consideration by all, but especially by those designed for the ministry; who ought, above all things to make their own calling and election sure, lest after they have preached to others, they themselves should be cast away."

These advices and exhortations of his parents had a proper influence on his mind. He began to apply himself with diligence to the study of divinity in his leisure hours, and became more desirous of entering into Orders. He wrote twice to his father on this subject. His father answered him in March, and informed him that he had chang-

ed his mind, and was then inclined that he should take Orders that summer: "But in the first place," says he, "if you love yourself or me, pray heartily."

The books which, in the course of his reading this summer, before his ordination, had the greatest influence both on his judgment and affections, were Thomas a Kempis and Bishop Taylor's rules of holy living and dying. Not that he implicitly received every thing they taught; but they roused his attention to the spirit and tendency of the Christian Religion, and thoroughly convinced him that its influence over the heart and life is much more extensive than he had before imagined.

Having now determined to devote himself wholly to God, his letters to his parents carried a savour of religion, which before they had wanted; this made his father say to him in a letter, August the 2d, "If you be but what you write, you and I shall be happy, and you will much alleviate my misfortune." He soon found that his son was not double minded. The time of his Ordination now drew near. His father wrote to him on this subject, in a letter dated September the 7th, in which he says, "God fit you for your great work. Fast, watch and pray; believe, love, endure, and be happy; towards which you shall never want the most ardent prayers of your affectionate father." In preparing for his Ordination he found some scruples on his mind respecting the damnatory clause in the Athanasian Creed; which he proposed to his father, who afterwards gave him his opinion upon it. Having prepared himself with the most conscientious care for the ministerial office, he was ordained Deacon on Sunday the 19th of this month, by Dr. Potter, then Bishop of Oxford.

Mr. Wesley's Ordination supplied him with an additional motive to prosecute the study of Divinity; which he did, by directing his inquiries into the evidences and reasonableness of the Christian Religion. He wrote to his mother on this subject, November the 3rd, who in her answer dated the 10th, encourages him to persevere in such investigations without any fear of being injured by them. "I highly approve," says she, "of your care to search into the grounds and reasons of our most holy religion; which you may do, if your intention be pure, and yet retain the integrity of your faith. Nay, the more you study on that subject, the more reason you will find to depend on the veracity of God; inasmuch as your perception of him will be clearer, and you will more plainly discover the congruity there is between the ordinances and precepts of the Gospel, and right reason. Nor is it a hard matter to prove that the whole system of Christianity is founded thereon."

It was, however, but a small portion of his time that Mr. Wesley employed in these studies. His private Diary shews how diligent he was in the study of the Classics, and other books in different branches of Science, and in the performance of his academical exercises. The time also drew near when it was expected that the election of a Fellow of Lincoln College would take place; with a view to which his friends had been exerting themselves in his favour all the sum-

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mer.* When Dr. Morley, the Rector, was spoke to on the subject, he said, "I will inquire into Mr. Wesley's character." He did so, and gave him leave to stand a candidate. He afterwards became his friend in that business, and used all the influence he had in his favour. His father, in a letter of July, says, "I waited on Dr Morley, and found him more civil than ever. I will write to the Bishop of Lincoln again, and to your brother Samuel the next post. Study hard lest your *opponents* beat you." In another letter, speaking of Dr. Morley, he says, "You are infinitely obliged to that generous man."

In election business, the passions of men generally run high, and every circumstance is laid hold of, which can by any means be so managed as to influence the public opinion against an opponent. And Mr. Wesley's late seriousness did not escape the banter and ridicule of his adversaries at Lincoln, on this occasion. In reference to this his father observes in a letter of August; "As for the Gentlemen Candidates you write of—Does any body think that the devil has no agents left? It is a very callow virtue, sure, that cannot bear being laughed at. I think our Captain and Master endured something more for us, before he entered into glory: and unless we follow his steps, in vain do we hope to share that glory with him. Nor shall any who sincerely endeavour to serve him, either by turning others to righteousness, or keeping them steadfast in it, lose their reward." And in his letter of October the 19th, he exhorts him to bear patiently what was said of him at Lincoln; "But be sure," says he, "never to return the like treatment to your enemy. You and I have hitherto done the best we could in that affair; do you continue to do the same, and rest the whole with Providence."

His mother writes to him on this occasion more in the way of encouragement and caution. "If it be," says she, "a weak virtue that cannot bear being laughed at, I am sure it is a strong and well confirmed virtue, that can stand the test of a brisk buffoonery. I doubt too many people, though well inclined, have yet made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience merely because they could not bear raillery. Some young persons have a natural excess of bashfulness; others are so tender of what they call honour, that they cannot endure to be made a jest of. I would, therefore, advise those who are in the beginning of a christian course, to shun the company of profane wits, as they would the plague or poverty; and never to contract an intimacy with any, but such as have a good sense of religion."

But notwithstanding the warm opposition which his opponents made against him, Mr. Wesley's general good character for learning and diligence, gave such firmness and zeal to his friends, that on Thursday, March 17, 1726, he was elected Fellow of Lincoln-College. His father very emphatically expresses his satisfaction on this occasion, in a letter of the first of April.—"I have both your's since your election: in both, you express yourself as becometh you. What will be my own fate before the summer be over, God knows: *sed passi graviora.*—Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

* His father mentions it in his Letter of the 26th of January of this year.

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His mother in a letter of March 30th, tells him in her usual strain of piety, "I think myself obliged to return great thanks to Almighty God, for giving you good success at Lincoln. Let whoever he pleased be the instrument, to him and to him alone the glory appertains."

The Monday following his election, being March the 21st, he wrote to his brother Samuel, expressing his gratitude for the assistance he had given in that affair. With this letter he sent two or three copies of verses, which seem, by what he says of them, to have been written at an early period. "I have not yet," says he, "been able to meet with one or two gentlemen, from whom I am in hopes of getting two or three copies of verses. The most tolerable of my own, if any such there were, you probably received from Leyburn. Some of those I had besides, I have sent here; and shall be very glad if they are capable of being so corrected, as to be of any service to you."—He sent three specimens of his poetry with this letter: the two following we shall insert; which considered as hasty productions, the mere amusement of an hour or two, and sent in their rough state, we are confident every good judge will pronounce excellent, notwithstanding the modesty with which he speaks of them.

HORACE, Lib. I. Ode XXII.

INTEGRITY needs no defence;
The man who trusts to innocence,
Nor wants the darts Numidians throw,
Nor arrows of the Parthian bow.

Secure o'er Lybia's sandy seas,
Or hoary Caucasus he strays,
O'er regions scarcely known to fame,
Wash'd by Hydaspes' fabled stream.

While void of cares, of nought afraid,
Late in the Sabine woods I stray'd;
On Sylvia's lips, while pleas'd I sung,
How love and soft persuasion hung!

A rav'nous wolf intent on food,
Rush'd from the covert of the wood:
Yet dar'd not violate the grove
Secured by innocence and love.

Nor Mauritania's sultry plain,
So large a savage does contain;
Nor e'er so huge a monster treads
Warlike Apulia's beechen shades.

Place me where no revolving sun
Does o'er his radiant circle run;
Where clouds and damps alone appear,
And poison the unwholesome year:

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Place me, in that effulgent day,
Beneath the sun's directer ray;
No change from its fixed place shall move
The basis of my lasting love.

IN IMITATION OF

Quis desiderio sit Pudor, &c.

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

WHAT shame shall stop our flowing tears?
What end shall our just sorrows know?
Since fate, relentless to our prayers,
Has giv'n the long destructive blow!

Ye muses, strike the sounding string,
In plaintive strains his loss deplore;
And teach an artless voice to sing
The great, the bounteous, now no more!

For him the wise and good shall mourn,
While late records his fame declare;
And oft as rolling years return,
Shall pay his tomb a grateful tear.

Ah! what avail their plaints to thee?
Ah! what avails his fame declar'd?
Thou blam'st, alas! the just decree
Whence virtue meets its just reward.

Though sweeter sounds adorn'd thy tongue
Than Thracian Orpheus whilom play'd;
When list'ning to the morning song
Each tree bow'd down its leafy head:

Never! ah, never from the gloom
Of unrelenting Pluto's sway,
Could the thin shade again resume
Its ancient tenement of clay.

Indulgent Patience, heav'n-born guest,
Thy healing wings around display;
Thou gently calm'st the stormy breast,
And driv'st the tyrant grief away.

Corroding care and eating pain,
By just degrees thy influence own;
And lovely, lasting Peace, again
Resumes her long deserted throne.

His parents now invited him to spend some time with them in the country. Accordingly he left Oxford in April, and stayed the whole

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summer at Epworth and Wroote. During this time he usually read prayers and preached twice on the Lord's day, and otherwise assisted his father as occasion required. His time here was by no means wasted; he still pursued his studies, had frequent opportunities of conversing with his parents on subjects highly interesting and instructive, and kept a regular Diary of what passed. He often takes notice of the particular subjects discussed in their various conversations, and mentions the practical observations his parents made, and sometimes adds his own. Among others, were the following: how to increase our faith, our hope, and our love of God: prudence, simplicity, sincerity, pride, vanity: wit, humour, fancy, courtesy, and general usefulness. His parents made such observations as reflection and long experience had suggested to them, and he carefully minuted down such rules and maxims as appeared to him important.

Mr. Wesley returned to Oxford on the 21st of September, and resumed his usual course of studies. His literary character was now established in the University: he was acknowledged by all parties to be a man of talents, and an excellent critic in the learned languages. His compositions were distinguished by an elegant simplicity of style, and justness of thought, that strongly marked the excellence of his classical taste. His skill in logic, or the art of reasoning, was universally known and admired. The high opinion that was entertained of him, in these respects, was soon publicly expressed, by choosing him Greek lecturer and Moderator of the Classes, on the 7th of November; though he had only been elected Fellow of the College in March, was little more than twenty-three years of age, and had not yet proceeded Master of Arts.

We have been the more exact in bringing forward all the particulars concerning him, from the latter end of the year 1724, to the present time; because they have been very imperfectly known, and some of them very erroneously stated by some of his Biographers. It is also evident, that an accurate knowledge of these particulars, does him credit: the correspondence relative to his Ordination, gives the reader a view of the simplicity and integrity of his heart, in the most artless and undisguised manner, and does infinite honour to the rational affection and pious care of his parents: it likewise points out to us the kind of advice which had the chief influence in forming his religious character: and the circumstances of his preferment at Lincoln-College, gave the most unequivocal proof of his merit, and of the high reputation he had acquired in the University for learning, diligence, and attention to discipline, at this early period of life.

It appears from what has already been said, that Mr. Wesley did not devote all his time to the severer studies, but occasionally paid his court to the Muses, with good success. His Paraphrase on the first eighteen verses of the 104th Psalm, is a more finished piece than any thing he had written before. He began to write it on the 19th of August this year, when at Epworth; and for its beauty and excellence, it deserves to be printed with accuracy. It is therefore transcribed from the original manuscript.

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Verse 1. UPBORNE aloft on ventrous wing,
While, spurning earthly themes, I soar
Through paths untrod before,
What God, what Seraph shall I sing?
Whom but thee should I proclaim,
Author of this wond'rous frame?
Eternal uncreated Lord,
Enshrin'd in glory's radiant blaze!
At whose prolific voice, whose potent word,
Commanded, nothing swift retir'd, and worlds began their race.

Verse 2. Thou, brooding o'er the realms of night,
Th' unbottom'd infinite abyss,
Bad'st the deep her rage surcease,
And said'st, Let there be light!
Æthereal light thy call obey'd,
Glad she left her native shade,
Through the wide void her living waters past;
Darkness turn'd his murmuring head,
Resign'd the reins, and trembling fled,
The crystal waves roll'd on, and fill'd the ambient waste.

2. In light, effulgent robe, array'd
Thou left'st the beauteous realms of day;
The golden tow'rs inclin'd their head,
As their Sov'reign took his way.
3, 4. The all-incircling bounds (a shining train,
Minist'ring flames around him flew)
Through the vast profound he drew,
When, lo! sequacious to his fruitful hand,
Heav'n o'er th' uncolour'd void, her azure curtain threw.

Lo! marching o'er the empty space,
The fluid stores in order rise
With adamantine chains of liquid glass,
To bind the new-born fabric of the skies.
3. Downward th' Almighty Builder rode,
Old Chaos groan'd beneath the God,
Sable clouds his pompous car,
Harnest winds before him ran,
Proud to wear their Maker's chain,
And told, with hoarse resounding voice, his coming from afar.

5. Embryon earth the signal knew,
And rear'd from night's dark womb her infant head,
6. Though yet prevailing waves her hills o'erspread
And stain'd their sickly face with pallid hue.
7. But when loud thunders the pursuit began,
Back the affrighted spoilers ran;
8. In vain aspiring hills oppos'd their race,
O'er hills and vales with equal haste,
The flying squadrons past,
Till safe within the walls of their appointed place:

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9. There firmly fix'd, their sure enclosures stand,
Unconquerable bounds of ever-during sand!

10. He spake! From the tall mountain's wounded side,
Fresh springs roll'd down their silver tide:
O'er the glad vales the shining wanderers stray,
Soft murmuring as they flow,

11. While in their cooling wave, inclining low
The untaught natives of the field their parching thirst allay.

12. High seated on the dancing sprays,
Checquering with varied light their parent streams,
The feather'd choirs attune their artless lays
Safe from the dreaded heat of solar beams.

13. Genial show'rs at his command,
Pour plenty o'er the barren land:
Labouring with parent throes,

14. See! the teeming hills disclose
A new birth: see cheerful green,
Transitory, pleasing scene,
O'er the smiling landskip glow,
And gladden all the vale below.

15. Along the mountain's craggy brow,
Amiably dreadful now!
See the clasping vine dispread
Her gently-rising verdant head;
See the purple grape appear,
Kind relief of human care!

16. Instinct with circling life, thy skill
Uprear'd the olive's loaded bough;
What time on Lebanon's proud hill
Slow rose the stately cedar's brow.
Nor less rejoice the lowly plains,
Of useful corn the fertile bed,
Than when the lordly cedar reigns,
A beauteous, but a barren shade.

17. While in his arms the painted train,
Warbling to the vocal grove,
Sweetly tell their pleasing pain
Willing slaves to genial love.

Verse 18. While the wild-goats, an active throng,
From rock to rock light-bounding fly,
Jehovah's praise in solemn song,
Shall echo through the vaulted sky.

The Hymn on the Divine Attributes, published in his large Hymn-Book, was composed by him, and is one of the most excellent of the kind in our language. All the hymns also in his various publications, which were borrowed from the German (and there are many such) were translated by him.

The reader who carefully examines these specimens of his poetical talents, and at the same time considers that he was designed for a

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more noble employment than making verses, however excellent they might be, will highly approve of the judicious advice his mother gave him about this time: "I would not have you leave off making verses, (says she) rather make poetry sometimes your diversion, though never your business."

But he has frequently urged, as another reason for silencing his Muse, that the superior poetic genius of his brother rendered it unnecessary for him to employ his time in this way.

Mr. Wesley was now more desirous than ever of improving his time to the best advantage. But as he had not yet taken his degree of Master of Arts, the whole of his time was not at his own disposal. But such portions of it as were, he carefully spent in pursuit of such knowledge as promised to be beneficial to himself, and would enable him to benefit others; never indulging himself in an idle, useless curiosity, which is the common fault of most young men in the conduct of their studies. He expresses his sentiments on this head in a letter to his mother of January 1727. "I am shortly to take my Master's Degree. As I shall from that time be less interrupted by business not my own choosing; I have drawn up for myself a scheme of studies, from which I do not intend, for some years at least, to vary.—I am perfectly come home to your opinion, that there are many truths it is not worth while to know. Curiosity indeed might be a sufficient plea for our laying out some time upon them, if we had half a dozen centuries of lives to come; but methinks it is great ill-husbandry to spend a considerable part of the small pittance now allowed us, in what makes us neither a quick nor a sure return.

"Two days ago I was reading a dispute between those celebrated masters of controversy, Bishop Atterbury and Bishop Hoadley; but must own I was so injudicious as to break off in the middle. I could not conceive, that the dignity of the end was at all proportioned to the difficulty of attaining it. And I thought the labour of twenty or thirty hours, if I was sure of succeeding, which I was not, would be but ill rewarded by that piece of important knowledge, whether Bishop Hoadley had misunderstood Bishop Atterbury or no?"

The following paragraph, in the same letter, will shew the reader how diligent he had long been in improving the occasions which occured, of impressing a sense of religion on the minds of his companions, and of his soft and obliging manner of doing it. "About a year and a half ago, (says he) I stole out of company at eight in the evening, with a young gentleman with whom I was intimate. As we took a turn in an aisle of St. Mary's Church, in expectation of a young lady's funeral, with whom we were both acquainted, I asked him if he really thought himself my friend? and if he did, why he would not do me all the good he could? He began to protest,—in which I cut him short, by desiring him to oblige me in an instance, which he could not deny to be in his own power: to let me have the pleasure of making him a whole Christian, to which I knew he was at least half persuaded already. That he could not do me a greater kindness, as both of us would be fully convinced when we came to follow that young woman."

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"He turned exceedingly serious, and has kept something of that disposition ever since. Yesterday was a fortnight he died of a consumption. I saw him three days before he died; and on the Sunday following did him the last good office I could here, by preaching his funeral sermon; which was his desire when living."

Mr. Wesley proceeded Master of Arts on the 15th of February,* and acquired considerable reputation in his disputation for his Degree; on which account his mother congratulates him in a letter of the 14th of March.—On the 19th he writes thus to her: "One advantage at least, my Degree has given me; I am now at liberty, and shall be in a great measure for some time, to choose my own employment. And as I believe, I know my own deficiencies best, and which of them are most necessary to be supplied; I hope my time will turn to somewhat better account, than when it was not so much in my own disposal."—He had already fixed the plan of his studies; but how to attain a more practical knowledge of God, and a more entire conformity to his will, in the temper of his mind and in all his actions, was a point not so easily determined. He saw what the law of God required him to be, and was deeply sensible of his deficiencies; but he did not yet see the way of faith, which the Gospel points out as the way of victory, of holiness, and of peace. There is nothing more natural in this state of mind, than for a person to imagine, that some other situation of life would be more advantageous to him than that in which he is placed. He feels his present difficulties and hinderances in the way of religion; but he does not see, that every situation of life has its difficulties and hinderances, which a Christian is called upon to conquer, not to shun. Mr. Wesley however, thought, that the company he was necessarily exposed to at Oxford, was a hinderance to his progress in religion, and that a seclusion from the world would be highly advantageous to him in this respect. Though we must disapprove of the opinion, which his riper judgment likewise condemned, we cannot but acknowledge that it gives the clearest evidence of his sincerity; and that he was not religious, to be seen of men. He expresses the thoughts he then had of this matter, in the same letter of the 19th of March.—"The *conversation* of one or two persons, whom you may have heard me speak of, I hope never without gratitude, first took off my relish for most other pleasures, so far that I despised them in comparison of *that*. I have since proceeded a step further; to slight them absolutely. And I am so little at present in love with even company, the most elegant entertainment next to books; that, unless the persons have a religious turn of thought, I am much better pleased without them. I think it is the settled temper of my soul, that I should prefer, at least for some time, such a retirement, as would seclude me from all the world, to the station I am now in. Not that this is by any means unpleasant to me; but I imagine it would be more improving, to be in a place where I might confirm or implant in my mind what habits I would, without interruption, before the flexibility of youth be over.

* Private Diary.

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"A school in Yorkshire was proposed to me lately, on which I shall think more, when it appears whether I may have it or not. A good salary is annexed to it. But what has made me wish for it most, is the frightful description, as they call it, which some gentlemen who know the place, gave me of it yesterday. It lies in a little vale, so pent up between two hills, that it is scarcely accessible on any side; so that you can expect little company from without, and within there is none at all. I should therefore be entirely at liberty to converse with company of my own choosing, whom for that reason I would bring with me; and company equally agreeable, wherever I fixed, could not put me to less expence.

"The sun that walks his airy way,
To cheer the world, and bring the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night,
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
These praise their Maker as they can,
But want, and ask the tongue of man."

"I am full of business: but have found a way to write, without taking any time from that. It is but rising an hour sooner in the morning, and going into company an hour later in the evening; both which may be done without any inconvenience."—The school however was otherwise disposed of, at which his mother was well-pleased. "I am not sorry (says she) that you have missed the school; that way of life would not agree with your constitution; and I hope God has better work for you to do."

Mr. Wesley saw that a loose and desultory way of reading and studying, was not the way to accurate knowledge; and to avoid falling into this error, he had, some time before he took his Master's Degree, laid down a plan of study which he now closely pursued. Certain hours, in the morning and afternoon, of each day in the week, were appropriated to the study of various branches of knowledge; and he never suffered himself to deviate from the rule he had laid down. Thus, his hours of study, on Mondays and Tuesdays, were devoted to the Greek and Roman Classics, Historians and Poets.—Wednesdays, to Logic and Ethics.—Thursdays, to Hebrew and Arabic.—Fridays, to Metaphysics and Natural Philosophy.—Saturdays, to Oratory and Poetry, chiefly composing.—Sundays, to Divinity.—In the intermediate hours between these more fixed studies, he perfected himself in the French language, which he had begun to learn two or three years before; he also read a great variety of modern authors in almost every department of science. His method was this: he first read an author regularly through; then, in the second reading, transcribed into his collections, such passages as he thought important, either for the information they contained, or the beauty of expression. This method not only inured him to industry and accuracy, but it considerably increased his stock of knowledge, and gave him a familiar acquaintance with the authors he had read.

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It has been doubted by some persons, whether the Mathematics entered into Mr. Wesley's plan of study at the University. But among the authors mentioned in his Diary, are found Euclid, Keil, S'Gravesande, Sir Isaac Newton, &c. and he seems to have studied them with great attention. He sometimes amused himself with experiments in Optics.

It has been before observed, that his father had two Livings. He now became less able to attend to the duties of his station, than formerly; especially as it was difficult, and sometimes dangerous in the winter, to pass between Epworth and Wroote: and it was not easy to procure an Assistant to his mind, in this remote corner of the kingdom. He was therefore desirous, that his son, Mr. John Wesley, should come into the country, and reside chiefly at Wroote, as his Curate. Mr. Wesley complied with his father's request, who thus expresses himself in a letter of June,—"I do not think that I have thanked you enough for your kind and dutiful letter of the 14th instant.—When you come hither, your head quarters will, I believe, for the most part be at Wroote, and mine at Epworth; though sometimes making a change."—Accordingly, he left Oxford, on the 4th of August; and coming to London, spent some days with his brother Samuel, and then proceeded on his journey to take upon him his appointed charge.—In this part of Lincolnshire, the ague is endemic, and in October he was seized with it; at the same time he was called to Oxford, probably to oblige Dr. Morley, the Rector of Lincoln-College, on some election business. This gentleman had rendered such services to Mr. Wesley, in his election to Lincoln, that he used to say, "I can refuse Dr. Morley nothing." In the present instance, his gratitude overcame all objections against travelling on horseback, through wet and cold, with an ague upon him. He reached Oxford on the 16th, and left it again on the 25th, travelling in the same manner back to Wroote, though often very ill on the road. He now continued in the country for sometime, still pursuing the same plan of study, as far as the nature of his situation would permit.

Mr. Wesley's general knowledge and agreeable conversation, had endeared him to all his acquaintance at Oxford. He was a most engaging and instructive companion; open and communicative to his friends, and civil and obliging to all. The following letter will set this part of his character in a clear light. It was written by one of the Fellows of his own College, who it seems had been a great deal absent, and knew little of him except what he had learned from the report of those who had been acquainted with him.

"COLL. LINC. *Dec.* 28, 1727.

"SIR,

"YESTERDAY I had the satisfaction of receiving your kind and obliging letter, whereby you have given me a singular instance of that goodness and civility which is essential to your character; and strongly confirmed to me, the many encomiums which are given you in this respect, by all who have the happiness to know you. This makes me infinitely desirous of your acquaintance. And when I con-

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sider those shining qualities which I hear daily mentioned in your praise, I cannot but lament the great misfortune we all suffer, in the absence of so agreeable a person from the College. But I please myself with the thought of seeing you here on Chapter-day, and of the happiness we shall have in your company in the summer. In the mean time, I return you my most sincere thanks for this favour, and assure you, that if it should ever lie in my power to serve you, no one will be more ready to do it, than,

"SIR,

"Your most obliged and most humble servant,

"LEW. FENTON."

Mr. Wesley continued in the country till July 1728, when he returned by way of London, to Oxford, where he arrived on the 27th of this month, with a view to obtain Priest's Orders. No reason is assigned, why he was not ordained Priest sooner; it is evident however, that he had never applied for it, probably on account of his age.—On Sunday, the 22d of September he was ordained Priest, by Dr. Potter, Bishop of Oxford, who had ordained him Deacon in 1725. Mr. Wesley has made a mistake in the date of his ordination. In the first part of his *Farther Appeal*, he says, "I was ordained Deacon in 1725, and Priest in the year following."—This only proves, that in giving the dates to things which had taken place, he did not always consult his Diary, but trusted to his memory, which sometimes failed him. To convince the reader that we have given the true date, we insert below a part of his letter of Priest's Orders.*

October 1st. He set out for Lincolnshire, and did not again visit Oxford till the 16th of June 1729. At this time his brother Charles, Mr. Morgan, and one or two more, had just formed a little society, chiefly to assist each other in their studies, and to consult on the best method of employing their time to advantage. During his stay here, he was almost constantly with them in the evenings; but about the middle of August, he returned to his charge at Wroote, where he continued till he received the following letter from Dr. Morley, the Rector of the College, dated the 21st of October.—"At a meeting of the Society, just before I left College, to consider of the proper method to preserve discipline and good government; among several things agreed on, it was, in the opinion of all that were present, judged necessary that the junior Fellows who should be chosen Moderators, shall in person attend the duties of their office, if they do not prevail with some of the Fellows to officiate for them. We all thought it would be a great hardship on Mr. Fenton, to call him from a perpetual Cu-

* TENORE præsentium nos Johannes permissione divina Oxon. Episcopus, Notum facimus universis quod nos Episcopus antedictus die Dominico (viz.) Vicesimo secundo die mensis Septembris, Anno Domini Millesimo Septingentesimo Vicesimo octavo in Ecclesia Cathedrali Christi Oxon. Sacros Ordines Dei Omnipotentis præsidio celebrantes; Dilectum nobis in Christo Johannem Wesley, Artis Magistrum, e Coll. Lincoln. Oxon. Socium—ad Sacrum Presbyteratus Ordinem juxta morem et ritus Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ admisimus et promovimus ipsumque in Presbyterum tunc et ibidem rite et Canonice Ordinavimus. Datum sub Sigillo nostro Episcopali in præmissorum fidem ac testimonium die mensis Annoque Domini supra expressis et nostræ Consecrationis Anno decimo quarto.

JO. OXON.

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racy or Donative; yet this we must have done, had not Mr. Hutchins been so kind to him and us, as to free us from the uneasiness of doing a hard thing, by engaging to supply his place in the Hall for the present year. Mr. Robinson would as willingly supply yours, but the serving of two Cures fourteen miles distant from Oxford, and ten at least as bad as the worst of your roads in the Isle, makes it, he says, impossible for him to discharge the duty constantly. We hope it may be as much for your advantage to reside at College as where you are, if you take pupils, or can get a Curacy in the neighbourhood of Oxon. Your father may certainly have another Curate, though not so much to his satisfaction: yet we are persuaded that this will not move him to hinder your return to College, since the interest of College, and obligation to Statute requires it."—In consequence of this letter, he quitted his father's Curacy at Wroote, and November 22d, came to reside in Oxford.

CHAPTER V.

OF MR. WESLEY'S RESIDENCE AT OXFORD FROM NOVEMBER 1729, TO OCTOBER 1735; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST METHODIST SOCIETY, DURING THIS PERIOD.

HITHERTO we have viewed Mr. Wesley, as the polite Collegian, rising into notice and esteem for his literary talents; and in the humble station of Curate to his father. The reader will observe that he did not quit this station from discontent, or restless ambition, but at the call of the heads of his College. It is manifest, that he had not the least conception of what afterwards followed. In consequence of the order he had received, he now entered upon a new situation: he obtained pupils, and became a Tutor in the College: he presided in the Hall as Moderator in the disputations, held six times a week, and had the chief direction of a religious Society. As Tutor, he was singularly diligent and careful of his pupils, considering himself responsible for them, not only to their parents and the community, but to God; and therefore laboured to make them both scholars and christians. Some of them disapproved of his religious severities, and refused to join with him in them, but still continued under his care as pupils, and warmly acknowledged their obligations to him. As Moderator in the disputations, he acquired a facility and expertness in arguing; especially, as he himself observes, "In discerning and pointing out well covered and plausible fallacies," which afterwards gave him a great superiority over most of his numerous adversaries. But his endeavours to become religious, will form the chief subject of this chapter. We call all that he did mere endeavours, because he did not attain the end which he aimed at, peace of mind, comfort in God, and a command over all his passions. He was a long time before he was fully convinced that his own endeavours

were insufficient to give him the mind that was in Christ. He clearly saw in 1725, what the Gospel was intended to do for him, and for all mankind; to be the mean of reconciling him to God, and giving him a title to the heavenly inheritance; of cleansing him from sin, and preparing him for the enjoyment of heaven: and he retained this view of the general design of the Gospel, from that period to the end of his life without the least variation. But he did not yet understand the *method* proposed in the Gospel, of putting a sinner in possession of these blessings, nor the order in which the mind is capable of acquiring them. It is true, he read the Scriptures daily at this time, and in his religious researches was *homo unius libri*, a man of one book. But his pre-conceived opinions were as a blind before his mind, and completely hid from his view, the Gospel method of attaining present salvation. This is no reproach to Mr. Wesley, nor any objection against the doctrines he afterwards embraced. It is the common lot of all men, to imbibe in their youth, notions which afterwards hinder them from perceiving the most obvious truths. It is well known that the systems of natural philosophy, which ingenious men have formed and taught to young students, have been the chief hinderances to their progress in knowledge. What kept his mind in a state of perplexity was, a confused notion of justification; which he either confounded with sanctification, or thought a man must be sanctified before he could be justified. This notion hindered him from perceiving, that to justify in the language of Paul, is to pardon a repenting believing sinner, as an act of grace; not for the sake of any previous holiness in him, but through Jesus Christ alone. As soon as he was convinced of this, he was no longer embarrassed and perplexed; he saw immediately the plan which the Gospel proposes of reconciling sinners to God, of making them holy in heart and life, and of giving them a sure hope, full of immortality.—But let us attend him through the period appropriated to this chapter, and we shall see the efforts of a great mind to do the will of God; and every step we take, will convince us of the uprightness of his intention.

It appears from the account given of Mr. Charles Wesley, that for more than two years before this time he had studied very hard, and through his brother's advice and influence was become deeply serious; that during the last summer he had received the Sacrament weekly, and had prevailed on two or three young men to do the same: and that these gentlemen had occasionally met together for the purpose of assisting and encouraging each other in their duty, and of regulating their employments by certain rules. The regular method of arranging their studies and other employments procured them the distinguishing epithet of *Methodists*, which according to Mr. Charles, was given them before his brother came to Oxford in November. This is probably the most accurate account; for when Mr. Wesley speaks of this appellation, he mentions it only in very general terms, without attempting to state, at what period of the Society it was first given. "The exact regularity of their lives as well as studies, (says he) occasioned a young gentleman of Christ-Church to say, 'Here is a new

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set of *Methodists* sprung up;' alluding to some ancient Physicians who were so called.* The name was new and quaint; so it took immediately, and the *Methodists* were known all over the University."

It does not appear, however, that these gentlemen met together at any fixed or stated times, or that they had made any regulations for this purpose before Mr. John Wesley joined them. When he came amongst them, they gladly committed the direction of the whole to him; and from this time the Society began to assume a more regular form; it is from this period, therefore, that he commences his history of it, in the following words:

"In November 1729, four young gentlemen of Oxford, Mr. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln-College; Mr. Charles Wesley, Student of Christ-Church; Mr. Morgan, Commoner of Christ-Church; and Mr. Kirkman, of Merton-College, began to spend some evenings in a week together, in reading chiefly the Greek Testament. The next year two or three of Mr. John Wesleys pupils desired the liberty of meeting with them; and afterwards one of Mr. Charles Wesley's pupils. It was in 1732, that Mr. Ingham, of Queen's College, and Mr. Broughton, of Exeter, were added to their number. To these, in April, was joined Mr. Clayton, of Brazen-Nose, with two or three of his pupils. About the same time Mr. James Hervey was permitted to meet with them, and afterwards Mr. Whitefield."†

These four young gentlemen continued their meetings for some time, without any other views than their own benefit; but in the summer of 1730, Mr Morgan called at the gaol to see a man who was condemned for killing his wife, and told them, that, from the conversation he had with one of the debtors, he verily believed it would do much good if any one would be at the pains of now and then speaking with them. Having mentioned this several times, Mr. Wesley and his brother Charles, went with him on the 24th of August to the Castle, and were so well satisfied with their visit, that they determined to go thither once or twice a week. They had not done this long, before Mr. Morgan, who seems to have led the way in acts of charity and benevolence to others, desired Mr. Wesley to go with him to see a poor woman in the town who was sick. When

* Themison was the founder of this sect, about thirty or forty years before the Christain Era; and it flourished, according to Alpinus, about three hundred years. Le Clerc, informs us, that the Physicians of this sect were called *Methodists*, because they took it into their heads, to find out a more easy *method* of teaching and practising the art of Physic. However this may be, it is certain that some of the greatest Physicians of the time in which the sect flourished, were *Methodists*. That Themison, was a man of the most extensive practice, is evidently implied in the words of Juvenal, if he speaks of the same person, which is generally supposed. He is describing the infirmities of an old man, and observes,

——Circumsilit agmine facto
Morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quæras
Promptius expediam——
Quot Themison ægros autumno occiderit uno.

"A whole troop of all kinds of diseases rush upon him on all sides; if you ask their names, I could as soon recken up how many patients Themison killed in one autumn." —Had his practice, however, been very unsuccessful, it is not probable it would have been so extensive as to become almost proverbial.

† Short History of Methodism.

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they began to reflect on the benefit this might be of to the poor, they thought it would be well worth while to spend two or three hours in the week in this species of charity, especially if the Minister of the parish in which such person was, did not object to it. But as this practice was quite *new*, and had an appearance of irregularity, on which account it might give offence, Mr. Wesley did not choose to proceed any further without advice. He wrote to his father, who was remarkably attached to regularity and church order, stating what they had hitherto done, and what their design was; begging to have his opinion whether they had already gone too far? Whether they should stand still where they were, or go forward?

His father's answer is dated September 21st, in which he says, "As to your own designs and employments, what can I say less of them than *valde probo;* and that I have the highest reason to bless God, that he has given me two sons together at Oxford, to whom he has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them. They have but one enemy more to combat with, the flesh; which if they take care to subdue by fasting and prayer, there will be no more for them to do, but to proceed steadily in the same course, and expect the crown which fadeth not away. You have reason to bless God, as I do, that you have so fast a friend as Mr. Morgan, who, I see, in the most difficult service, is ready to break the ice for you.

"I am afraid lest the main objection you make against your going on in the business of the prisoners, may secretly proceed from flesh and blood. For *who can harm you if you are followers of that which is so good?* And which will be one of the marks by which the Shepherd of Israel will know his sheep at the last day. Though, if it were possible for you to suffer a little in the cause, you would have a confessor's reward. You own that none but such as are out of their senses would be prejudiced against you for acting in this manner.—Go on then in God's name, in the path to which your Saviour has directed you, and that tract wherein your father has gone before you! For when I was an undergraduate, I visited those in the Castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day. Walk as prudently as you can, though not fearfully, and my heart and prayers are with you.

"Your first regular step is to consult with him, if any such there be, who has a jurisdiction over the prisoners; and the next is to obtain the direction and approbation of your Bishop. This is Monday morning, at which time I shall never forget you.—Accordingly, to him who is every where, I now heartily commit you, as being your affectionate and joyful Father."

This advice, from a person on whose judgment, experience, and orthodoxy they could depend, gave them courage; it confirmed them in their benevolent purposes, and animated them with zeal in the execution of them. They carefully attended, however, to the prudential directions; and Mr. Wesley immediately consulted Mr. Gerard, the Bishop of Oxford's chaplain, who likewise attended the prisoners when they were condemned to die, for at other times they

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were left to their own care. He proposed to him their design of serving the prisoners as far as they could, and his own intention of preaching there once a-month, if the Bishop should approve of it. Mr. Gerard commended the design, and said he would answer for the Bishop's approbation, to whom he would take the first opportunity of mentioning it. The Bishop being consulted, not only gave his permission, but was highly pleased with the undertaking, and hoped it would have the desired success.

Sheltered by such respectable authority, they thought themselves secure, and prosecuted their design with diligence. But no human authority is sufficient to restrain the overflowings of a mind at enmity with God. The old drones in religion, who retain little of Christianity but the name, think themselves insulted by any extraordinary piety and zeal in young men; and the gay and thoughtless are irritated, because they think their peculiar pleasures and whole manner of life are thereby condemned. Thus the case seems to have stood between these young men and their opponents at Oxford. The opposition increased. The men of wit in Christ-church entered the lists against them, and between mirth and anger made pretty many reflections upon the *Sacramentarians*, as they were pleased to call them. Their allies of Merton, thought both this and the title of *Methodists*, too decent, as implying something commendable; they therefore changed it and honoured them with the title of the *Holy Club*. But most of these being persons of well-known characters, they made no proselytes from the sacrament, till a gentleman, eminent for learning, and well esteemed for piety, joining them, told his nephew, that if he dared to go to the weekly communion any longer, he would turn him out of doors. This argument had no success; the young gentleman communicated next week. The uncle now became more violent, and shook his nephew by the throat, to convince him more effectually that receiving the sacrament every week was founded in error; but this argument appearing to the young gentleman to have no weight in it, he continued his usual practice. This eminent person, so well esteemed for piety, was however indefatigable in his endeavours to suppress it. He now changed the mode of attack, and like a true agent of Satan, kept close to the letter of the Apostle's advice, but grossly perverted the spirit of it. By a soft obliging manner towards him, he melted down the young gentleman's resolution of being so strictly religious, and from this time he began to absent himself, five Sundays out of six, from the Sacrament. This success gave the opposition new strength, and one of the Seniors of the College consulting with the Doctor, they prevailed with two other young gentlemen to promise they would only communicate three times a-year.

The opposition now becoming more serious, by some persons of influence taking so decided a part against them, the two Mr. Wesleys wrote to their father again, stating their situation, and asking further advice. His answer, which is dated December the 1st, is as follows:

"This day I received both yours, and this evening, in the course of our reading, I thought I found an answer that would be more proper than any I myself could dictate; though since it will not be easily

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translated, I send it in the original. Πολλη μοι Καυχησις υπερ υμων· πεπλησμαι τη παρακλησει· υπερπερισσευομαι τη χαρα.* What would you be? Would you be angels? I question whether a mortal can arrive to a greater degree of perfection than steadily to do good, and for that very reason patiently and meekly to suffer evil. For my part, on the present view of your actions and designs, my daily prayers are that God would keep you humble: and then I am sure that if you continue *to suffer for righteousness' sake*, though it be but in a lower degree, *the Spirit of God and of glory* shall in some good measure *rest upon you*. And you cannot but feel such a satisfaction in your own minds as you would not part with for all the world. —Be never weary of well-doing; never look back, for you know the prize and the crown are before you; though I can scarce think so meanly of you, as that you should be discouraged with the *crackling of thorns under a pot*. Be not high-minded, but fear. Preserve an equal temper of mind under whatever treatment you meet with, from a not very just or well-natured world. Bear no more sail than is necessary, but steer steady. The less you value yourselves for these unfashionable duties (as there is no such thing as works of supererogation) the more all good and wise men will value you, if they see your actions are all of a piece; or, which is infinitely more, he, by whom actions and intentions are weighed, will both accept, esteem and reward you.

"I hear my son John has the honour of being styled the *Father of the Holy Club*; if it be so, I am sure I must be the Grandfather of it; and I need not say, that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished, than to have the title of His Holiness."

In the same letter he advises them to use great mildness towards their persecutors, but at the same time to avoid a mean or sneaking behaviour, and rather to shew an open manly firmness, which is highly becoming in a mind conscious of acting well.

In answer to this Mr. Wesley wrote to his father December 11. He says, "We all return you our sincere thanks for your timely and necessary advice; and should be exceedingly glad if it were as easy to follow it, as it is impossible not to approve it. That doubtless is the very point we have to gain before any other can be managed successfully, to have an habitual lively sense of our being only instruments in his hand, who can do all things either with or without any instrument. But how to fix this sense in us, is the great question.—We hope you and all our friends will continue to intercede for us to him with whom all things are possible.

"To-morrow night I expect to be in company with the gentleman who did us the honour to take the first notice of our little Society. I have terrible reasons to think he is as slenderly provided with humanity as with sense and learning. However, I must not let slip this opportunity, because he is at present in some distress, occasioned by his being obliged to dispute in the Schools on Monday; though

* 2 Cor. vii. 4. Great is my glorying of you: I am filled with comfort: I am exceeding joyful.

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he is not furnished with such arguments as he wants. I intend, if he has not procured them before, to help him to some arguments, that I may at least remove that prejudice from him; that 'we are friends to none but those who are as queer as ourselves.'"

Under the encouragement of his father's letter they still continued to meet together as usual, and to confirm one another in their pious resolutions. They communicated once a week. They visited the prisoners, and some poor families in the town when they were sick; and that they might have wherewith to relieve their distress, they abridged themselves of all the superfluities and of many of the conveniencies of life. They took every opportunity of conversing with their acquaintance in the most useful manner, to awaken in them a sense of religion. But the outcry daily increasing, they thought it proper, by way of self-defence, to propose to their friends or opponents as opportunity offered, these or the like questions:

1. Whether it does not concern all men of all conditions, to imitate him as much as they can, *who went about doing good?*

Whether all Christians are not concerned in that command, "*While we have time let us do good to all men?*"

Whether we shall not be more happy hereafter, the more good we do now?

2. Whether we may not try to do good to our acquaintance among the young gentlemen of the University. Particularly whether we may not endeavour to convince them of the necessity of being Christians, and of being Scholars?

Whether we may not try to convince them of the necessity of method and industry, in order to either learning or virtue?

Whether we may not try to persuade them to confirm and increase their industry, by communicating as often as they can?

Whether we may not mention to them the authors whom we conceive to have written best on those subjects?

Whether we may not assist them as we are able, from time to time, to form resolutions upon what they read in those authors, and to execute them with steadiness and perseverance?

3. May we not try to do good to those who are hungry, naked, or sick? If we know any necessitous family, may we not give them a little food, clothes, or physic, as they want?

If they can read, may we not give them a Bible, a Common-Prayer Book, or a Whole Duty of Man? May we not inquire now and then how they have used them; explain what they do not understand, and enforce what they do?

May we not enforce upon them the necessity of private prayer, and of frequenting the Church and Sacrament?

May we not contribute what we are able, toward having their children clothed, and taught to read?

4. May we not try to do good to those who are in prison? May we not release such well-disposed persons as remain in prison for small debts?

May we not lend small sums to those who are of any trade, that they may procure themselves tools and materials to work with?

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May we not give to them who appear to want it most, a little money, or clothes, or physic?"

It was impossible for any person, who had a grain of either humanity or religion left, to answer these questions in the negative, however averse he might be to practise the duties proposed in them. No one attempted it; but several, when they understood the plan of their design, increased their little stock of money for the prisoners and the poor, by subscribing something quarterly to it; so that the more persons they proposed their designs to, the more they were confirmed in the belief that they were acting right, and more determined to pursue their plan, notwithstanding the ridicule which increased fast upon them during the winter.

It appears from the questions here proposed, which relate to the Students, that Mr. Wesley was not inattentive to their progress in learning, though he endeavoured to make them religious. His regular method of study, his diligence, and great care to make his pupils thoroughly understand every thing they read, were admirably adapted to make them scholars. It is indeed universally allowed, that he was an excellent tutor, and his pupils have in general acknowledged themselves under infinite obligations to him on this account.

This year, Mr. Wesley and his brother Charles, began the practice of conversing together in Latin, whenever they were alone; chiefly with a view of acquiring a facility in expressing themselves in this language, on all occasions, with perspicuity, energy, and elegance. This practice they continued for near sixty years; and with such success, that if their style did not equal, it certainly, on some subjects, approached nearer to the best models of conversation in the Augustan age, than many of the learned have thought it possible to attain.

In the beginning of the year 1731, a meeting was held by several of the Seniors of the College, to consult on the speediest way to stop the progress of enthusiasm in it. Mr. Wesley and his friends did not learn what was the result of this very pious consultation; but it was soon publicly reported, that Dr.——and the Censors were going to blow up the *Godly Club.* This was now their common title; though they were sometimes dignified with that of the *Enthusiasts* or the *Reforming Club.*—It is curious to observe, the different modes of attack sometimes made use of, both against persons and doctrines. When the opposers can derive no advantage, either from Scripture or reason, they give bad names to the best things; in order to prejudice the minds of those, who never think for themselves.

As new difficulties arose, Mr. Wesley lost no opportunity of consulting his friends. He now wrote to his brother Samuel at Westminster; whose answer is dated April—"I designed (says he) to have written by Mr. Bateman, to whom I read part of your last letter, concerning the execrable consultation in order to stop the progress of religion, by giving it a false name. He lifted up his eyes and hands, and protested he could not have believed such a thing. He gave Mr. Morgan a very good character, and said he should always think himself obliged to him, for the pains he took in reclaiming a young pupil of his, who was just got into ill company, and upon the brink

of destruction.—I do not like your being called *a club;* that name is really calculated to do mischief. But the other charge of enthusiasm can weigh with none, but such as drink away their senses, or never had any: for surely activity in social duties, and a strict attendance on the ordained means of grace, are the strongest guards imaginable against it. I called on Dr. Terry, to desire him to subscribe to Job, but did not meet with him at home; in two or three days, *O rem ridiculam et jocosam;* he did me the favour to call upon me. I said, I hope my two brothers have still good characters at Oxford,—he answered he believed they were studious and sober. When he was got down stairs he turned about, and said, I think I have heard your brothers are exemplary and take great pains to instil good principles into young people. I told him, and you may guess I told him the truth, I was very glad to hear such a character of them, *especially from him.*"

From the last words, it is pretty plain, that Dr. Terry was an avowed opposer of Mr. Wesley and his friends, tho' he was constrained to bear testimony to the goodness of their characters: but whether he was the grave gentleman who so piously took his nephew by the throat to convert him to his own way of thinking and acting; and who consulted with the censors how to stop the progress of religion among them, is not certain.

In the midst of such opposition, Mr. Wesley thought it prudent to take every method in his power, to prevent the good that was in them from being evil spoken of; and with this view, and to obtain further advice, he wrote in May, to the Rev. Mr. Hoole,* an aged Clergyman in his father's neighbourhood, of known wisdom and integrity. Part of his answer runs thus; † "As to my own sense of the matter, I confess that I cannot but heartily approve of that serious and religious turn of mind that prompts you and your associates to those pious and charitable offices; and can have no notion of that man's religion, or concern for the honour of the University, that opposes you, as far as your design respects the Colleges. I should be loath to send a son of mine to any Seminary, where his conversation with virtuous young men, whose profest design of meeting together at proper times, was to assist each other in forming good resolutions, and encouraging one another to execute them with constancy and steadiness, was inconsistent with any received maxims or rules of life among the members."

On the 18th of April Mr. Wesley, in company with his brother, set out on foot for Epworth; for they now saved every penny they could, to give it to the poor. They returned to Oxford on the 12th of May, and on the 11th of June, he wrote to his father, giving him a very discouraging account of their little Society. With respect to their walk he observes, that it was not so pleasant to Oxford, as from it, though in one respect more useful. "For it let us see," says he, "that four or five and twenty miles is an easy and safe day's journey in hot weather as well as cold. We have made another discovery too,

* Private Diary. † First Journal.

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which may be of some service; that it is easy to read as we walk ten or twelve miles, and that it neither makes us faint nor gives us any other symptom of weariness, more than the mere walking without reading at all.

"Since our return, our little company that used to meet us on a Sunday evening, is shrunk into almost none at all. Mr. Morgan is sick at Holt; Mr. Boyce is at his father's house at Barton; Mr Kirkman must very shortly leave Oxford, to be his uncle's curate, and a young gentleman of Christ-church, who used to make a fourth, either afraid or ashamed or both, is returned to the ways of the world, and studiously shuns our company. However, the poor at the Castle have still the Gospel preached to them, and some of their temporal wants supplied, our little fund rather increasing than diminishing. Nor have we yet been forced to discharge any of the children which Mr. Morgan left to our care: though I wish they too, do not find the want of him; I am sure some of their parents will.

"Some, however, give us a better prospect; John Whitelamb in particular. I believe with this you will receive some account from himself, how his time is employed. He reads one English, one Latin, and one Greek book alternately; and never meddles with a new one in any of the languages, till he has ended the old one. If he goes on as he has begun, I dare take upon me to say, that by the time he has been here four or five years, there will not be such a one, of his standing in Lincoln-College, perhaps not in the University of Oxford."

But notwithstanding their little company was thus scattered, and they left to stand alone, yet they still pursued their designs of doing as much good as possible, with the same diligence and zeal as before. How few attain to this steadiness of mind in that which is good? Who will support an uniform character in an unfashionable attachment to the duties of religion in every situation, uninfluenced by friends or enemies? Surely none but those who act from principle, who do not consider so much what men say or do, as what judgment God forms of them in every action of life. The present situation of these two young men tried and proved them in this respect, and they stood firm as the beaten anvil to the stroke. Some of their friends, however, began to think that they carried matters too far, and laid unnecessary burdens on themselves. This subject Mr. Wesley mentions in a letter to his mother of the same date with that mentioned above to his father, giving her, at the same time, some account of the effects of their journey.

"The motion and the sun together," says he, "in our last hundred and fifty miles' walk, so thoroughly carried off all our superfluous humours, that we continue perfectly in health, though it is here a very sickly season. And Mr. Kirkman assures us, on the word of a Priest and a Physician, that if we will but take the same medicine once or twice a year, we shall never need any other to keep us from the gout. When we were with him, we touched two or three times on a nice subject, but did not come to any full conclusion. The point debated was, what is the meaning of being *righteous over much*, or by the

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more common phrase of being too strict in religion? and what danger there was of any of us falling into that extreme?

"All the ways of being too righteous or too strict, which we could think of were these: either the carrying some one particular virtue to so great a height, as to make it clash with some others; or the laying too much stress on the instituted means of grace, to the neglect of the weightier matters of the law; or, the multiplying prudential means upon ourselves so far, and binding ourselves to the observance of them so strictly, as to obstruct the end we aimed at by them, either by hindering our advance in heavenly affections in general, or by retarding our progress in some particular virtue. Our opponents seemed to think my brother and me in some danger of being too strict in this last sense; of laying burdens on ourselves too heavy to be borne, and consequently too heavy to be of any use to us.

"It is easy to observe, that almost every one thinks that rule totally needless, which he does not need himself; and as to the christian spirit itself, almost every one calls that degree of it which he does not himself aim at, enthusiasm. If, therefore, we plead for either (not as if we thought the former absolutely needful, neither as if we had attained the latter) it is no great wonder that they who are not for us in practice should be against us. If you who are a less prejudiced judge, have perceived us faulty in this matter, too superstitious or enthusiastic, or whatever it is to be called; we earnestly desire to be speedily informed of our error, that we may no longer spend our strength on that which profiteth not. Or whatever there may be on the other hand, in which you have observed us to be too remiss, that, likewise, we desire to know as soon as possible. This is a subject which we would understand with as much accuracy as possible, it being hard to say which is of the worst consequence: the being too strict, the really carrying things too far, the wearying ourselves and spending our strength in burdens that are unnecessary; or the being frightened by those terrible words, from what, if not directly necessary, would at least, be useful."

The reader will easily observe that this letter, written to a parent, to whom he often laid open all his heart without the least restraint or disguise, speaks a mind ardently bent on a total devotion to God, and anxious to discover the most excellent way of attaining it. The following letter, written in November to his brother Samuel, treats on the same subject he had mentioned to his mother, and discovers his sentiments more at large. It seems Mr. Samuel Wesley had suggested to him that in his general seriousness, and one or two other points of behaviour, he carried matters too far; that these little things might give prejudice against other parts of his conduct that were excellent, and of the utmost importance; and that he might relax a little in these smaller matters without injuring his general design. In answer to these remarks of his brother, he says:—"Considering the other changes that I remember in myself, I shall not at all wonder if the time comes, when we differ as little in our conclusions as we do now in our premises. In most we seem to agree already; especially as to rising, not keeping much company, and sitting by a

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fire, which I always do, if any one in the room does, whether at home or abroad. But these are the very things about which others will never agree with me. Had I given up these, or but one of them, rising early, which implies going to bed early, (though I never am sleepy now) and keeping so little company, not one man in ten of those who are offended at me, as it is, would ever open their mouth against any of the other particulars. For the sake of these, those are mentioned; the root of the matter lies here. Would I but employ a third of my money, and about half my time as other folks do, smaller matters would be easily overlooked. But I think, '*Nil tanti est.*' As to my hair, I am much more sure, that what this enables me to do, is according to the Scripture, than I am that the length of it is contrary to it.*

"I have often thought of a saying of Dr. Hayward's when he examined me for Priest's Orders: 'Do you know what you are about? You are bidding defiance to all mankind. He that would live a Christian Priest, ought to know, that whether his hand be against every man or no, he must expect every man's hand should be against him.' It is not strange that every man's hand, who is not a Christian, should be against him that endeavours to be so. But is it not hard that even those who are with us should be against us; that a man's enemies, in some degree, should be those of the same household of faith? Yet so it is. From the time that a man sets himself to this business, very many, even of those who travel the same road, many of those who are before as well as behind him, will lay stumbling blocks in his way. One blames him for not going fast enough, another for having made no further progress; another for going too far, which, perhaps, strange as it is, is the more common charge of the two. For this comes from all people of all sorts; not only infidels, not only half Christians, but some of the best of men are very apt to make this reflection, 'He lays unnecessary burdens upon himself; he is too precise; he does what God has no where required to be done.' True, he has not required it of those who are perfect; and even as to those who are not, all men are not required to use all means, but every man is required to use those which he finds most useful to himself, and who can tell better than himself whether he finds them so or no? Who knoweth the things of a man better than the spirit of a man that is in him?

"This being a point of no common concern, I desire to explain myself upon it once for all, and to tell you freely and clearly, those general positions on which I ground all those practices, for which, as you would have seen had you read that paper through, I am generally accused of singularity. 1. As to the end of my being; I lay it down for a rule, that I cannot be too happy, or, therefore, too holy;

* Mr. Wesley wore his hair remarkably long and flowing on his shoulders. As he was often indisposed, his mother thought it injured his health, and was very desirous that he should have it taken off: "I verily believe," says she in a letter, "you will never have any good state of health, while you keep your hair." He objected against parting with his hair, because it would occasion some increase of his expences, which he could not afford, without giving less to the poor. His brother Samuel took a middle way, and advised him to have his hair cut shorter; and this advice he followed.

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and thence infer that the more steadily I keep my eye upon the prize of our high calling, and the more of my thoughts, and words, and actions, are directly pointed at the attainment of it, the better. 2. As to the instituted means of attaining it, I likewise lay it down for a rule, that I am to use them every time I may. 3. As to prudential means, I believe this rule holds of things indifferent in themselves; whatever I know to do me hurt, that to me is not indifferent, but resolutely to be abstained from: whatever I know to do me good, that to me is not indifferent, but resolutely to be embraced.

"But it will be said, I am whimsical. True, and what then? If by *whimsical* be meant simply *singular*, I own it; if singular without any reason, I deny it with both my hands, and am ready to give a reason to any that asks me, of every custom wherein I differ from the world. I grant, in many single actions, I differ unreasonably from others, but not wilfully; no, I shall extremely thank any one who will teach me how to help it.

"As to my being *formal;* if by that be meant that I am not easy and unaffected in my carriage, it is very true; but how shall I help it?—If by formal be meant that I am serious, this too is very true; but why should I help it? mirth, I grant, is very fit for you; but does it follow that it is fit for me? Are the same tempers, any more than the same words and actions fit for all circumstances? If you are to *rejoice evermore,* because you have put your enemies to flight, am I to do the same, while they continually assault me? You are very glad, because you are *passed from death unto life;* well, but let him be afraid who knows not whether he is to live or die. Whether this be my condition or no, who can tell better than myself? Him who can, whoever he be, I allow to be a proper judge, whether I do well to be generally as serious as I can."

December 11. Mr. Samuel Wesley answered this letter, and felt himself a little hurt at some expressions in it; the force of which he endeavoured to ward off. Some time afterwards, the subject of seriousness was again renewed, and several letters passed between them. At first, they seemed to differ in opinion; but when each had explained himself, they were more agreed. Mr. Samuel Wesley closes the debate in the following words:—"To the best of my memory, your character was but little in my thoughts, and my own not at all, in my late letters. I never designed to justify myself; perhaps my laughter is particularly blameable, as my temper is serious, severe, and melancholy.—Thus ends our notable dispute, or rather we have had none at all. For you are only against excessive laughter, which I was never for; and only for seriousness, which I was never against. There is a time to weep, and a time to laugh. And now methinks each of us may say to the other, as Dick does to Matt.—

> "That people lived and died I knew,
> "An hour ago; as well as you."

About this time his father came up to London, and from the nce took an excursion to Oxford, to see what his sons were doing, a in what spirit and temper of mind they did it. On his r eturn

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London he wrote to Mrs. Wesley, January the 5th, in which he says; "I had your's on New-Year's-Day, on which I returned in one day from Oxford not very well; but well paid both for my expense and labour, by the shining piety of our two sons, of whom I shall write soon more at large." This, the reader will observe, gives the fullest evidence that the father did not think his sons were carrying matters too far.

Though Mr. Wesley continued with such persevering industry in every means of grace, in acts of self-denial, and in doing good to others to the utmost of his power; yet it was a bare conviction of his duty, and not a gale of passion, that supported him in the laborious exercises; which makes his resolutions appear the more extraordinary. When he first set out in this religious course of life, he was fully convinced that he did not possess that state of mind which the Gospel speaks of as the privilege of true believers in Christ; he expected that the practice of every duty to the utmost of his power would lead him into this state of mind, and give him peace and joy in God; but he did not find that this effect followed; he was often dull, flat, and unaffected in the use of the most solemn ordinances. This both distressed and perplexed him, so that he seemed at a loss which way to proceed, to obtain the happiness and security he wanted. In this state of perplexity, he wrote to his mother on the 28th of February, and after mentioning Mr. Morgan's situation he observes; "One consideration is enough to make me assent to his and your judgment concerning the holy sacrament; which is, that we cannot allow Christ's human nature to be present in it, without allowing either con—or transubstantiation. But that his Divinity is so united to us then, as he never is but to worthy receivers, I firmly believe, though the manner of that union is utterly a mystery to me.

"That none but worthy receivers should find this effect is not strange to me, when I observe, how small effect many means of improvement have upon an unprepared mind. Mr. Morgan and my brother were affected as they ought, by the observations you made on that glorious subject: but though my understanding approved what was excellent, yet my heart did not feel it. Why was this, but because it was preengaged by those affections with which wisdom will not dwell? because the animal mind cannot relish those truths which are spiritually discerned. Yet I have those writings which the good Spirit gave to that end! I have many of those which he hath since assisted his servants to give us: I have retirement to apply these to my own soul daily; I have means both of public and private prayer; and above all, of partaking in that sacrament once a week. What shall I do to make all these blessings effectual? To gain from them that mind which was also in Christ Jesus?

"To all who give signs of their not being strangers to it, I propose this question—and why not to you rather than any?—Shall I quite break off my pursuit of all learning, but what immediately tends to practice? I once desired to make a fair show in Languages and Phi-

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losophy: but it is past; there is a more excellent way,* and if I cannot attain to any progress in the one, without throwing up all thoughts of the other, why, fare it well! yet a little while and we shall all be equal in knowledge, if we are in virtue.

"You say, 'you have renounced the world.' And what have I been doing all this time? What have I done ever since I was born? Why I have been plunging myself into it more and more. It is enough: Awake, thou that sleepest. Is there not one Lord, one Spirit, one hope of our calling? One way of attaining that hope? Then I am to renounce the world as well as you. That is the very thing I want to do: to draw off my affections from this world and fix them on a better. But how? What is the surest and the shortest way? Is it not to be humble? Surely this is a large step in the way. But the question recurs, how am I to do this? To own the necessity of it, is not to be humble. In many things you have interceded for me and prevailed. Who knows but in this too you may be successful? If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening, which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not but it would be as useful now for correcting my heart, as it was then for forming my judgment.

"When I observe how fast life flies away, and how slow improvement comes, I think one can never be too much afraid of dying before one has learned to live. I mean even in the course of nature. For were I sure that 'the silver cord should not be violently loosed;' that 'the wheel should not be broken at the cistern,' till it was quite worn away by its own motion; yet what a time would this give me for such a work! a moment to transact the business of eternity! What are forty years in comparison of this? So that were I sure of what never man yet was sure of, how little would it alter the case? How justly still might I cry out,

"Downward I hasten to my destin'd place;
There none obtain thy aid, none sing thy praise!
Soon shall I lie in death's deep ocean drown'd;
Is mercy there, is sweet forgiveness found?
O save me yet, while on the brink I stand;
Rebuke these storms, and set me safe on land.
O make my longings and thy mercy sure!
Thou art the God of power."

This letter needs no comment; it shows an ardent mind, wholly occupied in pursuit of a saving knowledge of God; but embarrassed and perplexed, not knowing which way to turn, and yet willing to sacrifice the dearest object in life to obtain the end in view.

Mr. Morgan had now been ill more than twelve months; and was so greatly reduced, that he became a burden to himself, and totally useless to others. In this stage of his disease, his understanding sometimes appeared deranged; he became more changeable in his temper than usual, and inconsistent in his conversation. But this was pure-

* Certainly there is: A most just and important observation this! For what are languages, philosophy, or any branch of human learning, in comparison of the knowledge of Christ and him crucified! Ed.

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ly the effect of his disease, not the least symptom of the kind having ever appeared, till long after his health had declined.

His father being fully informed of the state of his health, wrote to him in March, and told him that he should no longer be limited in his expenses to any fixed allowance; that such sums as were necessary for his health should be immediately remitted to him: but strongly insisted that no part of it should be given away; that he should lay it out in recreation, medicine, and such other matters as might be necessary for the recovery and support of his health. He then says, "You cannot conceive what a noise that ridiculous Society which you are engaged in, has made here. Besides the particulars of the great follies of it at Oxford, which to my great concern I have often heard repeated; it gave me sensible trouble to hear, that you were noted for going into the villages about Holt; calling their children together, and teaching them their prayers and catechism, and giving them a shilling at your departure. I could not but advise with a wise, pious, and learned clergyman; he told me that he has known the worst of consequences follow from such blind zeal; and plainly satisfied me that it was a thorough mistake of true piety and religion. I proposed writing to some prudent and good man at Oxford to reason with you on these points, and to convince you that you were in a wrong way. He said, in a generous mind, as he took yours to be, the admonition and advice of a father would make a deeper impression than all the exhortations of others. He concluded, that you were young as yet, and that your judgment was not come to its maturity; but as soon as your judgment improved, and on the advice of a true friend, you would see the error of your way; and think, as he does, that you may walk uprightly and safely, without endeavouring to out-do all the good Bishops, Clergy, and other pious and good men of the present and past ages: which God Almighty give you grace and sense to understand aright."

It may justly be observed, that this letter also needs no comment. It discovers a mind totally unacquainted with divine things, and nearly as ignorant of genuine morality as of vital religion; as devoid of the love of our neighbour as the love of God.

In the month of April Mr. Samuel Wesley visited Oxford, and spent a few days there; no doubt with a view chiefly to satisfy himself on the spot, of the truth or falsehood of the various accounts that were given him of his two brothers. When he returned to London, he wrote a hasty poetical epistle to his brother Charles, in which he has clearly expressed his opinion of their conduct, and the views he had formed of their opponents. The latter part of it refers to the unhappy situation of Mr. Morgan.

"April 20, 1732.

"Though neither are o'erstock'd with precious time,
If I can write it, you may read my rhyme;
And find an hour to answer, I suppose,
In verse harmonious or in humble prose:
What I when late at Oxford could not say,
My friends so numerous, and so short my stay.

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"Let useless questions first aside be thrown,
Which all men may reply to, or that none:
As whether Doctors doubt the D—will die;
Or F——still retains his courtesy?
Or J——n dies dailey in conceit,
Dies without death, and walks without his feet?
What time the library completes its shell?
What hand revives the discipline of Fell?
What house for learning shall rewards prepare,
Which orators and poets justly share,
And see a second Atterbury there.

"Say, does your christian purpose still proceed,
T' assist in every shape the wretches' need?
To free the prisoner from his anxious gaol,
When friends forsake him, and relations fail?
Or yet with noble charity conspire
To snatch the guilty from eternal fire?
Has your small squadron firm in trial stood,
Without preciseness, singularly good?
Safe march they on 'twixt dangerous extremes
Of mad profaneness and enthusiasts' dreams?
Constant in prayer, while God approves their pains,
His spirit cheers them and his blood sustains?
Unmov'd by pride or anger, can they hear
The foolish laughter, or the envious fleer?
No wonder wicked men blaspheme their care,
The devil always dreads offensive war;
Where heav'nly Zeal the sons of Night pursues,
Likely to gain, and certain not to loose;
The sleeping conscience wakes by dangers near,
And pours the light in, they so greatly fear."

But hold, perhaps this dry religious toil,
May damp the genius, and the scholar spoil.
Perhaps facetious foes, to meddling fools
Shine in the class, and sparkle in the schools:
Your art excel, your eloquence outgo,
And soar like Virgil, or like Tully flow;
Have brightest turns and deepest learning shewn,
And prov'd your wit mistaken by their own.
If not—the wights should moderately rail,
Whose total merit summ'd from fair detail
Is saunt'ring, sleep, and smoke, and wine, and ale.

How contraries may meet without design!
And pretty gentlemen and bigots join!
A pert young Rake observes with saucy airs,
That none can know the world, who say their pray'rs:
And Rome in middle ages us'd to grant,
The most devout were still most ignorant.
So when old bloody Noll our ruin wrought
Was ignorance the best devotion thought;

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His crop-hair'd saints all marks of sense deface,
And preach that learning is a foe to grace:
English was spoke in Schools, and Latin ceas'd,
They quite reform'd the language of the Beast.

"One or two questions more before I end,
That much concern a brother and a friend.
Does John seem bent beyond his strength to go,
To his frail carcase literally foe?
Lavish of health, as if in haste to die,
And shorten time, t' ensure eternity?
Does M——weakly think his time mispent?
Of his best actions can he now repent?
Others, their sins with reason just deplore,
The guilt remaining when the pleasure's o'er;
Since the foundations of the world were laid,
Shall he for virtue first himself upbraid?
Shall he, what most men to their sins deny,
Shew pain for alms, remorse for piety?
Can he the sacred Eucharist decline?
What Clement poisons here the bread and wine?
Or does his sad disease possess him whole,
And taint alike his body and his soul?
If to renounce his graces he decree,
O! that he could transfer the stock to me!
Alas! enough what mortal e'er can do,
For him who made him and redeem'd him too?
Zeal may to man beyond desert be shew'd,
No Supererogation stands to God."

In April this year, Mr. Clayton joined their little Society, and about the same time Mr. Ingham, Mr. Broughton, Mr. Hervey, and one or two of John and Charles Wesley's pupils. They were all zealous members of the Church of England; not only tenacious of all her doctrines, as far as they yet understood them, but of all her discipline, to the minutest circumstance. By the advice of Mr. Clayton, they now added to their former practices, a regular observance of the fasts of the Church; the general neglect of which they thought, was by no means a sufficient excuse for neglecting them.

For some years before this, Mr. Wesley had frequently read over, with great attention, Mr. Law's Christian Perfection, and his Serious Call to a Holy Life; and, as his practice was, had made extracts from them. He had conceived an high opinion of the Author from his writings, having often been instructed by them. Being in London, in the month of July, he went down to Putney, to pay Mr. Law a visit, which was the introduction to a personal acquaintance with each other. Mr. Wesley occasionally repeated his visits, and a friendly correspondence followed, which lasted several years. At one of their interviews, Mr. Law observed to Mr. Wesley, "You would have a Philosophical religion: but there can be no such thing. Religion is the most simple thing in the world. It is only, *We love him because he first loved us.*" This remark, as Mr. Wesley often

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observed, he never afterwards forgot. Another time Mr. Law perceiving Mr. Wesley much dejected, enquired the reason. "Because," says he, "I see so little fruit of all my labours." "My dear friend," replied Mr. Law, "you reverse matters from their proper order. You are to follow the Divine light, wherever it leads you, in all your conduct. It is God alone that gives the blessing. I pray you always mind your own work, and go on with cheerfulness: and God, you may depend upon it, will take care of *his*. Besides, Sir, I perceive you would fain convert the world. But you must wait God's own time. Nay, if after all he is pleased to use you only *as a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water*, you should submit, yea, you should be thankful to him that he has honoured you so far." This advice also, as Mr. Wesley repeatedly acknowledged, "was rendered very profitable to him."

From the time of his acquaintance with Mr. Law, Mr. Wesley began to read the *Theologia Germanica*, and other mystic authors. But although he was pleased and perhaps too much captivated with the views which *some* of these writers gave him of religion, as consisting chiefly in contemplation, and inward attention to our own mind; it does not appear, that he was less diligent in the instituted means of grace, nor less active in doing good to others than before.—He was now known to many pious and respectable persons in London, who began to take notice of him. He heartily approved of the conduct of those well disposed persons, who associated together, to carry on a plan for suppressing vice, and spreading religion and true virtue among the people; and on the 3d of August, was admitted into the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge.*

* In the reign of James II. the fear of Popery was so strong, as well as just, that many, in and about London, began to meet often together, both for devotion, and their further instruction. Things of that kind, had been formerly practised only among the Puritans, and the Dissenters; but these were of the Church, and came to their ministers to be assisted; and were chiefly directed by Dr. Beveridge and Dr. Horneck. After the Revolution in 1688, these Societies became more numerous, and for the greater encouragement of devotion, they got such collections to be made, as maintained many Clergymen, to read prayers in such a number of places, and at such different hours, that devout persons might have that comfort at every hour in the day. There were constant sacraments every Lord's-day in many churches; and there were greater numbers, and greater appearances of devotion, at prayers and sacraments, than had ever been observed in the memory of man. These Societies resolved to inform the Magistrates of swearers, drunkards, profaners of the Lord's-day, and of lewd houses; and they threw in that part of the fine, given by the law to informers, into a stock of charity. From this they were called *Societies of Reformation*. Some good Magistrates encouraged them; others treated them roughly. As soon as Queen Mary heard of this, she encouraged these good designs by her letters and proclamations; and King William afterwards did the same. Other Societies set themselves to raise charity schools for teaching poor children, for clothing them, and binding them out to trades; and many books were printed, and sent over the nation, to be freely distributed. These were called *Societies for Propagating Christian Knowledge*. At last a Corporation was created by King William, for propagating the Gospel among infidels, for settling schools in our plantations, for furnishing the Clergy that were sent thither, and for sending Missionaries among such of our plantations, as were not able to provide Pastors for themselves. It was a glorious conclusion of a reign that began with preserving our religion, and ended with creating a Corporation for promoting it, among infidels, to the remoter parts of the earth. The Bishops, and Clergy, contributed liberally to it. Upon Queen Anne's accession to the Crown, she continued to them the same favour and protection. See Burnett's History of his own Time, vol. v. page 90, &c.

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Mr. Wesley, and those associated with him, now suffered the entire loss of Mr. Morgan, who had been the foremost in promoting their pious endeavours to do good. He left Oxford on the 5th of June, and died in Dublin on the 26th of August. That this is the true time of his death, is evident from a letter of Mr. Morgan the father, to Mr. Charles Wesley, dated September the 5th. He says, "From the intimacy which I understood to have been contracted between you and my dear son, I make no doubt but you must have some concern upon you at reading the account of his death, as I have the greatest in writing it. His distemper threw him into a fever, of which he died on the 26th past, about four in the morning. This is the soonest that I could attempt writing any thing about him, since my affliction was consummated.—You see I make very free with you, but the candour and generosity which I have heard you commended for, embolden me to it; and I shall, I hope, find some opportunities to make amends, and beg you will, upon all occasions, let me know, when I can be serviceable to you in this kingdom."

As we believe the following Elegy on the Death of this pious and amiable young gentleman, published in Mr. Wesley's Journal, will be acceptable to our readers, we give it a place in this Work.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. MORGAN, OF CHRIST-CHURCH;

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY.

"WE FOOLS COUNTED HIS LIFE MADNESS."

IF ought beneath them happy souls attend,
Let MORGAN hear the triumph of a friend,
And hear well-pleas'd. Let Libertines so gay
With careless indolence despise the Lay;
Let critic wits, and fools for laughter born
Their verdict pass with supercilious scorn;
Let jovial crowds, by wine their senses drown'd,
Stammer out censure in their frantic round;
Let yawning sluggards faint dislike display,
Who, while they trust to-morrow, lose to-day;
Let such as these the sacred strains condemn;
For 'tis true glory to be hiss'd by them.
  Wise in his prime, he waited not for noon,
Convinc'd that mortal never liv'd too soon.
As if foreboding then his little stay,
He bade his morning bear the heat of day.
Fix'd, while unfading glory he pursues,
No ill to hazard, and no good to lose,
No fair occasion glides unheeded by;
Snatching the golden moments as they fly,
He by few fleeting hours ensures eternity.
  Friendship's warm beams his artless breast inspire,
And tend'rest rev'rence for a much-lov'd sire,
He dar'd for heav'n this flatt'ring world forego,
Ardent to teach, as diligent to know.

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Unwarp'd by sensual views, or vulgar aims,
By idle riches, or by idler names.
Fearful of sin in every close disguise,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or by glozing lies,
Seldom indeed the wicked came so far,
Forc'd by his piety to defensive war;
Whose zeal for other men's salvation shown,
Beyond the reach of hell secur'd his own.
Gladd'ning the poor, where'er his steps he turn'd,
Where pin'd the orphan, or the widow mourn'd
Where pris'ners sigh'd beneath guilt's horrid stain,
The worst confinement and the heaviest chain.
Where death's sad shade th' uninstructed sight
Veil'd with thick darkness in the land of light.
Our Saviour thus fulfill'd his great design,
(If human we may liken to divine)
Heal'd each disease that bodies frail endure,
And preach'd th' unhop'd for Gospel to the poor.
To means of grace the last respect he shew'd,
Nor sought new paths, as wiser than his God:
Their sacred strength preserv'd him from extremes
Of empty outside or enthusiast dreams;
Whims of Molino's, lost in rapture's mist,
Or, Quaker, late reforming quietist.
He knew that works our faith must here employ,
And that 'tis heav'n's great business to enjoy.
Fix'd on that heav'n he death's approaches saw,
Nor vainly murmur'd at our nature's law:
Repin'd not that his youth so soon should go,
Nor griev'd for fleeting pleasures here below.
Of sharpest anguish scorning to complain,
He fills with mirth the intervals of pain.
Not only unappall'd but joyful sees
The dark, cold passage that must lead to peace;
Strong with immortal bloom secure to rise,
The tears forever banish'd from his eyes.
Who now regrets his early youth would spend
The life so nobly that so soon should end?
Who blames the stripling for performing more
Than doctors grave and prelates of threescore?
Who now esteems his fervour indiscreet,
His pray'rs too frequent, or his alms too great?
Who thinks, where blest he reigns beyond the sky,
His crown too radiant, or his throne too high?
Who but the fiend, who once his course withstood
And whisper'd——"Stay till fifty to be good?"
Sure, if believ'd, t' obtain his hellish aim,
Adjourning to the time that never came.

During the course of this summer, Mr. Wesley made two journeys to Epworth. In these excursions he often went considerably out of his way, to spend a night and sometimes two or three, with a friend; most frequently with the parents or relations of some of his pupils.

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In the first journey, while he was standing on the garden wall at a friend's house, it fell flat under him: but he escaped unhurt. His second journey was in order to meet his brother Samuel, &c. at Epworth, and that the whole family might once more assemble together, before their final separation by death. This meeting must have been very affecting: as their father was grown infirm, and his son Samuel was now going to reside wholly at Tiverton, in Devon, it was not probable they would ever see each other again.—Mr. Wesley returned to Oxford on the 23d of September; and as soon as it was known there that Mr. Morgan was dead, a report was propagated, that the rigorous fasting he had imposed on himself, by the advice of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, had hastened his death. As this report was highly prejudicial to their character, and might hinder their usefulness; and as it was probable it would reach the father, and might afflict him, and prejudice him more deeply against his son's conduct, and the persons with whom he had been connected, Mr. Wesley thought it best to write to him and state the matter as it really was. His letter is dated the 18th of October, this year.* "The occasion (says he) of giving you this trouble, is of a very extraordinary nature. On Sunday last I was informed, as no doubt you will be ere long, that my brother and I had killed your son: that the rigorous fasting which he had imposed upon himself by our advice, had increased his illness and hastened his death. Now, though considering it in itself *it is a very small thing with me to be judged of man's judgment;* yet as the being thought guilty of so mischievous an imprudence, might make me less able to do the work I came into the world for, I am obliged to clear myself of it, by observing to you, as I have done to others, that your son left off fasting about a year and a half since, and that it is not yet half a year since I began to practise it.

"I must not let this opportunity slip of doing my part towards giving you a juster notion of some other particulars, relating both to him and myself, which have been industriously misrepresented to you.

"In March last he received a letter from you, which not being able to read, he desired me to read to him; several of the expressions I perfectly remember, and shall do till I too am called hence. —In one practice for which you blamed your son, I am only concerned as a friend, not as a partner.—Your own account of it was in *effect* this: He frequently went into poor people's houses about Holt, called their children together and instructed them in their duty to God, their neighbour, and themselves. He likewise explained to them the necessity of private as well as public prayer, and provided them with such forms as were best suited to their several capacities; and being well apprized how the success of his endeavours depended

* In all the printed copies of this letter which we have seen, the date is 1730: but in a manuscript, in Mr. Charles Wesley's hand-writing, the date is 1732; which is the true date of it, as appears from Mr. Morgan's account of his son's death. The true date may be collected from the letter itself, compared with Mr. John Wesley's Short History of Methodism, which fixes the time when they became acquainted with Mr. Clayton.

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on their good will towards him, he sometimes distributed among them a little money which he had saved from gaming and other fashionable expenses of the place.——This is the first charge against him, and I will refer it to your own judgment, whether it be fitter to have a place in the catalogue of his faults or of those virtues for which he is *now numbered among the sons of God.*

"If all the persons concerned in that ridiculous society, whose follies you have so often heard repeated, could but give such a proof of their deserving the glorious title which was once bestowed upon them, they would be contented that their *lives* too *should be counted madness, and their end thought to be without honour.* But the truth is, their title to holiness stands upon much less stable foundations; as you will easily perceive when you know the ground of this wonderful outcry, which it seems England itself is not wide enough to contain."

He then gives Mr. Morgan a short history of their little society, informing him what their practices were, and of their care to consult wise, learned, and pious Clergymen, in every step they had taken, in the manner described above. He subjoins, "As for the names of Methodists, Supererogation-men, and so on, with which some of our neighbours are pleased to compliment us, we do not conceive ourselves to be under any obligation to regard them, much less to take them for arguments. To the law and to the testimony we appeal whereby we ought to be judged. If by these it can be proved we are in error, we will immediately and gladly retract it: if not, *we have not so learned Christ*, as to renounce any part of his service, though men should say all manner of evil against us, with more judgment and as little truth as hitherto.—Your son already stands before the judgment-seat of him who judges righteous judgment; at the brightness of whose presence the clouds remove; his eyes are open and he sees clearly whether it was, 'Blind zeal and a thorough mistake of true religion that hurried him on in the error of his way,' or whether he acted like a faithful and wise servant, who from a just sense that his time was short, made haste to finish his work before his Lord's coming, that when *laid in the balance*, he might not *be found wanting.*"

This well-timed letter, containing a simple narrative of facts, fully satisfied Mr. Morgan, and gave him a better opinion of the Society with which his son had been connected. His answer, which is dated November 25, shews him to have been a man of moderation, and, although not much acquainted with it, yet not unfriendly to piety. It is as follows. "Your favour of the 20th past was delayed in its passage, I believe by contrary winds, or it had not been so long unanswered. I give entire credit to every thing and every fact you relate. It was ill-judged of my poor son to take to fasting with regard to his health, which I knew nothing of, or I should have advised him against it. He was inclined to piety and virtue from his infancy. I must own I was much concerned at the strange accounts which were spread here, of some extraordinary practices of a religious Society in which he had engaged at Oxford, which you may be

sure lost nothing in the carriage, lest through his youth and immaturity of judgment he might be hurried into zeal and enthusiastic notions that would prove pernicious. But now, indeed, that piety and holiness of life which he practised, affords me some comfort in the midst of my affliction for the loss of him; having full assurance of his being happy for ever. The good account you are pleased to give of your own and your friend's conduct in point of duty and religious offices, and the zealous approbation of them by the good old gentleman your father, signified in a manner and style becoming the best of men, reconciles and recommends that method of life to me, and makes me almost wish that I were one amongst you. I am very much obliged to you, for the great pains you have been at in transcribing so long and so particular an account for my perusal, and shall be always ready to vindicate you from any calumny or aspersion that I shall hear cast upon you. I am much obliged for your and your brother's great civilities and assistances to my dearest son: I thank the author of those lines you sent me, for the regard he has shewn to his memory. If ever I can be serviceable to any of you in this kingdom, I beg you will let me know."

A correspondence took place between Mr. Wesley and Mr. Morgan, and the year following Mr. Morgan sent the only son he now had, to Oxford, and placed him under Mr. Wesley's care; which was the strongest proof he could possibly give, that he approved of his conduct.

During the two last years Mr. Wesley made frequent excursions to London, and different parts of the country, besides his journeys to Epworth, and the places he visited in his way thither and back, all of which he performed on foot. He observes in his Diary, that he had walked about 1050 miles; we suppose he means within the year he is speaking of. In these excursions he constantly preached on the Lord's-day, if he had an opportunity; so that he might now be called, in some sort, an Itinerant Preacher, though on a plan very different from that which he afterwards adopted, and of which he could not at this time have the most distant conception.

By reading Mr. Law's Christian Perfection, and his Serious Call to a Holy Life, he was confirmed in the views he before had of the effects the gospel is intended to produce on the minds of those who sincerely embrace it; and was fully convinced of the absurdity and danger of being an half Christian. On the 1st of January 1733, he preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University, on *the circumcision of the heart.* In this discourse, which is printed in his collection of Sermons, he has explained with great clearness, and energy of language, his views of the Christian salvation to be attained in this life; in which he never varied, in any material point, to the day of his death. He was indeed, at this time, almost wholly ignorant of the gospel method of attaining this salvation, but he sought it with his whole heart, according to the knowledge he then had, and was willing to sacrifice the dearest thing he had in the world for the attainment of it.

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His father was now in a bad state of health, and seemed declining apace. On this account he set out on horseback for Epworth, in the beginning of January. As he was passing over the bridge beyond Daintry, his horse fell over it with him; but he again escaped unhurt. When the events of life glide smoothly on, and follow certain previous circumstances in regular succession, we see nothing wonderful in them, because there seems to be some common principle on which the succession depends. But in extraordinary deliverances from danger, and in many other instances of human affairs, we plainly perceive, there is no such principle, which connects the previous circumstances with the following event: the interposition of Providence, almost stands visible before our eyes, and a strong conviction of it takes place in the mind, which nothing but inattention or false reasoning can obliterate. On these occasions Mr. Wesley did not fail to return God the tribute of praise and thanksgiving, and renewed his diligence in serving him.

The state of his father's health occasioned his parents to turn their thoughts to the means of obtaining the living of Epworth for him, in case of his father's demise. The thing was mentioned to him when he was now with them, but he seems to have given them little answer. After his return to Oxford, in February, he wrote to his mother on the subject. "You observe, (says he,) when I was with you, that I was very indifferent as to the having or not having the Living of Epworth. I was indeed utterly unable to determine either way; and that for this reason: I know if I could stand my ground here, and approve myself a faithful minister of our blessed Jesus, by honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report; then there would not be a place under heaven like this, for improvement in every good work. But whether I can stem the torrent which I saw then, but see now much more, rolling down from all sides upon me, that I know not. It is true, there is one who can yet, either command the great water-flood that it shall not come nigh me, or make a way for his redeemed to pass through. But then something must be done on my part: and should he give me, even that most equitable condition, *according to thy faith be it unto thee*, yet how shall I fulfil it! Why he will look to that too.—My father and you helping with your prayers, that our faith fail us not."

The difficulties which Mr. Wesley foresaw, did not arise from any new persecution which threatened him, but from the danger of unsteadiness in the young gentlemen, who had for some time met with him. He easily perceived, that unless he could overcome this difficulty, there was but little prospect of doing any lasting good in his present situation. And it must be confessed, that, though his practice gives the most convincing evidence of his integrity, disinterestedness, and sincere desire to serve God, yet, there were few young men who had sufficient resolution to persevere therein. His frequent absence too, could have no good influence upon them, as his own example, regularity, steadiness, and advice, where the principal means of preserving them in the same disposition with himself. But it seems that he did not attend to this circumstance at present; for in May,

he set out again for Epworth, and took Manchester in his way, to see his friend Mr. Clayton, who had now left Oxford. From thence he proceeded to Epworth, and returned to Manchester on Saturday the 2d of June. The next day he preached three times, once at the Old Church, again in Salford, and at St. Anne's. When he reached Oxford, he perceived the bad effects of his absence upon his pupils, and the members of their little Society. He now found himself surrounded with enemies triumphing over him, and friends deserting him; he saw the fruits of his labours in danger of being blasted before they had attained maturity. But he stood firm as a rock; and being conscious of his own integrity, that he had nothing in view but to serve God in righteousness and true holiness, and to benefit his neighbour, he viewed his situation without any great emotion: no gusts of passion rose to cloud his understanding, no fear to damp his zeal; he was enabled to say, the Eternal God is my refuge, I will not fear. He wrote to his father in the simplicity and fulness of his heart; and this letter shews the man, and his manner of viewing difficulties, infinitely better than any description which another can give of him.

This letter is dated the 13th of June, and runs thus:—"The effects of my last journey I believe will make me more cautious of staying any time from Oxford for the future; at least till I have no pupils to take care of, which probably may be within a year or two. One of my young gentlemen told me at my return, that he was more and more afraid of singularity; another that he had read an excellent piece of Mr. Locke's, which had convinced him of the mischief of regarding authority. Both of them agreed, that the observing Wednesday as a Fast was an unnecessary singularity; the Catholic Church (that is, the majority of it) having long since repealed by a contrary custom, the injunction she formerly gave concerning it. A third, who could not yield to this argument, has been convinced by a fever, and Dr. Frewin. Our seven and twenty communicants at St. Mary's were on Monday shrunk to five: and the day before, the last of Mr. Clayton's pupils, who continued with us, informed me, that he did not design to meet us any more."

"My ill success, (as they call it,) seems to be what has frightened every one away from a falling house. On Sunday I was considering the matter a little more nearly; and imagined that all the ill consequences of my singularity, were reduceable to three; diminution of fortune, loss of friends, and of reputation. As to my fortune, I well know, though perhaps others do not, that I could not have borne a larger than I have: and as for that most plausible excuse for desiring it, 'While I have so little I cannot do the good I would;' I ask, can I do the good God would have me do? It is enough. I look no further.—For friends, they were either trifling or serious: if triflers, fare them well; a noble escape: if serious, those who are more serious are left, whom the others would rather have opposed than forwarded in the service they have done, and still do us. If it be said, but these may leave you too; for they are no firmer than the others were. First, I doubt that fact; but next, suppose they should,

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we hope then they would only teach us a nobler and harder lesson, than any they have done hitherto; *It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence in man.* And as for reputation, though it be a glorious instrument of advancing our Master's service, yet there is a better than that, a *clean heart*, a single eye, a soul full of God! A fair exchange, if by the loss of reputation we can purchase the lowest degree of purity of heart! We beg my mother and you would not cease to work together with us, that whatever we lose, we may gain this; and that having tasted of this good gift, we may count all things else but dung and dross in comparison of it."

Mr. Wesley now redoubled his diligence with his pupils, that he might recover the ground he had lost. His pupils indeed continued with him whether they adopted his religious practices or not. But as he had been blamed for singularity, both by friends and enemies, and many had thought that he too rigorously imposed some particular practices upon others; he informs his mother what the singularity was which chiefly gave offence at Oxford, and explains the methods he made use of with his pupils, to instruct them in the things of God. This letter is dated August the 17th;—"The thing," says he, "that gives offence here is, the being singular with regard to time, expence, and company. This is evident beyond exception from the case of Mr. Smith, one of our Fellows; who no sooner began to husband his time, to retrench unnecessary expences, and to avoid his irreligious acquaintance, but he was set upon by, not only all these acquaintances, but many others too, as if he had entered into a conspiracy to cut all their throats; though to this day he has not advised any single person, unless in a word or two and by accident, to act as he did in any of those instances.

"It is true indeed, that 'the devil hates offensive war most, and that whoever tries to rescue more than his own soul from his hands, will have more enemies, and meet with greater opposition, than if he was content with *having his own life for a prey.*' That I try to do this, is likewise certain: but I cannot say whether I 'rigorously impose any observations on others,' till I know what that phrase means. What I do is this: When I am intrusted with a person who is first to understand and practise, and then to teach the law of Christ, I endeavour by an intermixture of reading and conversation, to shew him what that law is; that is, to renounce all unsubordinate love of the world, and to love and obey God with all his strength. When he appears seriously sensible of this, I propose to him the means God hath commanded him to use, in order to that end; and a week, or a month, or a year after, as the state of his soul seems to require it, the several prudential means recommended by wise and good men. As to the times, order, measure, and manner, wherein these are to be proposed, I depend upon the Holy Spirit to direct me, in and by my own experience and reflection, joined to the advices of my religious friends here and elsewhere. Only two rules it is my principle to observe in all cases; first, to begin, continue, and end all my advices in the spirit of meekness; as knowing that *the wrath* or severity *of man worketh not the righteousness of God;* and secondly, to add

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to meekness long-suffering: in pursuance of a rule which I fixt long since, 'never to give up any one till I have tried him, at least ten years. How long hath God had pity on thee?'

"If the wise and good will believe these falsehoods which the bad invent, because I endeavour to save myself and my friends from them, then I shall lose my reputation, even among them, for (though not perhaps good, yet) the best actions I ever did in my life. This is the very case. I try to act as my Lord commands: ill men say all manner of evil of me, and good men believe them. There is a way, and there is but one, of making my peace; God forbid I should ever take it. I have as many pupils as I need, and as many friends: when more are better for me I shall have more. If I have no more pupils after these are gone from me, I shall then be glad of a curacy near you: if I have, I shall take it as a signal that I am to remain here. Whether here or there, my desire is, to know and feel that I am nothing, that I have nothing, and that I can do nothing. For whenever I am empty of myself, then know I of a surety, that neither friends nor foes, nor any creature, can hinder me from being *filled with all the fullness of God.* Let not my father's or your prayers be ever slack in behalf of your affectionate son."

On the 21st of September this year, Mr. Wesley began the practice of reading as he travelled on horseback; and this practice he continued for near forty years, till his infirmities obliged him to travel in a carriage. His frequent journeys, often on foot as well as on horseback, and the great and constant labour of preaching, reading, visiting, &c. wherever he was, with hard study and a very abstemious diet, had now very much affected his health. His strength was greatly reduced, and he had frequent returns of spitting of blood. In the night of the 16th of July, he had a return of it in such quantity as waked him out of his sleep. The sudden and unexpected manner of its coming on, with the solemnity of the night season, made eternity seem near. He cried to God: "O! prepare me for thy coming, and come when thou wilt."* His friends began to be alarmed for his safety; and his mother wrote two or three letters blaming him for the general neglect of his health. He now took the advice of a physician or two, and by proper care and a prudent management of his daily exercise, he gradually lost his complaints and recovered his strength.

Towards the end of this year, he turned his thoughts to a subject of vast importance in Christian experience; *The Presence of God with his people.* But he found it too great for him to comprehend. He talked with Mr. Law, and wrote to his mother upon it; but he received little or no information from either of them. They all seem to have inquired into the nature and manner of the Divine presence, rather than into the evidences of it. His mother's answer is dated January 1, 1734: she confesses that she did not understand the subject, and that, in this respect, she still worshipped an unknown God. Nothing indeed is more certain than this, that the manner of the Divine

* Private Diary.

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presence and operations, both in the works of nature and grace, is incomprehensible to us, at the same time that the effects produced, demonstrate his presence and power. Through the want of this distinction many have run into great errors in explaining the influence of Divine grace, on the human mind, and some have even denied it; though to him who rightly understands the Scriptures, and has any degree of Christian experience, the effects of it clearly demonstrate a Divine influence, as the works of nature shew the existence of God, though the manner of his presence and operation in both is inexplicable.

The whole force of Mr. Wesley's mind was now bent on religious subjects. In reflecting on the progress of the soul to an entire conformity to the will of God and a fitness for heaven, he thought that different degrees of virtue are different states of mind; that is, of the understanding, will, and affections; and that we must pass through the lower states before we can arrive at the higher; so that Christian experience is a progressive work; in which the first step prepares the mind for the second, and so on through the whole of our progress. He observes, however, that there are certain states of mind which are more strongly marked than others; and that these states ascertain our progress with some degree of certainty. He wrote to his mother on this subject. She answered in a letter of January, "You are entirely in the right in what you say in the second paragraph of your letter. The different degrees of virtue and piety are different states of soul which must be passed through gradually: For, in all matters of religion, if there be not an internal sense in the hearer corresponding to the sense in the mind of the speaker, what is said will have no effect: this I have often experienced: yet sometimes it falls out, that while a zealous Christian is discoursing on spiritual subjects, the Blessed Spirit of God will give such a light to the minds of those who hear him as dispels their native darkness, and enables them to apprehend those spiritual things of which before they had no discernment."——In this letter she addresses a pupil of Mr. Wesley's who appears to have despised religion.—"Tell him from me (says she)I am as good as my word, I daily pray for him, and beg of him if he have the least regard for his soul, or have yet any remaining sense of religion in his mind, to shake off all acquaintance with the profane and irregular: for it is the free-thinker and sensualist not the despised Methodist, who will be ashamed and confounded when summoned to appear before the face of the Almighty Judge, whose Godhead they have blasphemed, and whose offered mercy they despised and ludicrously rejected. The pleasures of sin are but for a short uncertain time, but eternity hath no end. Therefore one would think that few arguments might serve to convince a man who has not lost his senses, that it is of the last importance for us to be very serious in improvingt he present time, and acquainting ourselves with God, while it is called *to-day*; lest being disqualified for his blissful presence, our future existence be inexpressibly miserable."

Mr. Wesley, and those associated with him, were not only zealous of good works before men, but they were severe and strict in examining themselves in the closet. Each had a string of questions, by

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which he examined both his actions and his motives in performing them, and also the temper of his mind on every occasion that occurred. It would be too long to insert their whole scheme of self-examination, as it related to every part of duty: We shall therefore only give a specimen of it.

1. Have I embraced every probable opportunity of doing good, and of preventing, removing, or lessening evil? 2. Have I thought any thing too dear to part with, to serve my neighbour? 3. Have I spent an hour at least, every day, in speaking to some one or other? 4. Have I, in speaking to a stranger, explained what religion is not, (not negative, not external) and what it is, the recovery of the image of God; searched at what step in it he stops, and what makes him stop; 5. Have I persuaded all I could to attend public prayers, sermons, and sacraments? and in general, to obey the laws of the Church universal, the Church of England, the State, the University, and their respective Colleges? 6. Have I, after every visit, asked him who went with me, did I say any thing wrong? 7. Have I, when any one asked advice, directed and exhorted him, with all my power? 8. Have I rejoiced with and for my neighbour, in virtue, or pleasure? Grieved with him in pain, and for him in sin? 9. Has good-will been, and appeared to be, the spring of all my actions towards others? &c. &c. for their scheme of self-examination extended to a very considerable length.

His father's health had been on the decline for several years, and he now seemed to be approaching towards the close of life. The old gentleman, conscious of his situation, and desirous that the living of Epworth should remain in the family, wrote to his son John, requesting him to apply for the next presentation. We have already seen, that, when the subject was mentioned to him last year, he hesitated, and could not determine one way or the other. But now he was determined not to accept of the living, if he could obtain it, and stated to his father, some reasons for refusing to comply with this request. His father and brother Samuel were disappointed, and both attacked him, with every argument they could possibly bring to bear upon him. He acted on the defensive only, and maintained his ground. But the mode of attack, and of his defence, will give us the best view of his principles and disposition of mind at this time.

His father's letter is dated November 20, and runs as follows:—

"Your state of the question, and only argument is: 'The question is not, whether I could do more good to others, *there* or *here*; but whether I could do more good to myself; seeing wherever I can be the most holy myself, there I can most promote holiness in others. But I can improve myself more at Oxford than any other place.'

"To this I answer, 1. It is not dear *self*, but the glory of God, and the different degrees of promoting it, which should be our main consideration, and direction in any course of life. Witness St. Paul and Moses. 2. Supposing you could be more holy yourself at Oxford, how does it follow that you could more promote holiness in others, *there* than *elsewhere?* Have you found many instances of it, after so many years' hard pains and labour? Further, I dare say, you

are more modest and just than to say, there are no holier men than you at Oxford; and yet it is possible they may not have promoted holiness more than you have done: as I doubt not but you might have done it much more, had you taken the right method. For there is a particular turn of mind for these matters: great prudence as well as great fervour.

"3. I cannot allow austerity, or fasting, considered by themselves, to be proper acts of holiness, nor am I for a solitary life. God made us for a social life; we are not to bury our talents; we are to let our light shine before men, and that not barely through the chinks of a Bushel, for fear the wind should blow it out. The design of lighting it was, that it might give light to all that went into the house of God. And to this, academical studies, are only preparatory.

"4. You are sensible what figures those make, who stay in the university till they are superannuated. I cannot think drowsiness promotes holiness. How commonly do they drone away their lives, either in a college, or in a country parsonage, where they can only give God the snuffs of them, having nothing of life or vigour left to make them useful in the world.

"5. We are not to fix our eye on one single point of duty, but to take in the complicated view of all the circumstances in every state of life that offers. Thus in the case before us, put all the circumstances together: if you are not indifferent whether the labours of an aged father for above forty years in God's vineyard be lost, and the fences of it trodden down and destroyed; if you consider that Mr. M. must, in all probability, succeed me, if you do not, and that the prospect of that mighty Nimrod's coming hither shocks my soul, and is in a fair way of bringing down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave: if you have any care for our family, which must be dismally shattered as soon as I am dropt: if you reflect on the dear love and longing which this poor people has for you, whereby you will be enabled to do God the most service, and the plentiousness of the harvest, consisting of near two thousand souls, whereas you have not many more scholars in the university; you may, perhaps, alter your mind, and bend your will to his, who has promised, if in all our ways we acknowledge him, he will direct our paths."

The old gentleman, wrote to his son Samuel on the subject, who warmly took part with his father, and wrote to his brother at Oxford in December, 1734.—"Yesterday, (says he) I received a letter from my father, wherein he tells me, you are unalterably resolved not to accept of a certain living if you could get it. After this declaration, I believe no one can move your mind but him who made it. I shall not draw the saw of controversy, and, therefore, though I judge every proposition flatly false, except that of your being assured, yet I shall allow every word, and have, nevertheless, this to say against your conclusions: 1. I see your love to yourself, but your love to your neighbour I do not see. 2. You are not at liberty to resolve against undertaking a cure of souls. You are solemnly engaged to do it, before God, and his high priest, and his church. Are you not ordained? Did you not deliberately and openly promise to instruct,

to teach, to admonish, to exhort these committed to your charge? Did you equivocate then with so vile a reservation, as to purpose in your heart that you would never have any so committed? It is not a college, it is not an university, it is the *order of the church*, according to which you were called. Let Charles, if he is silly enough, vow never to leave Oxford, and, therefore, avoid Orders. Your faith is already plighted to the contrary; *you have put your hand to the plough, to that plough.*"—This is strong language, and the argument, if good, was like playing heavy cannon upon his brother.

Mr. John Wesley, however, kept himself within his fortress, and answered his brother Samuel with caution. His letter is dated, January, 15, 1735, and having explained himself at some length to his father, he sent a copy of that letter to his brother. He observes, "Had not my brother Charles desired it might be othewise, I should have sent you only an extract of the following letter. But, if you will be at the pains, you will soon reduce the argument of it, to two or three points, which, if to be answered at all, will be easily answered. By it you may observe my present purpose is founded on my present weakness. But it is not, indeed, probable, that my father should live till that weakness is removed.

"Your second argument I had no occasion to mention before. To it I answer, that I do not, nor ever did, resolve against undertaking a cure of souls. There are four cures belonging to our college, and consistent with a fellowship: I do not know but I may take one of them at Michaelmas. Not that I am clearly assured, that I should be false to my engagement, were I only to instruct and exhort the pupils committed to my charge. But of that I should think more."

Though the letter to his father is long, yet it contains such a distinct view of his manner of thinking and reasoning, and of the energy of his language, at this period, that it cannot, with propriety, be omitted.

"DEAR SIR,

"1st. THE authority of a parent, and the call of Providence, are things of so sacred a nature, that a question in which these are any ways concerned, deserves the most serious consideration. I am, therefore, greatly obliged to you for the pains you have taken to set ours in a clear light; which I now intend to consider more at large, with the utmost attention of which I am capable. And I shall the more cheerfully do it, as being assured of your joining with me in earnestly imploring his guidance, who will not suffer those that bend their wills to his, to seek death in the error of their life.

"2d. I entirely agree, that 'the glory of God, and the different degrees of promoting it, are to be our sole consideration and direction in the choice of any course of life;' and, consequently, that it must wholly turn upon this single point, whether I am to prefer a college life, or that of a rector of a parish. I do not say the glory of God is to be my first or principal consideration, but my only one: since all that are not implied in this, are absolutely of no weight; in presence of this they all vanish away, they are less than the small dust of the balance.

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"3d. And, indeed, till all other considerations were set aside, I could never come to any clear determination; till my eye was single, my whole mind was full of darkness. Every consideration distinct from this, threw a shadow over all the objects I had in view, and was such a cloud as no light could penetrate. Whereas, so long as I can keep my eye single, and steadily fixed on the glory of God, I have no more doubt of the way wherein I should go, than of the shining of the sun at noon-day.

"4th. That course of life tends most to the glory of God, wherein we can most promote holiness in ourselves and others. I say in ourselves and others, as being fully persuaded that these can never be put asunder. For how is it possible that the good God should make our interest inconsistent with our neighbour's?—That he should make our being in one state best for ourselves, and our being in another best for the church? This would be making a strange schism in his body; such as surely never was from the beginning of the world. And if not, then whatever state is best on either of these accounts, is so on the other likewise. If it be best for others, then it is so for us; if for us, then for them.

"5th. However, when two ways of life are proposed, I should choose to begin with that part of the question, Which of these have I rational ground to believe will conduce most to my own improvement. And that not only because it is every physician's concern to heal himself first, but because it seems we may judge with more ease, and perhaps certainty too, in which state we can most promote holiness in ourselves, than in which we can in others.

"6th. By holiness, I mean not fasting, or bodily austerity, or any other external means of improvement, but the inward temper, to which all these are subservient, a renewal of the soul in the image of God. I mean a complex habit of lowliness, meekness, purity, faith, hope, and the love of God and man. And I therefore believe, that, in the state wherein I am, I can most promote this holiness in myself, because I now enjoy several advantages, which are almost peculiar to it.

"7th. The first of these, is daily converse with my friends. I know no other place under heaven where I can have always at hand half a dozen persons nearly of my own judgment, and engaged in the same studies. Persons who are awakened into a full and lively conviction, that they have only one work to do upon earth; who are in some measure enlightened so as to see, though at a distance, what that one work is, viz. the recovery of that single intention and pure affection which were in Christ Jesus; who, in order to this, have, according to their power, renounced themselves, and wholly and absolutely devoted themselves to God: and who suitably thereto deny themselves, and take up their cross daily. To have such a number of such friends constantly watching over my soul, and according to the variety of occasions, administering reproof, advice, or exhortation, with all plainness, and all gentleness, is a blessing I have not yet found any Christians to enjoy in any other part of the kingdom. And such a blessing it is, so conducive, if faithfully used, to

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the increase of all holiness, as I defy any one to know the full value of, till he receives his full measure of glory.

"8th Another invaluable blessing which I enjoy here in a greater degree than I could any where else, is retirement. I have not only as much, but as little company as I please. I have no such thing as a trifling visitant, except about an hour in a month, when I invite some of the fellows to breakfast. Unless at that one time, no one ever takes it into his head to set foot within my door, except he has some business of importance to communicate to me, or I to him. And even then, as soon as he has dispatched his business, he immediately takes his leave.

"9th. Both these blessings, the continual presence of useful, and uninterrupted freedom from trifling acquaintance, are exceedingly endeared to me, whenever I have spent but one week out of this place. The far greatest part of the conversation I meet with abroad, even among those whom I believe to be real Christians, turns on points that are absolutely wide of my purpose, that no way forward me in the business of life. Now, though they may have time to spare, I have none: it is absolutely necessary for such a one as me to follow with all possible care and vigilance, that excellent advice of Mr. Herbert.

> Still let thy mind be bent, still plotting where,
> And when, and how, the business may be done.

And this, I bless God, I can in some measure do, so long as I avoid that bane of piety, the company of good sort of men, lukewarm Christians (as they are called,) persons that have a great concern for, but no sense of religion. But these undermine insensibly all my resolutions, and quite steal from me the little fervour I have; and I never come from among these *Saints of the World* (as J. Valdesso calls them) faint, dissipated, and shorn of all my strength, but I say, 'God deliver me from a half-Christian.'

"10th. Freedom from care I take to be the next greatest advantage to freedom from useless, and therefore hurtful, company. And this too I enjoy in greater perfection here than I can ever expect to do any where else. I hear of such a thing as *the cares of this world*, and I read of them, but I know them not. My income is ready for me on so many stated days, and all I have to do is to count and carry it home. The grand article of my expense is food, and this too is provided without any care of mine. I have nothing to do, but at such an hour to take and eat what is prepared for me. My laundress, barber, &c. are always ready at quarter-day, so I have no trouble on account of those expences. And for what I occasionally need, I can be supplied from time to time without any expence of thought. Now to convince me what a help to holiness this is (were not my experience abundantly sufficient) I should need no better authority than St. Paul's, *I would have you be without carefulness. This I speak for your own profit, that ye may attend upon the Lord without distraction.* Happy is he that *careth* only *for the things of the Lord, how he may please the Lord.* He may *be holy both*

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in body and in spirit, after the Apostle's judgment, and I think that he had the Spirit of God.

"11th. To quicken me in making a thankful and diligent use of all the other advantages of this place, I have the opportunity of public prayer twice a day, and of weekly communicating. It would be easy to mention many more, and likewise to shew many disadvantages, which a person of greater courage and skill than I, could scarce separate from a country life. But whatever one of experience and resolution might do, I am very sensible I should not be able to turn aside one of the thousand temptations that would immediatly rush upon me. I could not stand my ground, no not for one month, against intemperance in sleeping, eating, and drinking; against irregularity in study, against a general lukewarmness in my affections, and remissness in my actions; against softness and self-indulgence, directly opposite to that discipline and hardship which become a soldier of Jesus Christ. And then, when my spirit was thus dissolved, I should be an easy prey to whatever impertinent company came in my way. Then would the cares of the world, and the desire of other things, roll back with a full tide upon me. It would be no wonder, if, while I *preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.* I cannot therefore but observe, that the question does not relate barely to degrees of perfection, but to the very essence and being of it. *Agitur de vita & sanguine Turni.* The point is, whether I shall or shall not, work out my salvation, whether I shall serve Christ or Belial.

"12th. What still heightens my fear of this untried state is, that when I am once entered into it, be the inconveniencies of it found more or less—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*—when I am there, there must I stay. If this way of life should ever prove less advantageous, I have almost continual opportunities of quitting it; but whatever difficulties occur in that, whether foreseen or unforeseen, there is no returning, any more than from the grave. When I have once launched out into that unknown sea, there is no recovering my harbour; I must on among whatever whirlpools, or rocks, or sands, though all the waves and storms go over me.

"13th. Thus much as to myself. But you justly observe, that we are not to consider ourselves alone; since God made us all for a social life, to which academical studies are only preparatory. I allow too that he will take an exact account of every talent which he has lent us, not to bury them, but to employ every mite we have received, in diffusing holiness all around us. I cannot deny that every follower of Christ is, in his proportion, the light of the world, but whoever is such can no more be concealed than the sun in the midst of heaven; that being set as a light in a dark place, his shining out must be the more conspicious; that to this very end was his light given, that it might shine at least to all that look towards him; and indeed that there is one only way of hiding it, which is, to put it out. Neither can I deny, that it is the indispensable duty of every Christian to impart both light and heat to all who are willing to receive it. I am obliged likewise, unless I lie against the truth, to grant that there is

not so contemptible an animal upon earth, as one that drones away life, without ever labouring to promote the glory of God, and the good of men; and that whether he be young or old, learned, or unlearned, in a college, or out of it. Yet granting the superlative degree of contempt to be on all accounts due to a college drone; a wretch that hath received ten talents, and yet employs none; that is not only promised a reward by his gracious master, but is paid beforehand for his work by his generous founder, and yet works not at all; allowing all this, and whatever else can be said (for I own it impossible to say enough) against the drowsy ingratitude, the lazy perjury of those who are commonly called harmless or good sort of men, (a fair proportion of whom I must to our shame confess are to be found in colleges)—allowing this, I say, I do not apprehend it will conclude against a college life in general. For the abuse of it does not destroy the use; though there are some here who are the lumber of the creation, it does not follow that others may not be of more service to the world in this station, than they could in any other.

"14th. That I in particular could, might, it seems, be inferred from what has been proved already, viz. That I could be holier here myself than any where else, if I faithfully used the blessings I enjoy; for to prove, that the holier any man is himself, the more shall he promote holiness in others, there needs no more than this one *postulatum*, the help which is done on earth, God does it himself. If so, if God be the sole agent in healing souls, and man only the instrument in his hand, there can no doubt be made, but that the more holy a man is, he will make use of him the more. Because he is more willing to be so used; because the more pure he is, he is the fitter instrument for the God of purity; because he will pray more, and more earnestly that he may be employed, and that his service may tend to his masters glory; because all his prayers both for employment and success therein will the more surely pierce the clouds; because the more his heart is enlarged, the wider sphere he may act in without carefulness or distraction. And lastly, because, the more his heart is renewed in the image of God, the more God can renew it in others by him, without destroying him by pride or vanity.

"15th. But for the proof of every one of these weighty truths, experience is worth a thousand reasons. I see, I feel them every day. Sometimes I cannot do good to others, because I am unwilling to do it; shame or pain is in the way; and I do not desire to serve God at so dear a rate. Sometimes I cannot do the good I desire to do, because I am in other respects too unholy. I know within myself, were I fit to be so employed, God would employ me in this work. But my heart is too unclean for such mighty works to be wrought by my hands. Sometimes I cannot accomplish the good I am employed in because I do not pray more, and more fervently; and sometimes even when I do pray, and that instantly, because I am not worthy that my prayer should be heard. Sometimes I dare not attempt to assist my neighbour, because I know the narrowness of my heart, that it cannot attend to many things, without utter confusion, and dissipation of thought. And a thousand times have I been merci-

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fully with-held from success in things I have attempted; because were one so proud and vain enabled to gain others, he would lose his own soul.

"16th. From all this I conclude, that where I am most holy myself, there I could most promote holiness in others; and consequently, that, I could more promote it here, than in any place under heaven. But I have likewise other reasons besides this to think so; and the first is, the plenteousness of the harvest. Here is indeed a large scene of various action. Here is room for charity in all its forms. There is scarce any way of doing good to our fellow-creatures, for which here is not daily occasion. I can now only touch upon the several heads, Here are poor families to be relieved; here are children to be educated; here are work-houses wherein both young and old want, and gladly receive the word of exhortation; here are prisons to be visited, wherein alone is a complication of all human wants; and lastly, here are the schools of the prophets; here are tender minds to be formed and strengthened, and babes in Christ to be instructed, and perfected in all useful learning. Of these in particular we must observe, that he who gains only one, does thereby as much service to the world as he could do in a parish in his whole life, for his name is *legion;* in him are contained all those who shall be converted by him. He is not a single drop of the dew of heaven; but *a river to make glad the city of God.*

"17th. But Epworth is yet a larger sphere of action than this; there I should have the care of two thousand souls! Two thousand souls! I see not how any man living can take care of an hundred. At least I could not; I know too well *Quid valeant humeri.* Because the weight I have already upon me, is almost more than I am able to bear, ought I to increase it ten-fold?

——————imponere Pelio Ossam
Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum.

Would this be the way to help either myself or my brethren up to heaven? Nay, but the mountains I reared would only crush my own soul, and so make me utterly useless to others.

"18th, I need not but just glance upon several other reasons, why I am more likely to be useful here than any where else. As, because I have the joint advice of many friends in any difficulty, and their joint encouragement in any dangers. Because the good bishop and vice-chancellor, are at hand to supply (as need is) their want of experience; because we have the eyes of multitudes upon us. who, even without designing it, perform the most substantial office of friendship, apprising us where we have already fallen, and guarding us from falling again: lastly, because we have here a constant fund (which I believe will this year amount to near eighty pounds) to supply the bodily wants of the poor, and thereby prepare their souls to receive instruction.

"19th. If it be said that the love of the people at Epworth balances all these advantages here: I ask how long it will last? Only till I come to tell them plainly that their deeds are evil, and to make a particular application of that general sentence, to say to each, *Thou*

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art the man! Alas, Sir, do I not know, what love they had for you at first? and how have they used you since? Why, just as every one will be used, whose business it is to bring light to them that love to sit in darkness.

"20th. Notwithstanding, therefore, their present prejudice in my favour, I cannot quit my first conclusion, that I am not likely to do that good any where, not even at Epworth, which I may do at Oxford; and yet one terrible objection lies in the way; Have you found it so in fact?—What have you done there in so many years! Nay, have not the very attempts to do good, for want either of a particular turn of mind for the business you engaged in, or of prudence to direct you in the right method of doing it, not only been unsucsessful, but brought such contempt upon you, as has in a great measure disqualified you for any future success! And are there not men in Oxford who are not only better and holier than you, but who have preserved their reputation, who being universally esteemed, are every way fitter to promote the glory of God in that place?

"21st. I am not careful to answer in this matter. It is not my part to say, whether God has done any good by my hands; whether I have a particular turn of mind for this or not; or whether the want of success in my past attempts, was owing to want of prudence, to ignorance of the method of acting, or to some other cause. But the latter part of the objection, that he who is despised can do no good, that without reputation a man cannot be useful in the world, being the strong-hold of all the unbelieving, the vain-glorious, and the cowardly Christians (so called) I will, by the grace of God, see what reason that has, thus continually to exalt itself against the knowledge of Christ.

"22d. With regard to contempt then (under which term I include all the passions that border upon it, as hatred, envy, &c. and all the fruits that flow from them, such as calumny, reproach, and persecution in any of its forms) my first position, in defiance of worldly wisdom, is this 'Every true Christian is contemned wherever he lives, by all who are not so, and who knows him to be such, *i. e.* in effect, by all with whom he converses; since it is impossible for light not to shine.' This position I prove both from the example of our Lord, and from his express assertions. First from his example, if the disciple is not above his Master nor the servant above his Lord, then, as our Master was despised and rejected of men, so will every one of his true disciples be. But the disciple is not above his Master, therefore the consequence will not fail him a hair's breadth. Secondly, from his own express assertions of this consequence. *If they have called the master of the house* Beelzebub, *how much more them of his household?* Matt, x. 25. *Remember* (ye that would fain forget or evade it) *the word that I said unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.* And as for that vain hope, that this belongs only to the first followers of Christ, hear ye him, *All these things will they do to you, because they know not him that sent me.* And *again, because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you,*

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John xvi. 20. Both the persons who are hated and the persons who hate them, and the cause of their hating them, are here clearly determined. The hated are all that are not of this world, that are born again in the knowledge and love of God; the haters are all that are of this world, that know not God, so as to love him with all their strength; the cause of their hatred is, the entire irreconcilable differences between their desires, judgments, and affections; because these know not God, and those are determined to know and pursue nothing besides him: because these esteem and love the world, and those count it dung and dross, and singly desire that love of Christ.

"23d. My next position is this, 'Until he be thus contemned, no man is in a state of salvation.' And this is no more than a plain inference from the former; for if all that are not of the world are therefore contemned by those that are, then till a man is contemned, he is of the world, *i. e.* out of a state of salvation. Nor is it possible for all the trimmers between God and the world, for all the dodgers in religion, to elude this consequence, which God has established, and not man, unless they could prove that a man may be of the world, *i. e.* void both of the knowledge and love of God, and yet be in a state of salvation. I must, therefore, with or without leave of these, keep close to my Saviour's judgment, and maintain that contempt is a part of that cross which every man must bear if he will follow him, that it is the badge of his discipleship, the stamp of his profession, the constant seal of his calling; insomuch that, though a man may be despised without being saved, yet he cannot be saved without being despised.

"24th. I should not spend any more words about this great truth, but that it seems at present quite voted out of the world; the masters in Israel, learned men, men of renown, seem absolutely to have forgotten it; nay, censure those who have not forgotten the words of their Lord, as setters forth of strange doctrines. And hence it is commonly asked, *How can these things be*? How can contempt be necessary to salvation? I answer as it is a necessary means of purifying souls for heaven, as it is a blessed instrument of cleansing them from pride, which else would turn their very graces into poison; as it is a glorious antidote against vanity, which would otherwise pollute and destroy all their labours; as it is an excellent medicine to heal the anger and impatience of spirit, apt to insinuate into their best employments; and, in a word, as it is one of the choicest remedies in the whole magazine of God against the love of the world, in which whosoever liveth is counted dead before him.

"25th. And hence (as a full answer to the preceeding objection) I infer one position more: That our being contemned is absolutely necessary to our doing good in the world. If not our doing some good (for God may work by Judas) yet to our doing so much as we otherwise should not do. For since God will employ those instruments most, who are fittest to be employed; since the holier a man is, the fitter instrument he is for the God of holiness; and since contempt is so glorious a means of advancing holiness in him that is exercised thereby; nay, since no man can be holy at all without it, who

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can keep off the consequence? The being contemned is absolutely necessary to a Christian's doing his full measure of good in the world. Where then is the scribe? Where is the wise? Where is the disputer of this world? Where is the replier against God, with his sage maxims? "He that is despised can do no good in the world; to be useful a man must be esteemed; to advance the glory of God, you must have a fair reputation." Saith the world so? But what saith the Scripture? Why, that God hath laughed all this Heathen wisdom to scorn? It saith, that twelve despised followers of a despised Master, all of whom were of no reputation, who were esteemed as the filth and off-scouring of the world, did more good in it than all the tribes of Israel. It saith, that the despised Master of these despised followers, left a standing direction to us, and to our children,—*Blessed are ye* (not accursed with the heavy curse of doing no good, of being useless in the world) *when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil of you falsely for my name's sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.*

"26th. These are part of my reasons for choosing to abide (till I am better informed) in the station wherein God has placed me. As for the flock committed to your care, whom for many years you have diligently fed with the sincere milk of the word, I trust in God your labour shall not be in vain, either to yourself or them; many of them the Great Shepherd has by your hand delivered from the hand of the destroyer, some of whom are already entered into peace, and some remain unto this day. For yourself, I doubt not, but when your warfare is accomplished, when you are made perfect through sufferings, you shall come to your grave, not with sorrow, but as a ripe shock of corn, full of years and victories, and he that took care of the poor sheep before you were born, will not forget them when you are dead."

Mr. Samuel Wesley wrote to his brother John at Oxford, February 8th, 1735, and made some observations on the letter he had written to his father. He tells him, "Charles was in the right, to desire I might have your whole letter. Though you have stated the point so as to take away the question, at least all possibility of differing about it, if it be only this, whether you are to serve Christ or Belial? I see no end of writing now, but merely complying with your desire of having my thoughts upon it; which I here give in short, and I think almost in full, though I pass over strictures on less matters.

"1. Your friends, retirement, frequent ordinances, and freedom from care, are great blessings; all, except the last, you may expect in a lower degree, elsewhere. Sure all your labours are not come to this that more is absolutely necessary for you, for the very being of your Christian life, than for the salvation of all the parish priests in England. It is very strange!

"2. To the question, 'What good have you done at Oxford?' you are not careful to answer: how comes it then you are so very careful about the good you might do at Epworth? *The help that is done on earth, he doth it himself*, is a full solution of that terrible difficulty.

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"3. The impossibility of return, the certainty of being disliked by them that now cry you up, and the small comparative good my father has done, are good prudential reasons; but I think can hardly extend to conscience. You can leave Oxford when you will. Not surely to such advantage. 'You have a probability of doing good there.' Will that good be wholly undone if you leave it? Why should you not leaven another lump?

"4. What you say of contempt is nothing to the purpose; for if you will go to Epworth, I will answer for it, you shall, in a competent time, be despised as much as your heart can wish. In your doctrine, you argue from a particular to a general. 'To be useful, a man must be esteemed,' is as certain as any proposition in Euclid, and I defy all mankind to produce one instance, of directly doing spiritual good without it, in the whole book of God—5. 'God, who provided for the flock before, will do it after my father.' May he not suffer them to be what they once were, almost heathens? And may not that be prevented by your ministry? It could never enter into my head that you could refuse on any other ground, than a general resolution against the cure of souls. I shall give no positive reason for it, till my first is answered. The order of the Church stakes you down, and the more you struggle will hold the faster. If there be such a thing as truth, I insist upon it you must, when opportunity offers, either perform that promise, or repent of it: *Utrum mavis?* Which do you prefer?"

To this letter Mr. John Wesley replied on the 13th of the same month. "Neither you nor I, says he, have any time to spare; so I must be as short as I can.

"There are two questions between us, one relating to being good, the other to doing good. With regard to the former: 1. You allow I enjoy more of friends, retirement, freedom from care, and Divine ordinances, than I could do elsewhere; and I add, 1. I feel all this to be but just enough. 2. I have always found, less than this to be too little for me; and therefore, 3. Whatever others do, I could not throw up any part of it, without manifest hazard to my salvation.

"2. As to the latter, I am not careful to answer, 'What good I have done at Oxford;' because I cannot think of it without the utmost danger. I am careful what good I may do at Epworth, 1. Because I can think of it without any danger at all: 2. Because I cannot, as matters now stand, avoid thinking of it without sin.

"3. Another can supply my place at Epworth, better than at Oxford; and the good done here, is of a far more diffusive nature. It is a more extensive benefit to sweeten the fountain, than to do the same to particular streams.

"4. To the objection: You are despised at Oxford, therefore you can do no good there; I answer, 1. A Christian will be despised any where. 2. No one is a Christian till he is despised. 3. His being despised will not hinder his doing good, but much further it, by making him a better Christian. Without contradicting any of these propositions, I allow, that every one to whom you do good

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directly, must esteem you first or last.—N. B. A man may despise you for one thing, hate you for another, and envy you for a third.

"5. God may suffer Epworth to be worse than before. But *I may not* attempt to prevent it, with so great hazard to my own soul.—Your last argument is either *ignoratio elenchi*, or implies these two propositions: '1. You resolve against any parochial cure of souls. 2. The priest who does not undertake the first parochial cure that offers, is perjured.' Let us add a third: 'The Tutor who being in Orders never accepts of a parish, is perjured;' and then I deny all three."

This letter Mr. Samuel Wesley answered, paragraph by paragraph. "1. You say you have but just enough. Had ever any man on earth more? 'You have experienced less to be insufficient.' Not in the course of the priesthood to which you are called. In that way, I am persuaded, though he that gathereth much can have nothing over, yet he that gathereth little can have no lack. 2. 'There is danger in thinking of the good you have done, but not of what you may do.' Vain glory lies both ways; 'But the latter was your duty.' So was the former; without you can compare two things without thinking of one of them. 3. 'The good done at Oxford is more diffusive.' It is not *that good* you have promised. You deceive yourself, if you imagine you do not here think of *what you have done.*
'Your want may be better supplied at Epworth;' not if my father is right in his suspicions. 4. 'A Christian will be despised every where; no one is a Christian till he is so; it will further his doing good.' If universal propositions, I deny them all. Esteem goes before the good done, as well as follows it. 'A man may both despise and envy.' True; He may have a hot and cold fit of an ague. Contempt in general, is no more incompatible with, than necessary to benefiting others. 5. See the first and third. 6. I said plainly, I, thought you had made a general resolution: as to taking the first offer, I supposed the opportunity a proper one; and declare now my judgment, should you live ever so long, in the ordinary course of providence, you can never meet another so proper. 'An ordained Tutor, who accepts not a cure, is perjured; alter the term into, 'Who resolves not to accept;' and I will maintain it, unless you prove either of these two: '1. There is no such obligation at taking orders. 2. This obligation is dispensed with.' Both which, I utterly deny."

Mr. John Wesley now closed the debate, in a manner which does credit both to his head and heart. His letter is dated the 4th of March. He observes to his brother, "I had rather dispute with you, if I must dispute, than with any man living; because it may be done with so little expence of time and words. The question is now brought to one point, and the whole of the argument will lie in one single syllogism.

"Neither hope of doing greater good, nor fear of any evil, ought to deter you from what you have engaged yourself to do: but you have engaged yourself to undertake the cure of a parish: therefore, neither that hope nor that fear ought to deter you from it. The only

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doubt which remains is, whether I have engaged myself or not? You think I did at my ordination; 'Before God and his High Priest.' I think I did not. However, I own I am not the proper judge of the oath I then took: it being certain, and allowed by all, *Verbis, in quæ quis jurejurando adigitur, sensum genuinum, ut et obligationi Sacramenti modum ac mensuram, præstitui a mente, non præstantis sed exigentis juramentum.'——That the true sense of the words of an oath, and the mode and extent of its obligation, are not to be determined by him who takes it, but by him who requires it.* 'Therefore it is not I, but the High Priest of God, before whom I contracted that engagement, who is the judge of the nature and extent of it.

"Accordingly, the post after I received your's, I referred it entirely to him; proposing this single question to him, Whether I had, at my ordination, engaged myself to undertake the cure of a parish or no? His answer runs in these words: 'It doth not seem to me, that at your ordination you engaged yourself to undertake the cure of any parish, provided you can, as a Clergyman, better serve God and his Church in your present or some other station.'—Now that I can, as a Clergyman, better serve God and his Church, in my present station, I have all reasonable evidence."

The assertions, that "every true Christian is contemned wherever he lives, by all who are not so,"—that "until he be thus contemned, no man is in a state of salvation." &c. will appear, no doubt, the most singular of any in these letters. The expressions certainly are too strong; and the language on the whole too abrupt, to convey his full meaning. Perhaps Mr. Wesley's opinion on this subject, a little more unfolded, may be reduced to the following propositions.

1. That a true Christian, in the temper of his mind, the motives of his actions, and the whole tenor of his behaviour, is not conformed to worldly-minded men, and will therefore be despised, and sometimes persecuted by them.

2. Until a man be thus transformed by the renewing of his mind, and stand opposed to the principles and practices of those who are of the world, and not of God, he is not a Christian.

3. That a Christian's being contemned and persecuted by those who are not Christians, will tend to make him more careful and diligent in all the means of improvement in the Christian life, and further his progress to a true conformity to Christ.

4. That a Christian's being contemned, will not hinder but greatly increase his usefulness, particularly in times of persecution, when patience, humility, love, and the other virtues of his mind, will be in the highest degree of exercise, and appear to the greatest advantage, in contrast with the opposite dispositions of the persecutors. By these means, Christians, in all ages of the Church, have conquered those who hated them most, and been the instruments of their conversion.

In the midst of the debate Mr. Wesley wrote to his mother, without taking the least notice of it: nor do we find that she wrote to him on that subject; which appears extraordinary, if she was of the same

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opinion with her husband and her son Samuel. Mr. Wesley's letter is on the subject of Christian liberty, concerning which, he wished to have his mother's opinion. He says, "I have had a great deal of conversation lately on the subject of Christian liberty, and should be glad of your thoughts, as to the several notions of it which good men entertain. I perceive different persons take it, in at least six different senses. 1. For liberty from wilful sin, in opposition to the bondage of natural corruption. 2. For liberty as to rites and points of discipline. So Mr. Whiston says, 'Though the *stations* were instituted by the Apostles, yet the liberty of the Christian law dispenses with them on extraordinary occasions.' 3. For liberty from denying ourselves in little things; for trifles, it is commonly thought, we may indulge in safely, because Christ has made us free. This notion, I a little doubt, is not sound. 4. For liberty from fear, or a filial freedom from fear on account of his past sins; for he believes in Christ, and hope frees him from fear of losing his present labour, or of being a cast-away hereafter. 5. Christian liberty is taken by some, for a freedom from restraint, as to sleep or food. So they would say, your drinking but one glass of wine, or my rising at a fixed hour, was contrary to Christian liberty. Lastly, it is taken for freedom from rules: if by this be meant, making our rules yield to extraordinary occasions, well; if the having no rules at all, this liberty is as yet too high for me; I cannot attain unto it."

Mr. Wesley's father died in April, and the Living of Epworth was given away in May; so that he now considered himself as settled at Oxford, without any risk of being further molested in his quiet retreat. But a new scene of action was soon proposed to him, of which he had not before the least conception. The Trustees of the new colony of Georgia were greatly in want of proper persons to send thither, to preach the Gospel, not to the colony, but to the Indians. They fixed their eyes on Mr. John Wesley, and some of his friends, as the most proper persons, on account of the regularity of their behaviour, their abstemious way of living, and their readiness to endure hardships. On the 28th of August, being in London, he met with his friend, Dr. Burton, for whom he had a great esteem; and the next day was introduced to Mr. Oglethorpe, where the matter was proposed to him, and strongly urged upon him by such arguments as they thought most likely to dispose his mind to accept of the proposal. It does not appear that Mr. Wesley gave them any positive answer. He thought it best to take the opinion of his friends. Accordingly he wrote to his brother Samuel, visited Mr. Law, and in three or four days, set out for Manchester, to consult Mr. Clayton, Mr. Byrom, and several others whose judgments he respected. From thence he went to Epworth, and laid the matter before his mother, and eldest sister, who consented to his acceptance of the proposal. His brother Samuel did the same. Mr. Wesley still hesitated, and on the 8th of September, Dr. Burton wrote to him, pressing him to a compliance. His letter is directed to Manchester, and franked by Mr. Oglethorpe.

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7ber 8th, 1735.
C. C. C. Oxon.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAD it in commission to wait upon you at Oxford, whither by this time I imagined you might be arrived. Your short conference with Mr. Oglethorpe, has raised the hopes of many good persons, that you and yours would join in an undertaking, which cannot be better executed than by such instruments. I have thought again of the matter, and upon the result of the whole, cannot help again recommending the undertaking to your choice: and the more so, since in our inquiries, there appears such unfitness in the generality of people. That state of ease, luxury, levity, and inadvertency, observable in most of the plausible and popular Doctors, are disqualifications in a Christian teacher, and would lead us to look for a different set of people. The more men are inured to contempt of ornaments and conveniences of life, to serious thoughts and bodily austerities, the fitter they are for the state which more properly represents our christian pilgrimage. And if upon consideration of the matter, you think yourselves (as you must do, at least amidst such a scarcity of proper persons) the fit instruments for so good a work, you will be ready to embrace this opportunity of doing good; which is not in vain offered to you.—Be pleased to write a line signifying your thoughts to me, or Mr. Oglethorpe; and if by advice I can be assisting to you, you may command my best, best services.

"Your's affectionately,

"JOHN BURTON.

"P. S. Mr. Horn telling me, he heard you were at Manchester, I presume you are with Mr. Clayton, deliberating about this affair."

Mr. Wesley now consented to go to Georgia. He had said to his brother Samuel, that his objections to Epworth were founded on his own weakness. He thought he should have so many temptations to what he then deemed irregularity in eating and drinking, at the visits he should be obliged to make, that he could not stand against them; besides the difficulty he would have of spending his time to the most advantage. But, in going to Georgia, he saw a prospect of great usefulness, without any of these dangers to himself: nay, we have no doubt, but the very difficulty of the undertaking, and the prospect of the hardships he must undergo, had some influence in disposing him to accept of it. Dr. Burton wrote to him again on the 18th of the same month, as follows: "It was with no small pleasure, that I heard of your resolution on the point under consideration. I am persuaded, that an opportunity is offered of doing much good in an affair, for the conducting of which we can find but few proper instruments. Your undertaking adds greater credit to our proceedings; and the propagation of religion, will be the distinguishing honour of our colony. This has ever, in like cases, been the *desideratum*: a defect seemingly lamented, but scarce ever remedied. With greater satisfaction therefore, we enjoy your readiness to undertake the work. When it is known, that good men are thus employed, the pious and charitable will be the more encouraged to promote the work. You

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have too much steadiness of mind, to be disturbed by the light scoffs of the idle and profane. Let me put a matter to be considered by your brother Charles: Would it not be more advisable that he were in orders?"

On the 28th of the same month, a few days before Mr. Oglethorpe intended to sail, Dr. Burton wrote again to Mr. Wesley, giving him advice on several points respecting his future situation. Amongst other things he observes,—"Under the influence of Mr. Oglethorpe, giving weight to your endeavours, much may be effected under the present circumstances. The apostolical manner of preaching, from house to house, will, through God's grace, be effectual to turn many to righteousness. The people are babes in the progress of their Christian life, to be fed with milk instead of strong meat; and the wise householder will bring out of his stores, food proportioned to the necessities of his family. The circumstances of your present Christian pilgrimage will furnish the most affecting subjects of discourse; and what arises *pro re nata*, will have greater influence than a laboured discourse on a subject, in which men think themselves not so immediately concerned. With regard to your behaviour and manner of address, that must be determined according to the different circumstances of persons, &c. But you will always, in the use of means, consider the great end, and therefore your applications will of course vary. You will keep in view the pattern of that gospel preacher St. Paul, who became all things to all men, that he might gain some. Here is a nice trial of Christian prudence; accordingly, in every case you would distinguish between what is essential, and what is merely circumstantial to Christianity; between what is indispensable, and what is variable; between what is of divine, and what is of human authority. I mention this, because men are apt to deceive themselves in such cases, and we see the traditions and ordinances of men frequently insisted on, with more rigour than the commands of God, to which they are subordinate. Singularities of less importance, are often espoused with more zeal than the weighty matters of God's law. As in all points we love ourselves, so especially in our hypotheses. Where a man has, as it were, a property in a notion, he is most industrious to improve it, and that in proportion to the labour of thought he has bestowed upon it; and as its value rises in imagination, we are in proportion more unwilling to give it up, and dwell upon it more pertinaciously, than upon considerations of general necessity and use. This is a flattering mistake, against which we should guard ourselves. I hope to see you at Gravesend if possible. I write in haste what occurs to my thoughts —*disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amiculus.* May God prosper your endeavours for the propagation of his gospel!"

We shall now leave Mr. Wesley, preparing for his voyage to America. While he was abroad, Mr. Gambold, who had been intimately acquainted with him at Oxford, wrote some account of his proceedings there, and endeavoured to delineate his character. He sent this to one of Mr. Wesley's relations; and we shall close this chapter with the following short abstract from it.

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"About the middle of March 1730, I became acquainted with Mr. Charles Wesley of Christ-church. I had been for two years before in deep melancholy; so it pleased God to disappoint and break a proud spirit, and to embitter the world to me as I was inclining to relish its vanities. During this time I had no friend to whom I could open my mind; no man did care for my soul, or none at least understood her paths. The learned endeavoured to give me right notions, and the friendly to divert me. One day an old acquaintance entertained me with some reflections on the whimsical Mr. Charles Wesley; his preciseness, and pious extravagancies. Upon hearing this, I suspected he might be a good Christian. I therefore went to his room, and without ceremony desired the benefit of his conversation. I had so large a share of it afterwards, that hardly a day passed while I was at College, but we were together once, if not oftener.

"After some time, he introduced me to his brother John of Lincoln-college: 'For he is somewhat older,' said he, 'than I am, and can resolve your doubts better.' I never observed any person have a more real deference for another than he had for his brother; which is the more remarkable, because such near relations, being equals by birth, and conscious to each other of all the little familiar passages of their lives, commonly stand too close, to see the ground there may be for such submission. Indeed he followed his brother entirely: could I describe one of them I should describe both. I shall therefore say no more of Charles, but that he was a man formed for friendship; who by his cheerfulness and vivacity would refresh his friend's heart; with attentive consideration, would enter into, and settle all his concerns as far as he was able: he would do any thing for him, great or small, and, by a habit of mutual openness and freedom would leave no room for misunderstanding.

"The Wesleys were already talked of for some religious practices, which were first occasioned by Mr. Morgan, of Christ-church. He was a young man of an excellent disposition. He took all opportunities to make his companions in love with a good life; to create in them a reverence for public worship; to tell them of their faults with a sweetness and simplicity that disarmed the worst tempers. He delighted much in works of charity; he kept several children at school; and, when he found beggars in the street, would bring them into his chambers and talk to them. From these combined friends began a little society. Mr. John Wesley was the chief manager, for which he was very fit: for he had not only more learning and experience than the rest, but he was blest with such activity as to be always gaining ground, and such steadiness that he lost none. What proposals he made to any, were sure to alarm them; because he was so much in earnest; nor could they afterwards slight them, because they saw him always the same. What supported this uniform vigour was, the care he took to consider well every affair before he engaged in it; making all his decisions in the fear of God, without passion, humour, or self-confidence. For though he had naturally a very clear apprehension, yet his exact prudence depended more on his humility and singleness of heart. He had, I think, something of

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authority in his countenance, yet he never assumed any thing to himself above his companions; any of them might speak their mind, and their words were as strictly regarded by him, as his words were by them.

"Their undertaking included these several particulars: to converse with young students; to visit the prisons; to instruct some poor families; to take care of a school and parish workhouse. They took great pains with the younger members of the University, to rescue them from bad company, and encourage them in a sober studious life. They would get them to breakfast, and over a dish of tea endeavour to fasten some good hint upon them. They would bring them acquainted with other well disposed young men, give them assistance in the difficult parts of their learning, and watch over them with the greatest tenderness.

"Some or other of them went to the Castle every day, and another most commonly to Bocardo. Whoever went to the Castle was to read in the chapel to as many prisoners as would attend, and to talk apart to the man or men whom he had taken particularly in charge. When a new prisoner came, their conversation with him for four or five times was close and searching. If any one was under sentence of death, or appeared to have some intentions of a new life, they came every day to his assistance, and partook in the conflict and suspense of those who should now be found able, or not able to lay hold on Salvation. In order to release those who were confined for small debts, and to purchase books and other necessaries, they raised a little fund, to which many of their acquaintance contributed quarterly. They had prayers at the Castle most Wednesdays and Fridays, a sermon on Sunday, and the Sacrament once a month.

"When they undertook the care of any poor family, they saw them, at least, once a week; sometimes gave them money, admonished them of their vices, read to them, and examined their children. The school was, I think, of Mr. Wesley's own setting up: however, he paid the mistress, and clothed some, if not all the children. When they went thither, they inquired how each child behaved, saw their work, heard them read and say their prayers, or catechism, and explained part of it. In the same manner they taught the children in the workhouse, and read to the old people as they did to the prisoners.

"They seldom took any notice of the accusations brought against them for their charitable employments; but if they made any reply, it was commonly such a plain and simple one, as if there was nothing more in the case but that they had just heard such doctrines of their Saviour, and had believed and done accordingly. *Sometimes they would ask such questions as the following:* Shall we be more happy in another life, the more virtuous we are in this? Are we the more virtuous the more intensely we love God and man? Is love, of all habits, the more intense, the more we exercise it? Is either helping or trying to help man for God's sake, an exercise of love to God or man? particularly, is feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, or prisoners, an exercise of love to God or man? Is en-

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deavouring to teach the ignorant, to admonish sinners, to encourage the good, to comfort the afflicted, and reconcile enemies, an exercise of love to God or man? Shall we be more happy in another life, if we do the former of these things, and try to do the latter; or if we do not the one nor try to do the other?

"I could say a great deal of his private piety; how it was nourished by a continual recourse to God; and preserved by a strict watchfulness in beating down pride, and reducing the craftiness and impetuosity of nature, to a child-like simplicity; and, in a good degree, crowned with divine love, and victory over the whole set of earthly passions. He thought prayer to be more his business than any thing else; and I have seen him come out of his closet with a serenity of countenance that was next to shining; it discovered what he had been doing, and gave me double hope of receiving wise directions, in the matter about which I came to consult him. In all his motions he attended to the will of God. He had neither the presumption, nor the leisure to anticipate things whose season it was not now; and would show some uneasiness whenever any of us, by impertinent speculations, were shifting off the appointed improvement of the present minute. By being always cheerful, but never triumphing, he so husbanded the secret consolations which God gave him, that they seldom left him, and never but in a state of strong and long-suffering faith. Thus the repose and satisfaction of the mind being otherwise secured, there were in him no idle cravings, no chagrin or fickleness of spirit, nothing but the genuine wants of the body to be relieved by outward accommodations and refreshments. When he was just come home from a long journey, and had been in different companies, he resumed his usual employments, as if he had never left them; no dissipation of thought appeared, no alteration of taste: much less was he discomposed by any slanders or affronts; he was only afraid lest he should grow proud of this conformity to his Master. In short, he used many endeavours to be religious, but none to seem so; with a zeal always upon the stretch, and a most transparent sincerity, he addicted himself to every good word and work.

"Because he required such a regulation of our studies, as might devote them all to God, he has been accused as one that discouraged learning. Far from that; for the first thing he struck at in young men, was, that indolence which will not submit to close thinking. He earnestly recommended to them, a method and order in all their actions. The morning hour of devotion was from five to six, and the same in the evening. On the point of early rising, he told them the well spending of the day would depend. For some years past, he and his friends have read the New Testament together in the evenings; and after every portion of it, having heard the conjectures the rest had to offer, he made his own observations on the phrase, design, and difficult places; and one or two wrote these down from his mouth.

"If any one could have provoked him, I should; for I was very slow in coming into their measures, and very remiss in doing my part. I frequently contradicted his assertions; or, which is much the same, distinguished upon them. I hardly ever submitted to his advice at

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the time he gave it, though I relented afterwards. One time he was in fear I had taken up notions that were not safe, and pursued my spiritual improvement in an erroneous, because inactive way; so he came over and staid with me near a week. He condoled with me the incumbrances of my constitution, heard all I had to say, and endeavoured to pick out my meaning, and yielded to me as far as he could. I never saw more humility in him than at this time.

"Mr. Wesley had not only friends at Oxford to assist him, but a great many correspondents. He set apart one day at least in the week, to write letters, and he was no slow composer; in which, without levity or affectation, but with plainness and fervour, he gave his advice in particular cases, and vindicated the strict original sense of the Gospel precepts.

"He is now gone to Georgia as a Missionary, where there is ignorance that aspires after divine wisdom, but no false learning that is got above it. He is, I confess, still living; and I know that an advantageous character is more decently bestowed on the deceased. But besides that, his condition is very like that of the dead, being unconcerned in all we say, I am not making any attempt on the opinion of the public; but only studying a private edification. A family picture of him, his relations may be allowed to keep by them. And this is the idea of Mr. Wesley, which I cherish for the service of my own soul, and I take the liberty likewise to deposit with you."

HAVING now, according to our Engagement, laid before the Public such an Account of Mr. WESLEY's Family, of his Education, and Manner of Life from his Youth, as appeared to us to be a proper and necessary Introduction to his Journal, in which he is his own Biographer; and having, in the Progress of that Account, arrived at the period when that Journal commences, we shall here conclude this Introductory part of our Compilation, and no longer detain our Readers from the perusal of that entertaining and instructive Narrative. They will recollect that an Account of his Death is intended to follow the Journal.

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AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY THEN? THAT ISRAEL WHICH FOLLOWED AFTER THE LAW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, HATH NOT ATTAINED TO THE LAW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. WHEREFORE? BECAUSE THEY SOUGHT IT NOT BY FAITH, BUT AS IT WERE BY THE WORKS OF THE LAW. ROMANS IX. 30, 31.

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EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

PREFACE TO HIS JOURNAL.

IT was in pursuance of an advice given by Bishop Taylor, in his RULES FOR HOLY LIVING AND DYING, *that about fifteen years ago, I began to take a more exact account than I had done before, of the manner wherein I spent my time, writing down how I had employed every hour. This I continued to do, wherever I was, till the time of my leaving England. The variety of scenes which I then passed through, induced me to transcribe, from time to time, the more material parts of my Diary, adding here and there such little reflections as occurred to my mind. Of this Journal, thus occasionally compiled, the following is a short extract: it not being my design to relate all those particulars, which I wrote for my own use only; and which would answer no valuable end to others, however important they were to me.*

J. W.

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JOURNAL I.

FROM HIS EMBARKING FOR GEORGIA, OCTOBER 14. 1735, TO HIS RETURN TO LONDON, FEB. 1, 1738.

TUESDAY, Oct. 14, 1735, Mr. Benjamin Ingham, of Queen's College, Oxford, Mr. Charles Delamotte, son of a merchant in London, who had offered himself some days before, my brother Charles Wesley and myself took boat for Gravesend, in order to embark for Georgia. Our end in leaving our native country was not to avoid want (God having given us plenty of temporal blessings) nor to gain the dung or dross of riches or honour; but singly this: to save our souls, to live wholly to the glory of God. In the afternoon we found the Simonds off Gravesend, and immediately went on board.

Wednesday and Thursday we spent with one or two of our friends partly on board and partly on shore, in exhorting one another to *shake off every weight, and to run with patience the race set before us.*

Friday 17, I began to learn German, in order to converse with the Moravians, six and twenty of whom we had on board. On Sunday, the weather being fair and calm, we had the morning-service on quarter deck. I now first preached extempore, and then administered the Lord's Supper to six or seven communicants. A little flock. May God increase it!

Monday 20, Believing the denying ourselves even in the smallest instances, might by the blessing of God be helpful to us, we wholly left off the use of flesh and wine, and confined ourselves to vegetable food, chiefly rice and biscuit. In the afternoon David Nitchman, bishop of the Moravians, and two others began to learn English. O may we be, not only of one tongue, but of one mind and of one heart!

Tuesday 21. We sailed from Gravesend. When we were past about half the Goodwin Sands, the wind suddenly failed. Had the calm continued till ebb, the ship had probably been lost; but the gale sprung up in an hour, and carried us into the Downs.

We now began to be a little regular. Our common way of living was this: From four in the morning till five, each of us used private prayer; from five to seven we read the Bible together, carefully comparing it (that we might not lean to our own understanding) with the writings of the earliest ages. At seven we breakfasted. At eight were the public prayers. From nine till twelve I usually

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learned German, and Mr. Delamotte, Greek. My brother wrote sermons, and Mr. Ingham instructed the children. At twelve we met to give an account to one another what we had done since our last meeting and what we designed to do before our next. About one we dined. The time from dinner to four, we spent in reading to those whom each of us had taken in charge, or in speaking to them seriously, as need required. At four were the evening prayers; when either the second lesson was explained (as it always was in the morning) or the children were catechised and instructed before the congregation. From five to six we again used private prayer. From six to seven I read in our cabin to two or three of the passengers (of whom there were about eighty English on board) and each of my brethren to a few more in theirs. At seven I joined with the Germans in their public service; while Mr. Ingham was reading between the decks to as many as desired to hear. At eight we met again to exhort and instruct one another. Between nine and ten we went to bed, where neither the roaring of the sea, nor the motion of the ship, could take away the refreshing sleep which God gave us.

Friday 24, Having a rolling sea, most of the passengers found the effects of it. Mr. Delamotte was exceeding sick for several days: Mr. Ingham for about half an hour. My brother's head ached much. Hitherto it has pleased God, the sea has not disordered me at all; nor have I been hindered one quarter of an hour from reading, writing, composing, or doing any business I could have done on shore.

During our stay in the Downs, some or other of us went as often as we had opportunity on board the ship that sailed in company with us, where also many were glad to join in prayer and hearing the word.

Friday 31, We sailed out of the Downs. At eleven at night I was waked by a great noise. I soon found there was no danger; but the bare apprehension of it gave me a lively conviction what manner of men those ought to be who are every moment on the brink of eternity.

Saturday, Nov. 1, We came to St. Helen's harbour, and the next day into Cowe's Road. The wind was fair, but we waited for the man of war which was to sail with us. This was a happy opportunity of instructing our fellow-travellers. May he whose seed we sow, give it the increase!

Sunday 16, Thomas Hird, and Grace his wife, with their children, Mark, aged 21, and Phebe, about 17, late Quakers, were, at their often repeated desire, and after careful instruction, admitted to baptism.

Thursday 20, We fell down into Yarmouth Roads; but the next day were forced back to Cowes. During our stay here, there were several storms; in one of which two ships in Yarmouth Roads were lost.

The contrary winds gave my brother an opportunity of complying with the desire of the Minister of Cowes, and preaching there three or four times. The poor people flocked together in great numbers.

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We distributed a few little books among the most serious of them, which they received with all possible expressions of thankfulness.

Friday 21, One recovering from a dangerous illness, desired to be instructed in the nature of the Lord's supper. I thought it concerned her to be first instructed in the nature of Christianity; and accordingly fixt an hour a day to read with her in Mr. Law's Treatise on Christian Perfection.

Sunday 23, At night I was waked by the tossing of the ship and roaring of the wind, and plainly shewed, I was unfit, for I was unwilling to die.

Tuesday, Dec 2, I had much satisfaction in conversing with one that was very ill and very serious. But in a few days she recovered from her sickness and from her seriousness together.

Sunday 7, Finding nature did not require so frequent supplies as we had been accustomed to, we agreed to leave off suppers; from doing which we have hitherto found no inconvenience.

Wednesday 10, We sailed from Cowes, and in the afternoon past the Needles. Here the ragged rocks, with the waves dashing and foaming at the foot of them, and the white side of the island rising to such a height, perpendicular from the beech, gave a strong idea of *Him that spanneth the heavens, and holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand!*

To day I spoke closely on the head of religion, to one I had talked with once or twice before. Afterwards she said, with many tears, "My mother died when I was but ten years old. Some of her last words were, 'Child fear God, and though you lose me you shall never want a friend.' I have now found a friend when I most wanted, and least expected one."

From this day to the 14th, being in the Bay of Biscay, the sea was very rough. Mr. Delamotte and many others were more sick than ever: Mr. Ingham a little; I not at all. But the 14th being a calm day, most of the sick were cured at once.

Thurs. 18, One who was big with child, in a high fever, and almost wasted away with a violent cough, desired to receive the Holy Communion before she died. At the hour of her receiving, she began to recover, and in a few days was entirely out of danger.

Sunday 21, We had fifteen communicants, which was our usual number on Sundays; on Christmas-Day we had nineteen; but on New-year's Day, fifteen only.

Thursday, Jan. 15, 1736, Complaint being made to Mr. Oglethorpe, of the unequal distribution of the water among the passengers, he appointed new officers to take charge of it. At this the old ones and their friends were highly exasperated against us, to whom they imputed the change. But *the fierceness of man shall be turned to thy praise.*

Saturday 17, Many people were very impatient at the contrary wind. At seven in the evening they were quieted by a storm. It rose higher and higher till nine. About nine the sea broke over us from stem to stern; burst through the windows of the state cabin, where three or four of us were, and covered us all over, though a

bureau sheltered me from the main shock. About eleven I lay down in the great cabin, and in a short time fell asleep, though very uncertain whether I should wake alive, and much ashamed of my unwillingness to die. O how pure in heart must he be, who would rejoice to appear before God at a moment's warning! Toward morning, *He rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.*

Sunday 18, We returned God thanks for our deliverance, of which a few appeared duly sensible. But the rest (among whom were most of the sailors) denied we had been in any danger. I could not have believed that so little good would have been done by the terror they were in before. But it cannot be that they should long obey God from fear, who are deaf to the motives of love.

Friday 23, In the evening, another storm began. In the morning it increased, so that they were forced to let the ship drive. I could not but say to myself, *How is it that thou hast no faith?* Being still unwilling to die. About one in the afternoon, almost as soon as I had stept out of the great cabin door, the sea did not break as usual, but came with a full, smooth tide over the side of the ship. I was vaulted over with water in a moment, and so stunned, that I scarce expected to lift up my head again, till the sea should give up her dead. But, thanks be to God, I received no hurt at all. About midnight the storm ceased.

Sunday 25, At noon our third storm began. At four it was more violent than any before. Now indeed we could say, *The waves of the sea were mighty and raged horribly. They rose up to the heavens above, and clave down to hell beneath.* The winds roared round about us, and (what I never heard before) whistled as distinctly as if it had been a human voice. The ship not only rocked to and fro with the utmost violence, but shook and jarred with so unequal, grating a motion, that one could not but with great difficulty keep hold on any thing, nor stand a moment without it. Every ten minutes came a shock against the stern or side of the ship, which one would think should dash the planks in pieces. At this time, a child, privately baptized before, was brought to be received into the church. It put me in mind of Jeremiah's buying the field, when the Chaldeans were on the point of destroying Jerusalem, and seemed a pledge of the mercy God designed to shew us, even in the land of the living.

We spent two or three hours after prayers in conversing suitably to the occasion, confirming one another in a calm submission to the wise, holy, gracious will of God. And now a storm did not appear so terrible as before. Blessed be the God of all consolation!

At seven I went to the Germans. I had long before observed the great seriousness of their behaviour. Of their humility they had given a continual proof, by performing those servile offices for the other passengers, which none of the English would undertake; for which they desired, and would receive no pay, saying, "It was good for their proud hearts," and "Their loving Saviour had done more for them." And every day had given them occasion of shewing a meekness which no injury could move. If they were pushed, struck,

or thrown down, they rose again and went away; but no complaint was found in their mouth. There was now an opportunity of trying whether they were delivered from the spirit of fear, as well as from that of pride, anger, and revenge. In the midst of the psalm wherewith their service began, the sea broke over, split the main sail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks, as if the great deep had already swallowed us up. A terrible screaming began among the English. The Germans calmly sung on. I asked one of them afterwards, "Were you not afraid?" He answered, "I thank God, No." I asked, "But were not your women and children afraid?" He replied mildly, "No; our women and children are not afraid to die."

From them I went to their crying trembling neighbours, and pointed out to them the difference, in the hour of trial, between him that feareth God, and him that feareth him not. At twelve the wind fell. This was the most glorious day which I have hitherto seen.

Monday 26, We enjoyed the calm. I can conceive no difference, comparable to that between a smooth and a rough sea, except that which is between a mind calmed by the love of God, and one torn up by the storms of earthly passions.

Thursday, January 29, About seven in the evening, we fell in with the skirts of a hurricane. The rain as well as the wind was extremely violent. The sky was so dark in a moment, that the sailors could not so much as see the ropes, or set about furling the sails. The ship must, in all probability have overset, had not the wind fell as suddenly as it rose. Toward the end of it, we had that appearance on each of the masts, which, it is thought, the ancients called Castor and Pollux. It was a small ball of white fire, like a star. The mariners say, it appears either in a storm, (and then commonly upon the deck) or just at the end of it: and then it is usually on the masts or sails.

Friday 30, We had another storm, which did us no other harm, than splitting the fore-sail. Our bed being wet, I laid me down on the floor and slept sound till morning. And I believe, I shall not find it needful to go to bed, as it is called, any more.

Sunday, February 1, We spoke with a ship of Carolina: and Wednesday 4, came within soundings. About noon the trees were visible from the mast, and in the afternoon from the main deck. In the evening lesson were these words, *A great door and effectual is opened.* O let no one shut it!

Thursday, February 5, between two and three in the afternoon, God brought us all safe into the Savannah River. We cast anchor near Tybee Island, where the groves of pines, running along the shore, made an agreeable prospect, shewing, as it were, the bloom of spring in the depth of winter.

Friday 6, About eight in the morning, we first set foot on American ground. It was a small, uninhabited island, over against Tybee. Mr. Oglethorpe led us to a rising ground, where we all kneeled down to give thanks. He then took boat for Savannah. When the rest of the people were come on shore, we called our little flock together to

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prayers. Several parts of the second lesson, Mark vi. were wonderfully suited to the occasion; in particular, the account of the courage and sufferings of John the Baptist; our Lord's directions to the first preachers of his Gospel; and their toiling at sea, and deliverance with those comfortable words, *It is I, be not afraid.*

Saturday, February 7, Mr. Oglethorpe returned from Savannah, with Mr. Spangenberg, one of the Pastors of the Germans. I soon found what spirit he was of, and asked his advice with regard to my own conduct. He said, "My brother, I must first ask you one or two questions. Have you the witness within yourself? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God?" I was surprised, and knew not what to answer. He observed it and asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" I paused and said, "I know he is the Saviour of the world." "True; "replied he; but do you know he has saved you?" I answered, "I hope he has died to save me." He only added, "Do you know yourself?" I said, "I do." But I fear they were vain words.

Monday, 9, I asked him many questions, both concerning himself, and the church at Hernhuth. The substance of his answers was this:

"At eighteen years old I was sent to the University of Jena, where I spent some years in learning languages, and the vain philosophy, which I have now long been labouring to forget. Here it pleased God by some that preached his word with power, to overturn my heart. I immediately threw aside all my learning but what tended to save my soul. I shunned all company and retired into a solitary place, resolving to spend my life there. For three days I had much comfort here; but on the fourth it was all gone. I was amazed, and went for advice to an experienced Christian. When I came to him I could not speak. But he saw my heart, and advised me to go back to my house, and follow the business Providence called me to. I went back, but was fit for nothing. I could neither do business, nor join in any conversation. All I could say to any one, was Yes, or No. Many times I could not say that, nor understand the plainest thing that was said to me. My friends and acquaintance looked upon me as dead; came no more to me, nor spoke about me.

"When I grew better, I began teaching some poor children. Others joined with me: we taught more and more, till there were above thirty teachers and above two hundred scholars. I had now invitations to other Universities. But I could not accept of any; desiring only, if it were the will of God, to be little and unknown. I had spent some years thus, when Professor Breithaupt, of Halle, died: being then pressed to remove thither, I believed it was the call of God, and went. I had not been long there, before many faults were found, both with my behaviour and preaching: and offences increased more and more till after half a year, a petition against me was sent to the King of Prussia, who sent an order to the commander at Halle in pursuance whereof, I was warned to leave the city in forty-eight hours. I did so, and retired to Hernhuth, to Count Zinzendorf.

"The village of Hernhuth contains about a thousand souls, gathered out of many nations. They hold fast the discipline, as well as

the faith and practice of the Apostolical Church. I was desired by the brethren there last year, to conduct sixteen of them to Georgia, where two lots of ground are assigned us, and with them I have stayed ever since."

I asked, "Whither he was going next?" He said, "I have thoughts of going to Pennsylvania. But what God will do with me, I know not. I am blind. I am a child. My Father knows, and I am ready to go, wherever he calls.

Friday 13, Some of the Indians sent us word of their intention to come down to us. In our course of reading to-day, were these words: *Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, it shall yet come to pass that there shall come people, and the inhabitants of many cities. And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts I will go also. Yea, many people and strong nations, shall come to seek the Lord of Hosts, and to pray before him.* Zech. viii. 20, &c.

Saturday 14, About one, Tomo-Chachi, his nephew Thleeanouhee, his wife Sinauky, with two more women and two or three Indian children, came on board. As soon as we came in, they all rose, and shook us by the hand, and Tomo-Chachi (one Mrs. Musgrove interpreted), spoke as follows:

"I am glad you are come. When I was in England I desired that some would speak *the great Word* to me. And my nation then desired to hear it. But now we are all in confusion. Yet I am glad you are come. I will go up and speak to the wise men of our nation. And I hope they will hear. But we would not be made Christians, as the Spaniards make Christians. We would be taught, before we are baptized."

I answered, "There is but One, He that sitteth in heaven, who is able to teach man wisdom. Though we are come so far, we know not whether he will please to teach you by us or not. If he teaches you, you will learn wisdom; but we can do nothing." We then withdrew.

Sunday 15, Another party of Indians came. They were all tall, well-proportioned men, and had a remarkable softness in their speech, and gentleness in their whole behaviour. In the afternoon they all returned home, but three, who stayed to go with Mr. Oglethorpe.

Monday 16, Mr. Oglethorpe set out for the new settlement on the Alatamahaw river. He took with him fifty men; besides Mr. Ingham, Mr. Hermsdorf, and the three Indians.

Thursday 19, My brother and I took boat, and passing by Savannah, went to pay our first visit in America to the poor Heathen. But neither Tomo-Chachi nor Sinauky were at home. Coming back, we waited upon Mr. Causton, the chief magistrate of Savannah. From him we went with Mr. Spangenberg to the German brethren. About eleven we returned to the boat, and came to our ship about four in the morning.

Saturday, 21, Mary Welch, aged eleven days, was baptized according to the custom of the first church and the rule of the church of

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England, by immersion. The child was ill then, but recovered from that hour.

Tuesday 24, Mr. Oglethorpe returned. The day following, I took my leave of most of the passengers of the ship, who all appeared serious. It may be, all the seed is not fallen upon stony ground.

In the evening I went to Savannah again, whence Mr. Spangenberg, bishop Nitschman, and Andrew Dober, went up with us to Mrs. Musgrove's, to choose a spot for the little house, which Mr. Oglethorpe had promised to build us. Being afterward disappointed of our boat, we were obliged to pass the night there. But wherever we are, it is the same thing, if it be the will of our Father which is in Heaven.

At our return the next day, (Mr. Quincy being then in the house wherein we afterwards were), Mr. Delamotte and I took up our lodging with the Germans. We had now an opportunity, day by day, of observing their whole behaviour. For we were in one room with them from morning to night; unless for the little time I spent in walking. They were always employed, always cheerful themselves, and in good humour with one another. They had put away all anger and strife, and wrath and bitterness, and clamour and evil speaking. They walked worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called, and adorned the Gospel of our Lord in all things.

Saturday, February 28, They met to consult concerning the affairs of their church: Mr. Spangenberg being shortly to go to Pennsylvania, and bishop Nitschman to return to Germany. After several hours spent in conference and prayer, they proceeded to the election and ordination of a bishop. The great simplicity, as well as solemnity of the whole, almost made me forget the seventeen hundred years between, and imagine myself in one of those assemblies, where form and state were not; but Paul the tent-maker, or Peter the fisherman presided, yet with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Sunday, 29, Hearing Mr. Oglethorpe did not come any more to Savannah, before he went to Frederica, I was obliged to go down to the ship again, (Mr. Spangenberg following me thither), and receive his orders and instructions on several heads. From him we went to public prayers; after which we were refreshed by several letters from England. Upon which, I could not but observe how careful our Lord is to repay whatever we give up on his account. When I left England, I was chiefly afraid of two things; one, that I should never again have so many faithful friends as I left there: the other, that the spark of love which began to kindle in their hearts, would cool and die away. But who knoweth the mercy and power of God? From ten friends I am a while secluded; and he hath opened me a door into a whole church. And as to the very persons I left behind, his Spirit is gone forth so much the more, teaching them not to trust in man, but *in him that raiseth the dead, and calleth the things that are not, as though they were.*"

About four, having taken leave of Mr. Spangenberg, who was, the next morning, to set out for Pennsylvania, I returned to Savannah

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Saturday March 6, I had a long conversation with John Reinier, the son of a gentleman, who being driven out of France, on account of his religion, settled at Vivay in Switzerland, and practised physic there. His father died while he was a child. Some years after, he told his mother he was desirous to leave Switzerland, and to retire into some other country, where he might be free from the temptations which he could not avoid there. When her consent was at length obtained, he agreed with a master of a vessel, with whom he went to Holland by land; thence to England, and from England to Pennsylvania. He was provided with money, books, and drugs, intending to follow his father's profession. But no sooner was he come to Philadelphia, than the captain who had borrowed his money before, instead of repaying it, demanded the full pay for his passage, and under that pretence seized on all his effects. He then left him in a strange country, where he could not speak to be understood, without necessaries, money, or friends. In this condition he thought it best to sell himself for a servant, which he accordingly did, for seven years. When about five were expired, he fell sick of a lingering illness, which made him useless to his master; who, after it had continued half a year, would not keep him any longer, but turned him out to shift for himself. He first tried to mend shoes, but soon after joined himself to some French protestants, and learned to make buttons. He then went and lived with an anabaptist; but soon after hearing an account of the Germans in Georgia, walked from Pennsylvania thither, where he found the rest, which he had so long sought in vain.

Sunday, March 7, I entered upon my ministry at Savannah, by preaching on the epistle for the day, being the 13th of the first of Corinthians. In the second lesson, Luke xviii. was our Lord's prediction of the treatment which he himself (and consequently his followers) was to meet with from the world; and his gracious promise to those who are content, *Nudi nudum Christum sequi*: *Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or friends, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, which shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come everlasting life.*

Yet notwithstanding these plain declarations of our Lord, notwithstanding my own repeated experience, notwithstanding the experience of all the sincere followers of Christ, whom I have ever talked with, read or heard of; nay, and the reason of the thing, evincing to a demonstration, That all who love not the light must hate him, who is continually labouring to pour it in upon them: I do here bear witness against myself, that when I saw the number of people crowding into the church, the deep attention with which they received the word, and the seriousness that afterwards sat on all their faces, I could scarce refrain from giving the lie, to Experience and Reason, and Scripture, all together. I could hardly believe that the greater, the far greater part of this attentive and serious people, would hereafter trample under foot that word, and say all manner of evil falsely of him that spake it. O who can believe, what their heart abhors!

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JESUS, Master, have mercy on us! Let us love thy cross! Then shall we believe, *If we suffer with thee, we shall also reign with thee!*

This evening one of the Germans, who had been long ill of a consumption, found himself much worse. On my mentioning it to Bishop Nitschman, he smiled and said, "He will soon be well; he is ready for the bridegroom."

Sunday 14, Having before given notice of my design to do so, every Sunday and holiday, according to the rules of our church, I administered the Holy communion to eighteen persons. Which of these will endure to the end?

Monday 15, Mr. Quincy going for Carolina, I removed into the minister's house. It is large enough for a larger family than ours, and has many conveniences, besides a good garden. I could not but reflect on the well-known Epigram,

Ἄγρος Ἀχαιμενίδε γενόμην ποτε· νυν δὲ Μενίππου.

How short a time will it be before its present possessor is removed! Perhaps to be no more seen!*

Sunday 28, A servant of Mr. Bradley's sent to desire to speak with me. Going to him I found a young man ill, but perfectly sensible. He desired the rest to go out and then said, "On Thursday night, about eleven, being in bed, but broad awake, I heard one calling aloud, 'Peter! Peter Wright!' And looking up, the room was as light as day; and I saw a man in very bright clothes stand by the bed who said, 'Prepare yourself; for your end is nigh;' and then immediately all was dark as before." I told him, "The advice was

* On the 18th, Mr. Wesley wrote to his mother as follows, "I doubt not but you are already informed of the many blessings which God gave us in our passage: as my brother Wesley must before now have received a particular account of the circumstances of our voyage; which he would not fail to transmit to you by the first opportunity. We are likely to stay here some months. The place is pleasant beyond imagination; and by all I can learn, exceeding healthful;—even in summer, for those who are not intemperate. It has pleased God that I have not had a moment's illness of any kind since I set my foot upon the Continent, nor do I know any more than one of my seven hundred parishoners who is sick at this time. Many of them, indeed, are, I believe, very angry already: for a gentleman, no longer ago than last night, made a ball; but the public prayers happening to begin about the same time, the church was full, and the ball-room so empty, that the entertainment could not go forward. "I should be heartily glad if any poor and religious men or women of Epworth or Wroote, would come over to me, and so would Mr. Oglethorpe too: He would give them land enough, and provisions gratis, till they could live on the produce of it."

Being now informed of the opposition which his brother Charles met with at Frederica; on the 22d. of March he wrote to him the following letter: "How different are the ways wherein we are led, yet I hope, toward the same end. I have hitherto no opposition at all: all is smooth and fair, and promising. Many seem to be awakened; all are full of respect and commendation. We cannot see any cloud gathering. But this calm cannot last; storms must come hither too: and let them come when we are ready to meet them.

"You are not, I think, at liberty *to turn to the Gentiles till your own countrymen shall cast you out.* If that period come soon so much the better: only in the mean while, reprove and exhort with all authority, even though all men should despise thee. Ἀποβήσεται σοι εἰς μαρτύριον, *It shall turn to thee for a testimony.* See Luke xxi. 13. If Mr. Ingham were here, I would try to see you. But omit no opportunity of writing. Κινδυνεύω πᾶσαν ὥραν, *I stand in jeopardy every hour.* Let us be strong and very courageous: for the Lord our God is with us: and there is no counsel or might against him!" It appears Mr. Charles took the hint his brother gave him, and on the 28th, sent Mr. Ingham to Savannah.

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good whencesoever it came." In a few days he recovered from his illness: His whole temper was changed as well as his life: and so continued to be, till after three or four weeks he relapsed and died in peace.

Tuesday 30, Mr. Ingham coming from Frederica, brought me letters, pressing me to go thither. The next day Mr. Delamotte and I began to try, Whether life might not be as well sustained, by one sort as by a variety of food. We chose to make the experiment with bread; and were never more vigorous and healthy than while we tasted nothing else. *Blessed are the pure in heart!* who, whether they eat or drink, or whatever they do, have no end therein but to please God! To them all things are pure. Every creature is good to them, and nothing to be rejected. But let them who know and feel that they are not thus pure, use every help and remove every hindrance; always remembering, *He that despiseth little things shall fall by little and little.*

Sunday, April 4, About four in the afternoon, I set out for Frederica, in a pettiawga, a sort of flat-bottomed barge. The next evening we anchored near Skidoway island, where the water at flood was twelve or fourteen feet deep. I wrapt myself up from head to foot in a large cloak, to keep off the sand flies, and lay down on the quarter-deck. Between one and two I waked under water, being so fast asleep that I did not find where I was till my mouth was full of it. Having left my cloak, I know not how, upon the deck, I swam round to the other side of the pettiawga, where a boat was tied, and climbed up by the rope, without any hurt, more than wetting my clothes. *Thou art the God of whom cometh salvation: Thou art the Lord by whom we escape death.*

The winds were so contrary, that on Saturday 10, we could but just get over against Doboy island, twenty miles from Frederica, but could not possibly make the creek, having a strong tide also against us. Here we lay beating off till past one; when the lightning and rain which we had long seen at a distance, drove down full upon us; till after a quarter of an hour, the clouds parted, some passing on the right, and some on the left, leaving us a clear sky, and so strong a wind, right after us, as in two hours brought us to Frederica.

A little before we landed, I opened my Testament on these words, *If God be for us, who can be against us?* Coming on shore, I found my brother exceedingly weak, having been some time ill of a flux. But he mended from the hour he saw me. This also hath God wrought!

Sunday 11, I preached at the new storehouse, on the verse of the gospel for the day, *Which of you convinceth me of sin? And if I say the truth, why do you not believe me?* There was a large congregation, whom I endeavoured to convince of unbelief, by simply proposing the conditions of salvation, as they are laid down in Scripture, and appealing to their own hearts, whether they believed they could be saved on no other terms.

In every one of the six following days, I had some fresh proofs of the absolute necessity of following that wise advice of the Apostle,

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Judge nothing before the time; until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart.

Saturday 17, We set out for Savannah, and reached it on Tuesday evening. O blessed place, where having but one end in view, dissembling and fraud are not; but each of us can pour out his heart without fear into his brother's bosom.

Not finding as yet any door open for the pursuing of our main design, we considered in what manner we might be most useful to the little flock at Savannah. And we agreed, 1st. To advise the more serious among them to form themselves into a sort of little society, and to meet once or twice a week in order to improve, instruct, and exhort one another. 2. To select out of these a smaller number for a more intimate union with each other, which might be forwarded, partly by our conversing singly with each, and partly by inviting them all together to our house; and this accordingly we determined to do every Sunday in the afternoon.*

Wednesday, May 5, I was asked to baptize a child of Mr. Parker's, second bailiff of Savannah But Mrs. Parker told me, "Neither Mr. P. nor I will consent to its being dipped." I answered, "If you certify that your child is weak, it will suffice, the Rubrick says, to pour water upon it." She replied, "Nay the child is not weak; but I am resolved it shall not be dipped." This argument I could not confute. So I went home, and the child was baptized by another person.

Sunday 9, I began dividing the public prayers, according to the original appointment of the church, still observed in a few places in England. The morning service began at five. The communion office, with the sermon, at eleven. The evening service about three. And this day I began reading prayers in the court-house; a large and convenient place.

Monday 10, I began visiting my parishioners in order, from house to house; for which I set apart the time when they cannot work, because of the heat, viz. from twelve till three in the afternoon.

Sunday 16, We were surprised in the evening by my brother just coming from Frederica. After some conversation, we consulted how the poor people there might be taken care of during his absence. And it was at last agreed, that Mr. Ingham and I should take our turns in assisting them; and the first was allotted me. Accordingly on Tuesday 18, I walked to Thunderbolt; whence the next afternoon we set sail in a small boat. In the evening we touched at Skidoway, and had a small but attentive congregation, to join with us in evening prayer.

Saturday 22, About four in the afternoon we entered upon Doboy sound. The wind, which was right ahead, was so high, when we were in the middle of it, and the sea so rough, being driven in at the inlet, that the boat was on the point of sinking every moment; but

*Here we see the origin of classes and bands, which have been instrumental of so much good in the Methodist Societies.

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it pleased God to bring us safe to the other side in half an hour, and to Frederica the next morning. We had public prayers at nine, at which nineteen persons were present; and, I think, nine communicants.

Friday 28, I read the commendatory prayer, by Mr. Germain who lay at the point of death. He had lost his speech and his senses His eyes were set, neither had he any discernible motion, but the heaving of his breast. While we stood round him, he stretched out his arms, rubbed his head, recovered his sight, speech, and understanding; and immediately sending for the baliffs, settled the affairs of his family; and then lay down and died.

At the first service on Sunday, May 30, were only five, at the second twenty-five. The next day, I made Mr. Lassel's will; who, notwithstanding his great weakness, was quite revived, when any mention was made of death or of eternity.

Tuesday, June 1, After praying with him, I was surprised to find one of the most controverted questions in divinity, disinterested love, decided at once by a poor old man, without education, or learning, or any instructor, but the Spirit of God. I asked him, what he thought of Paradise to which he had said he was going? He said "To be sure it is a fine place. But I don't mind that. I don't care what place I am in. Let God put me where he will, or do with me what he will, so I may but set forth his honour and glory."

Thursday 3, Being ascension-day, we had the holy communion; but only Mr. Hird's family joined with us in it. One reason why there were no more was, because a few words which a woman had inadvertently spoken, had set almost all the town in a flame. Alas! how shall a city stand that is divided against itself? Where there is no brotherly love, no meekness, no forbearing, or forgiving one another: But envy, malice, revenge, suspicion, anger, clamour, bitterness, evil-speaking, without end! Abundant proof, that there can be no true love of man, unless it be built on the love of God.

Sunday 6, Calling on Mr. Lassels, and asking how he did, "My departure, said he, I hope is at hand." I asked, "Are you troubled at that?" He replied, "O no; to depart and to be with Christ is far better. I desire no more of this bad world. My hope, my joy, and my love is there." The next time I saw him he said, "I desire nothing more than for God to forgive my many and great sins. I would be humble. I would be the humblest creature living. My heart is humble and broken for my sins. Tell me, teach me, what shall I do to please God. I would fain do whatever is his will." I said, "It is his will you should suffer. Then I will suffer. I will gladly suffer whatever pleases him."

Monday 7, Finding him weaker, I asked, "Do you still desire to die?" He said "Yes; but I dare not pray for it, for fear I should displease my heavenly Father. His will be done. Let him work his will, in my life or in my death."

Thursday 10, We began to execute at Frederica what we had before agreed to do at Savannah. Our design was, on Sundays in the afternoon, and every evening after public service, to spend some time

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with the most serious of the communicants, in singing, reading, and conversation. This evening we had only Mark Hird. But on Sunday, Mr. Hird and two more desired to be admitted. After a psalm and a little conversation, I read Mr. Law's Christian Perfection, and concluded with another psalm.

Saturday 12, Being with one who was very desirous to converse with me, but not upon religion, I spoke to this effect: 'Suppose you were going to a country where every one spoke Latin and understood no other language, neither would converse with any that did not understand it: Suppose one were sent to stay here a short time on purpose to teach it you; suppose that person, pleased with your company, should spend his time trifling with you, and teach you nothing of what he came for. Would that be well done! Yet this is our case. You are going to a country where every one speaks the love of God. The citizens of heaven understand no other language; they converse with none who do not understand it. Indeed none such are admitted there. I am sent from God to teach you this. A few days are alloted us for that purpose. Would it then be well done in me, because I was pleased with your company, to spend this short time in trifling, and teach you nothing of what I came for? God forbid! I will rather not converse with you at all. Of the two extremes, this is the best."

Wednesday 16, Another little company of us met, Messrs. Reed, Davidson, Walker, Delamotte, and myself. We sung, read a little of Mr. Law, and then conversed. Wednesdays and Fridays were the days we fixt for our constant meeting.

Thursday 17, An officer of a man of war, walking just behind with two or three of his acquaintance, cursed and swore exceedingly; but upon my reproving him, seemed much moved, and gave me many thanks.

Saturday 19, Mr. Oglethorpe returned from the south, and gave orders on Sunday the 20th that none should profane the day, as was usual before, by fishing or fowling upon it. In the afternoon I summed up what I had seen or heard at Frederica, inconsistent with Christianity, and consequently with the prosperity of the place. The event was as it ought: some of the hearers were profited, and the rest deeply offended.

This day, at half an hour past ten, God heard the prayer of his servant, and Mr. Lassels, according to his desire, was *dissolved that he might be with Christ.*

Tuesday 22, Observing much coldness in Mr. ——'s behaviour, I asked him the reason of it. He answered, "I like nothing you do; all your sermons are satires upon particular persons. Therefore I will never hear you more. And all the people are of my mind. For we wont hear ourselves abused."

"Beside, they say they are protestants. But as for you they can't tell what religion you are of. They never heard of such a religion before. They do not know what to make of it. And then your private behaviour—All the quarrels that have been here since you came have been long of you. Indeed there is neither man nor wo-

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man in the town who minds a word you say. And so you may preach long enough; but no body will come to hear you."

He was too warm for hearing an answer. So I had nothing to do but to thank him for his openness, and walk away.

Wednesday 23, I had a long conversation with Mr. —— upon the nature of true religion. I then asked him, "Why he did not endeavour to recommend it to all with whom he conversed?" He said, "I did so once, and for some time, I thought I had done much good by it. But I afterwards found they were never the better, and I myself was the worse. Therefore, now, though, I always strive to be inoffensive in my conversation, I don't strive to make people religious, unless those that have a desire to be so, and are consequently willing to hear me. But I have not yet (I speak not of you or your brother) found one such person in America."

He that hath ears to hear let him hear! Mark the tendency of this accursed principle! If you will speak only to those who are willing to hear, see how many you will turn from the error of their ways! If, therefore, striving to do good, you have done hurt, what then? So did St. Paul; so did the Lord of life, even *his* word was *the savour of death, as well as the savour of life.* But shall you therefore strive no more? God forbid! strive more humbly, more calmly, more cautiously. Do not strive as you did before, but strive while the breath of God is in your nostrils!

Being to leave Frederica in the evening, I took the more notice of these words in the lesson for the day.—"*Whereunto shall I liken the men of this generation? they are like unto children sitting in the market-place, and saying, we have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you and ye have not wept. For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil. The Son of man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners,*" Luke vii.

About eleven at night we took boat; and on Saturday 26, about one in the afternoon came to Savannah. O what do we want here, either for life or godliness! If suffering, God will send it in his time.

Sunday 27, About twenty joined with us in morning prayer. An hour or two after, a large party of Creek Indians came, the expectation of whom deprived us of our place of public worship, in which they were to have their audience.

Wednesday 30, I hoped a door was opened, for going up immediately to the Choctaws, the least polished, *i. e.* the least corrupted of all the Indian nations. But upon my informing Mr. Oglethorpe of our design, he objected, not only the danger of being intercepted, or killed by the French there; but much more, the inexpediency of leaving Savannah destitute of a minister. These objections I related to our brethren in the evening, who were all of opinion we ought not to go yet.

Thursday, July 1, The Indians had an audience, and another on Saturday, when Chicali, their head man, dined with Mr. Oglethorpe. After dinner, I asked the greyheaded old man, "What he thought

he was made for?" He said, "He that is above, knows what he made us for. We know nothing. We are in the dark. But white men know much. And yet white men build great houses, as if they were to live for ever. But white men cannot live for ever. In a little time white men will be dust as well as I." I told him, "If red men will learn the good Book, they may know as much as white men. But neither we nor you can understand that book, unless we are taught by him that is above: And he will not teach, unless you avoid, what you already know is not good." He answered, "I believe that; He will not teach us, while our hearts are not white. And our men do what they know is not good. They kill their own children. And our women do what they know is not good. They kill the child before it is born. Therefore, He that is above, does not send us the good Book."

Hearing the younger of the Miss Bovey's was not well, I called upon them this evening. I found she had only the prickly heat, a sort of rash, very common here in summer. We soon fell into serious conversation, after I had asked, "If they did not think they were too young, to trouble themselves with religion yet? And, whether they might not defer it ten or a dozen of years?" To which one of them replied, "If it will be reasonable ten years hence, to be religious, it is so now: I am not for deferring one moment.

Wednesday 7, I called there again, being determined now to speak more closely. But meeting company there, prudence induced me to put it off, till another opportunity.

Thursday 8. Mr. O. being there, and casually speaking of sudden death, Miss Becky said, "If it were the will of God, I should choose to die without a lingering illness." Her sister said, "Are you then always prepared to die?" She replied, "Jesus Christ is always prepared to help me. And little stress is to be laid on such a preparation for death, as is made in a fit of sickness."

Saturday 10, Just as they had done drinking tea, Mrs. Margaret seeing her colour change, asked, If she was well? She did not return any answer; and Dr. Talser soon after going by, she desired him to step in, and said, "Sir, my sister, I fear, is not well." He looked earnestly at her, felt her pulse, and replied, "Well, Madam! Your sister is dying." However he thought it not impossible, bleeding might help. She bled about an ounce, leaned back and died.

As soon as I heard of it, I went to the house, and begged they would not lay her out immediately, there being a possibility, at least, she might only be in a swoon: of which indeed there was some slight hope, she not only being as warm as ever, but having a fresh colour in her cheeks, and a few drops of blood starting out, upon bending her arm; but there was no pulse and no breath; so that having waited some hours, we found her *spirit was indeed returned to God that gave it.*

I never saw so beautiful a corpse in my life. Poor comfort to its late inhabitant! I was greatly surprised at her sister. There was in all her behaviour, such an inexpressible mixture of tenderness and resignation. The first time I spoke to her, she said, "All my afflic-

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tions are nothing to this. I have lost not only a sister, but a friend. But it is the will of God. I rely on Him; and doubt not but he will support me under it."

This evening we had such a storm of thunder and lightning, as I never saw before even in Georgia. This voice of God too, told me I was not fit to die; since I was afraid rather than desirous of it! O when shall I wish to be dissolved and to be with Christ! When I love him with all my heart.

Almost the whole town was the next evening at the funeral: where many doubtless made a world of good resolutions. O how little trace of the most of these will be left in the morning! It is a true saying, "Hell is paved with good intentions."

Tuesday July 20, Five of the Chicasaw Indians, (twenty of whom had been in Savannah several days) came to see us, with Mr. Andrews their interpreter. They were all warriors; four of them head men. The two chief were Paustoobee and Mingo Mattaw. Our conference was as follows:

Q; Do you believe, There is one above, who is over all things?

Paustoobee answered, We believe there are four beloved things above; the clouds, the sun, the clear sky, and He that lives in the clear sky.

Q. Do you believe, there is but one that lives in the clear sky.

A. We believe, there are two with him, three in all.

Q. Do you think, he made the sun, and the other beloved things?

A. We cannot tell. Who hath seen?

Q. Do you think, he made you?

A. We think, he made all men at first.

Q. How did he make them at first?

A. Out of the ground.

Q. Do you believe, he loves you?

A. I do not know. I cannot see him.

Q. But has he not often saved your life?

A. He has. Many bullets have gone on this side, and many on that side, but He would never let them hurt me. And many bullets have gone into these young men; and yet they are alive.

Q. Then, cannot He save you from your enemies now?

A. Yes, but we know not, if He will. We have now so many enemies round about us, that I think of nothing but death. And if I am to die, I shall die, and I will die like a man. But if He will have me to live I shall live. Though I had ever so many enemies, He can destroy them all.

Q. How do you know that?

A. From what I have seen. When our enemies came against us before, then the beloved clouds came for us. And often much rain, and sometimes hail has come upon them, and that in a very hot day. And I saw, when many French and Choctaws and other nations came against one of our towns. And the ground made a noise under them, and the beloved ones in the air behind them. And they were afraid, and went away, and left their meat and drink and their guns. I tell no lie. All these saw it too.

Q. Have you heard such noises at other times?

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A. Yes, often: before and after almost every battle.

Q. What sort of noises were they?

A. Like the noise of drums and guns and shouting.

Q. Have you heard any such lately?

A. Yes: Four days after our last battle with the French.

Q. When you heard nothing before it?

A. The night before I dreamed I heard many drums up there, and many trumpets there and much stamping of feet and shouting. Till then I thought we should all die. But then I thought the beloved ones were come to help us. And the next day I heard above a hundred guns go off, before the fight begun. And I said, "when the sun is there, the beloved ones will help us; and we shall conquer our enemies." And we did so.

Q. Do you often think and talk of the beloved ones?

A. We think of them always, wherever we are. We talk of them and to them, at home and abroad; in peace, in war, before and after we fight; and indeed whenever and wherever we meet together.

Q. Where do you think your souls go after death?

A. We believe the souls of red men walk up and down near the place where they died, or where their bodies lie. For we have often heard cries and noises near the place where any prisoners had been burnt.

Q. Where do the souls of white men go after death?

A. We cannot tell. We have not seen.

Q. Our belief is, That the souls of bad men only walk up and down; but the souls of good men go up.

A. I believe so too. But I told you the talk of the nation.

(Mr. Andrews. "They said at the burying, they knew what you were doing. You were speaking to the beloved ones above to take up the soul of the young woman.")

Q. We have a book that tells us many things of the beloved ones above. Would you be glad to know them?

A. We have no time now, but to fight. If we should ever be at peace, we should be glad to know.

Q. Do you expect ever to know what the white men know?

(Mr. Andrews. "They told Mr. O. they believe the time will come, when the red and white men will be one.")

Q. What do the French teach you?

A. The French Black * Kings never go out. We see you go about. We like that. That is good.

Q. How came your nation by the knowledge they have?

A. As soon as ever the ground was sound, and fit to stand upon, it came to us, and hath been with us ever since. But we are young men. Our old men know more. But all of them do not know. There are but a few: whom the beloved one chooses from a child, and is in them, and takes care of them, and teaches them. They know these things: and our old men practise; therefore they know: but I do not practise. Therefore I know little."

* [illegible]

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Monday 26, My brother and I set out for Charles-Town, in order to his embarking for England. But the wind being contrary, we did not reach Port-Royal, 40 miles from Savannah, till Wednesday evening. The next morning we left it. But the wind was so high in the afternoon, as we were crossing the neck of St. Helena's Sound, that our oldest sailor cried out, "Now every man must take care of himself." I told him "God will take care for us all." Almost as soon as the words were spoken, the mast fell, I kept on the edge of the boat, to be clear of her when she sunk, (which we expected every moment) though with little prospect of swimming ashore, against such a wind and sea. But *how is it that thou hadst no faith?* The moment the mast fell, two men caught it and pulled it into the boat; the other three rowed with all their might, and God *gave command to the winds and seas*, so that in an hour we were safe on land.

Saturday 31, We came to Charles-Town. The church is of brick, but plastered over like stone. I believe it would contain three or four thousand persons. About three hundred persons were present at the morning service the next day, when Mr. Garden desired me to preach, about fifty were at the holy communion. I was glad to see several Negroes at church; one of them told me, "she was there constantly; and that her old mistress (now dead) had many times instructed her in the Christian religion." I asked her, What religion was? She said, "she could not tell." I asked, if she knew what a soul was? She answered, "No." I said, "Do not you know there is something in you, different from your body? Something you cannot see or feel?" She replied, "I never heard so much before." I added, "Do you think then, a man dies altogether as a horse dies?" She said, "Yes, to be sure." O God, where are thy tender mercies! Are they not over all thy works! When shall the Sun of Righteousness arise on these outcasts of men, with healing in his wings!

Monday, August 2, I set out for the Lieutenant Governor's seat about thirty miles from Charles-Town, to deliver Mr. Oglethorpe's letters. It stands very pleasantly, on a little hill, with a vale on either side, in one of which is a thick wood: the other is planted with rice and Indian corn. I designed to have gone back by Mr. Skeene's, who has about fifty Christian Negroes. But my horse tiring, I was obliged to return the straight way to Charles-Town.

I had sent the boat we came in back to Savannah, expecting a passage thither myself in Col. Bull's. His not going so soon, I went to Ashley-Ferry on Thursday, intending to walk to Port-Royal. But Mr. Belinger not only provided me a horse, but rode with me himself ten miles, and sent his son with me to Cumbee-Ferry, twenty miles farther; whence having hired horses and a guide, I came to Beaufort (or Port Royal) the next evening. We took boat in the morning; but the wind being contrary, and very high, did not reach Savannah till Sunday in the afternoon.

Finding Mr Oglethorpe was gone, I stayed only a day at Savannah: and leaving Mr. Ingham and Delamotte there, set out on Tuesday morning for Frederica. In walking to Thunderbolt, I was in so

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heavy a shower, that all my clothes were as wet as if I had gone through the river. On which occasion I cannot but observe that vulgar error, concerning the hurtfulness of the rains and dews of America. I have been thoroughly wet with these rains more than once; yet without any harm at all. And I have lain many nights in the open air, and received all the dews that fell. And so I believe might any one, if his constitution was not impaired by the softness of a genteel education.

At Thunderbolt we took boat, and on Friday, Aug. 13, came to Frederica, where I delivered Mr. O. the letters, I had brought from Carolina. The next day he set out for Fort St. George. From that time I had less and less prospect of doing good at Frederica; many there being extremely zealous, and indefatigably diligent to prevent it: and few of the rest daring to shew themselves of another mind, for fear of their displeasure.

Saturday 28, I set apart, out of a few we had, a few books towards a library at Frederica. In the afternoon I walked to the Fort on the other side of the island. About five we set out homeward. But my guide not being perfect in the way, we were soon lost in the woods. We walked on however as well as we could, till between nine and ten; when being heartily tired, and throughly wet with dew, we lay down and slept till morning.

About day-break on Sunday the 29th, we set out again, endeavouring to walk straight forward, and soon after sun-rise found ourselves in the Great Savannah near Frederica. By this good Providence I was delivered from another fear, That of lying in the woods, which experience shewed was to one in tolerable health a mere *Lion in the way*.

Thursday, Sept. 2, I set out in a sloop, and about ten on Sunday morning, came to Skidoway; which, after reading prayers, and preaching to a small congregation, I left, and came to Savannah in the evening.

Monday 13, I began reading with Mr. Delamotte, Bishop Beveridge's *Pandectæ Canonum Conciliorum*. Nothing could so effectually have convinced us, That both particular and general Councils may err, and have erred: and that things ordained by them as necessary to salvation, have neither strength nor authority, unless they be taken out of the Holy Scripture.

Monday 20, We ended (of which also I must confess, I once thought more highly than I ought to think) the apostolical canons; so called, as Bishop Beveridge observes, *because partly grounded upon, partly agreeing with, the traditions delivered down from the Apostles.* But he observes farther, (in the 159th page of his *Codex Canonum Ecclesiæ Primitivæ:* and why did he not observe it in the first page of the book?) *They contain the discipline used in the church at the time when they were collected: not when the Council of* Nice *met; for then many parts of it were useless and obsolete.*

Tuesday, October 12, We considered whether any thing could yet be done for the poor people of Frederica. And I submitted to the judgment of my friends, which was, that I should take another jour-

ney thither. Mr. Ingham undertaking to supply my place at Savannah, for the time I should stay there, I came thither on Saturday the 16th, and found few things better than I expected. The morning and evening prayers which were read for a while after my leaving the place, had long been discontinued, and from that time every thing grew worse and worse: not many retaining any more of the form than of the power of godliness.

I was at first a little discouraged, but soon remembered the word which cannot fail, *Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world.* I cried to God to *arise and maintain his own cause:* and after the evening prayers were ended, invited a few to my house, as I did every night while I stayed in Frederica. I read to them one of the exhortations of Ephraim Syrus, the most awakening writer, I think, of all the ancients. We concluded our reading and conversation with a psalm, and I trust, our God gave us his blessing.

Monday 18, Finding there were several Germans at Frederica, who not understanding the English tongue, could not join in our public service, I desired them to meet me at my house; which they did every day at noon from thence forward. We first sung a German hymn, then I read a chapter in the New Testament; then explained it to them as well as I could; after another hymn we concluded with prayer.

Monday 25, I took boat, and after a slow and dangerous passage, came to Savannah on Sunday the 31st.

Tuesday, Nov. 23, Mr. Oglethorpe sailed for England, leaving Mr. Ingham, Mr. Delamotte and me at Savannah, but with less prospect of preaching to the Indians than we had the first day we set foot in America. Whenever I mentioned it, it was immediately replied, "You cannot leave Savannah without a minister." To this indeed my plain answer was, "I know not that I am under any obligation to the contrary. I never promised to stay here one month. I openly declared both *before, at, and ever since* my coming hither, that I neither would nor could take charge of the English any longer than till I could go among the Indians." If it was said, "But did not the Trustees of Georgia appoint you to be minister of Savannah?" I replied, "They did; but it was not done by my solicitation: It was done without either my desire or knowledge. Therefore I cannot conceive that appointment to lay me under any obligation of continuing there, any longer than till a door is opened to the heathen: and this I expressly declared, at the time I consented to accept of that appointment." But though I had no other obligation not to leave Savannah now, yet that of love I could not break through: I could not resist the importunate request of the more serious parishioners, "To watch over their souls yet a little longer, till some one came who might supply my place." And this I the more willingly did, because the time was not come to preach the gospel of peace to the heathen; all their nations being in a ferment; and Paustoobee and Mingo Mattaw, having told me in terms, in my own house, 'Now our enemies are all about us, and we can do nothing but fight; but if

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the beloved ones should ever give us to be at peace, then we would hear the *Great Word*.'

Thursday, Dec. 9, Hearing of one dangerously ill, I went to her immediately: She told me, "that she had many things to say: But her weakness prevented her saying them then; and the next day God required her soul of her.

Wednesday 23, Mr. Delamotte and I, with a guide, set out to walk to the Cowpen; when we had walked two or three hours, our guide told us plainly, "He did not know where we were." However, believing it could not be far off, we thought it best to go on. In an hour or two we came to a cypress swamp, which lay directly across our way: There was not time to walk back to Savannah before night; so we walked through it, the water being about breast-high. By that time we had gone a mile beyond it, we were out of all path; and it being now past sun-set, we sat down, intending to make a fire, and to stay there till morning; but finding our tinder wet, we were at a stand; I advised to walk on still; but my companions being faint and weary, were for lying down, which we accordingly did about six o'clock: The ground was as wet as our clothes, which (it being a sharp frost) were soon frose together; however, I slept till six in the morning. There fell a heavy dew in the night, which covered us over as white as snow. Within an hour after sun-rise, we came to a plantation, and in the evening, without any hurt, to Savannah.

Tuesday 28, We set out by land with a better guide for Frederica. On Wednesday evening we came to Fort-Argyle, on the back of the river Ogeechy. The next afternoon we crossed Cooanochy river in a small canoe, our horses swimming by the side of it. We made a fire on the bank, and notwithstanding the rain, slept quietly till the morning.

Saturday, Jan. 1, 1737, Our provisions fell short, our journey being longer than we expected; but having a little barbecued bears-flesh (i. e. dried in the sun) we boiled it, and found it wholesome food. The next day we reached Darien, the settlement of the Scotch Highlanders, a sober, industrious, friendly, hospitable people; whose minister, Mr. M'Leod, is a serious, resolute, and I hope, a pious man.

On Monday evening we left Darien, and on Wednesday 5, came to Frederica. Most here were as we expected, cold and heartless: We found not one who retained his first love. O send forth thy light and thy truth, that they may guide them! Let them not yet follow their own imaginations!

After having *beaten the air* in this unhappy place for twenty days, on January 26, I took my final leave of Frederica. It was not any apprehension of my own danger, though my life had been threatened many times, but an utter despair of doing good there; which made me content with the thought of seeing it no more.

In my passage home, having procured a celebrated book, the Works of Nicholas Machiavel, I set myself carefully to read and consider it. I began with a prejudice in his favour; having been informed, he had often been misunderstood, and greatly misrepresented. I weighed the sentiments that were less common; tran-

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scribed the passages wherein they were contained; compared one passage with another, and endeavoured to form a cool, impartial judgment; and my cool judgment is, That if all the other doctrines of devils which have been committed to writing, since letters were in the world, were collected together in one volume, it would fall short of this: And, that should a prince form himself by this book, so calmly recommending hypocrisy, treachery, lying, robbery, oppression, adultery, whoredom and murder of all kinds; Domitian or Nero would be an angel of light, compared to that man.*

Monday 31, We came to Savannah. Tuesday, February 1, being the anniversary feast, on account of the first convoy's landing in Georgia, we had a sermon, and the holy communion. Thursday 24, It was agreed, Mr. Ingham should go for England, and endeavour to bring over (if it should please God) some of our friends to strengthen our hands in his work. Saturday 26, He left Savannah.

By Mr. Ingham I wrote to Dr. Bray's associates, who had sent a parochial library to Savannah.† It is expected of the Ministers who receive these, to send an account to their benefactors of the method they use in catechising the children, and instructing the youth of their respective parishes. That part of the letter was as follows:

"Our general method is this: A young gentleman, who came with "me, teaches between thirty and forty children to read, write, and "cast accounts. Before school in the morning, and after school in "the afternoon, he catechises the lowest class, and endeavours to fix "something of what was said, in their understanding as well as their "memories. In the evening he instructs the elder children. On "Saturday in the afternoon I catechise them all. The same I do on "Sunday before the evening service. And in the church, imme-"diately after the second lesson, a select number of them having re-

* Nicholas Machiavel was born of a distinguished family at Florence. The book here referred to is a political treatise, entitled, *The Prince*, which, of all his writings, has made the greatest noise in the world. Mankind are not agreed as to the motives of this work; some thinking he meant to recommend tyrannical maxims; others that he only delineated them to excite abhorrence. Some have said that his greatest fault was that he told the world what bad princes did, not what they ought to do; and that his principles, though daily condemned are daily put in practice. It has also been said, that he took his political maxims from the government of the Popes. He died in 1530.

† Dr. Thomas Bray was born at Marton, in Shropshire, in the year 1656, and educated at Oxford. He was at length presented to the vicarage of Over-Whitacre, in Warwickshire; and in 1760, to the rectory of Sheldon, where he composed his Catechetical Lectures, which procured him such reputation, that Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, pitched upon him as a proper person to model the infant church of Maryland, and for that purpose he was invested with the office of commissary. He now engaged in several noble undertakings. He procured sums to be raised for purchasing small libaries, for the use of the poor ministers in the several parts of our plantations: and the better to promote this design he published two books: one entitled, *Bibliotheca Parochialis*, or a scheme of such theological and other heads, as seem requisite to be perused or occasionally consulted by the clergy, together with a catalogue of books which may be profitably read on each of those points; the other, *Apostolical Charity*, its nature and excellency considered. He endeavoured to get a fund established for the propagation of the gospel, especially among the uncultivated *Indians;* and by his means a patent was obtained for erecting the corporation called, The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He, by his industry, procured relief for prisoners; and formed the plan of the society for the reformation of manners, charity schools, &c. He wrote 1. his *Martyrology* or Papal usurpation, in one volume folio. 2. *Directorium Missionarium;* and other works. He died in 1730.

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"peated the catechism and been examined in some part of it, I en-
"deavour to explain it at large, and to enforce that part, both on
"them and the congregation.

"Some time after the evening service, as many of my parishioners
"as desire it, meet at my house, as they do also on Wednesday even-
"ings, and spend about an hour in prayer, singing and mutual ex-
"hortation. A smaller number (mostly those who design to com-
"municate the next day) meet here on Saturday evenings; and a
"few of these come to me on the other evenings, and pass half an
"hour in the same employment."

Friday, March 4, I wrote the Trustees for Georgia an account of the last year's expence, from March 1, 1736, to March 1, 1737, which, deducting extraordinary expences, such as repairing the parsonage house, and journeys to Frederica, amounted for Mr. Delamotte and me to 44l. 4s. 4d.

From the directions I received from God this day, touching an affair of the greatest importance, I could not but observe, as I had done many times before, the entire mistake of those, who assert, "God will not answer your prayer, unless your heart be wholly resigned to his will." My heart was not wholly resigned to his will. Therefore, not daring to depend on my own judgment, I cried the more earnestly to him, To supply what was wanting in me. And I know and am assured, He heard my voice, and did send forth his light and his truth.

Thursday 24, A fire broke out in the house of Robert Hows, and in an hour burnt it to the ground. A collection was made for him the next day; and the generality of the people shewed a surprising willingness, to give a little out of their little, for the relief of a necessity greater than their own.

About this time Mr. Lacy of Thunderbolt called upon me; when observing him to be in a deep sadness, I asked, What was the reason of it? And a terrible one indeed he gave in the relation following:

In 1733, David Jones, a sadler, a middle aged man, who had for some time before lived at Nottingham, being at Bristol, met a person there; who after giving him some account of Georgia, asked, Whether he would go thither? Adding, his trade (that of a saddler) was an exceeding good trade there, upon which he might live, creditably and comfortably. He objected his want of money to pay his passage, and buy some tools which he should have need of. The gentleman told him, He would supply him with that, and hire him a shop when he came to Georgia, wherein he might follow his business, and to repay him, as it suited his convenience. Accordingly to Georgia they went; where, soon after his arrival, his master, as he now styled himself, sold him to Mr. Lacy, who set him to work with the rest of his servants in clearing land. He commonly appeared much more thoughtful than the rest, often stealing into the woods alone. He was now sent to do some work on an island three or four miles from Mr. Lacy's great plantation. Thence he desired the other servants to return without him, saying, he would stay and kill a deer. This was on Saturday. On Monday they found him on the shore with

his gun by him, and the fore part of his head shot to pieces. In his pocket was a paper book, all the leaves thereof were fair, except one, on which ten or twelve verses were written; two of which were these, which I transcribed thence from his own hand-writing:

"Death could not a more sad retinue find;
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind!"

Sunday, April 3, and every day in this great and holy week, we had a sermon and the holy communion.

Monday 4, I began learning Spanish, in order to converse with my Jewish parishioners; some of whom seem nearer the mind that was in Christ, than many of those who call him Lord.

Tuesday 12, Being determined, if possible, to put a stop to the proceedings of one in Carolina, who had married several of my parishioners without either banns or licence, and declared, "He would do so still;" I set out in a sloop for Charles-Town. I landed there on Thursday, and related the case to Mr. Garden, the Bishop of London's Commissary, who assured me, he would take care no such irregularity should be committed for the future.

Sunday 17, Mr. Garden, to whom I must ever acknowledge myself indebted for many kind and generous offices, desiring me to preach, I did so, on those words of the epistle for the day, *Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world.* To that plain account of the Christian state which these words naturally led me to give, a man of education and character seriously objected, what is indeed a great truth, "Why if this be Christianity, a Christian must have more courage than Alexander the Great."

Tuesday 19, We left Charles-Town; but meeting with stormy and contrary winds, after losing our anchor, and beating out at sea all night, on Thursday 21, we with some difficulty got back into Charles-Town harbour.

Friday 22, It being the time of their annual visitation, I had the pleasure of meeting with the clergy of South Carolina; among whom in the afternoon there was such a conversation for several hours, on *Christ our Righteousness*, as I had not heard at any visitation in England, or hardly on any other occasion.

Saturday 23, Mentioning to Mr. Thompson, Minister of St Bartholomew's, near Ponpon, my being disappointed of a passage home by water, he offered me one of his horses if I would go by land, which I gladly accepted of. He went with me twenty miles, and sent his servant to guide me the other twenty to his house. Finding a young Negroe there, who seemed more sensible than the rest, I asked her, how long she had been in Carolina? she said, two or three years; but that she was born in Barbadoes, and had lived there in a minister's family from a child. I asked whether she went to church there? she said, "Yes, every Sunday, to carry my mistress's children." I asked what she had learned at church? she said, "Nothing; I heard a deal, but did not understand it." But what did your master teach you at home?" "Nothing." "Nor your mistress?" "No." I asked, "But don't you know that your hands and feet, and

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this you call your body, will turn to dust in a little time?" she answered, Yes." "But there is something in you that will not turn to dust, and this is what they call your soul. Indeed you cannot see your soul, though it is within you; as you cannot see the wind, though it is all about you. But if you had not a soul in you, you could no more see, or hear, or feel, than this table can. What do you think will become of your soul, when your body turns to dust?" "I don't know." "Why, it will go out of your body, and go up there, above the sky, and live always. God lives there. Do you know who God is?" "No." "You cannot see him, any more than you can see your own soul; it is He that made you and me, and all men and women, and all beasts and birds, and all the world. It is He that makes the sun shine, and rain fall, and corn and fruits to grow out of the ground. He makes all these for us. But why, do you think, He made us? What did He make you and me for?" "I cannot tell." "He made you to live with himself above the sky; and so you will in a little time,—if you are good. If you are good, when your body dies your soul will go up, and want nothing; and have whatever you can desire. No one will beat or hurt you there. You will never be sick. You will never be sorry any more, nor afraid of any thing. I can't tell you, I do not know how happy you will be; for you will be with God."

The attention with which this poor creature listened to instruction is inexpressible. The next day she remembered all, readily answered every question; and said she would ask him that made her, to show her how to be good.

Sunday 24, I preached twice at Ponpon Chapel, on the 13th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians. O how will even these men of Carolina, who come eight, ten, or twelve miles to hear the gospel, rise in judgment against those who hear it not, when it is preached at their own doors!

Wednesday 27. I came to Mr. Belinger's plantation at Chulifinny, where the rain kept me till Friday. Here I met with an half Indian (one that had an Indian mother and a Spanish father), and several Negroes, who were very desirous of instruction. One of them said, "When I was at Ashley-ferry, I went to church every Sunday. But here we are buried in the woods. Though if there were any church within five or six miles, I am so lame I cannot walk, but I would crawl thither."

Mr. Belinger sent a Negro-lad with me to Purrysburg, or rather to the poor remains of it. O how hath God stretched over this place the *lines of confusion, and the stones of emptiness!* Alas for those whose lives were here vilely cast away, through oppression, through divers plagues and troubles! O earth! How long wilt thou hide their blood! How long wilt thou cover thy slain!

This lad too I found both very desirous and very capable of instruction. And perhaps one of the easiest and shortest ways to instruct the American Negroes in Christianity, would be first to inquire after and find out some of the most serious of the planters. Then having inquired of them which of their slaves were best inclined

and understood English, to go to them from plantation to plantation, staying as long as appeared necessary at each. Three or four gentlemen in Carolina I have been with that would be sincerely glad of such an assistant; who might pursue his work with no more hinderance than must every where attend the preaching of the gospel.

Saturday 30, I came to Savannah, and found my little flock in a better state than I could have expected; God having been pleased greatly to bless the endeavours of my fellow-labourer, while I was absent from them.

Wednesday, May 18, I discovered the first convert to Deism that, I believe, has been made here. He was one that for some time had been zealously and exemplarily religious; but indulging himself in what is called harmless company, he first made shipwreck of his zeal, and then of his faith. I have since found several others that have been attacked: they have as-yet maintained their ground. But I doubt the devil's apostles are too industrious to let them long halt between two opinions.

Wednesday 25, I was sent for by one who had been several years of the church of Rome; but was now deeply convinced, as were several others, by what I had occasionally preached, of the grievous errors that church was in, and the great danger of continuing a member of it. Upon this occasion I could not but reflect on the many advices I had received, to beware of the increase of Popery; but not one, that I remember, to beware of the increase of infidelity. This was quite surprising when I considered, 1. That in every place where I have yet been, the number of converts to Popery bore no proportion to the number of converts to infidelity. 2. That as bad a religion as Popery is, no religion is still worse; a baptized infidel being always found upon the trial, two-fold worse than even a bigotted Papist. 3. That as dangerous a state as a Papist is in, with regard to eternity, a Deist is in a yet more dangerous state, if he be not, without repentance, an assured heir of damnation. And lastly, That as hard as it is to recover a Papist, it is still harder to recover an infidel: I myself have known many Papists, but never one Deist re-converted.

May 29, Being Whitsunday, four of our scholars, after having been instructed daily for several weeks, were, at their earnest and repeated desire, admitted to the Lord's table. I trust their zeal had stirred up many, to *remember their Creator in the days of their youth*, and to redeem the time even in *the midst of an evil and adulterous generation.*

Indeed about this time we observed the Spirit of God to move upon the minds of many of the children; they began more carefully to attend to the things that were spoken both at home and at church, and a remarkable seriousness appeared in their whole behaviour and conversation. Who knows but some of them may *grow up to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.*

June 25, Mr. Causton, the store-keeper and chief magistrate of Savannah, was seized with a slow fever. I attended him every day, as I did any of my parishoners, who were in any painful or dangerous

illness, and had a good hope from the thankfulness he shewed that my labour was not in vain.

Sunday, July 3, Immediately after the holy communion, I mentioned to Mrs. Williamson, Mr. Causton's niece, some things which I thought reproveable in her behaviour. At this she appeared extremely angry, and said, *she did not expect such usage from me;* and at the turn of the street, through which we were walking home, went abruptly away. The next day Mrs. Causton endeavoured to excuse her; told me, she was exceedingly grieved for what had past the day before, and desired me to tell her in writing what I disliked; which I accordingly did the day following.

But first, I sent Mr. Causton the following note:

"SIR,

"To this hour you have shewn yourself my friend: I ever have had ever shall acknowledge it. And it is my earnest desire, that He who hath hitherto given me this blessing would continue it still.

"But this cannot be, unless you will allow me one request, which is not so easy a one as it appears: *Do not condemn me for doing, in the execution of my offices, what I think it my duty to do.*

"If you can prevail upon yourself to allow me this, even when I act without respect of persons, I am persuaded there will never be, at least not long, any misunderstandiug between us. For even those who seek it, shall, I trust, find no occasion against me, *except it be concerning the law of my God.*

July 5, 1737. I am, &c."

Wednesday 6, Mr. Causton came to my house, with Mr. Bailiff Parker, and Mr. Recorder, and warmly asked, "How could you possibly think I should condemn you, for executing any part of your office?" I said short, "Sir, what if I should think it the duty of my office to repel one of your family from the holy communion?" He replied, "If you repel me or my wife, I shall require a legal reason. But I shall trouble myself about none else. Let them look to themselves."

Saturday 9, Meeting with a Frenchman of New Orleans on the Mississippi, who had lived several months among the Chicasaws, he gave us a full and particular account of many things which had been variously related. And hence we would not but remark, what is the *Religion of Nature*, properly so called; or, That Religion which flows from natural reason, unassisted by Revelation; and that, even in those who have the knowledge of many truths, and who converse with their beloved ones day and night. But too plainly does it appear by the fruits, *That the gods of these Heathens too are but devils.*

The substance of his account was this: "Some years past, the Chicasaws and French were friends. The French were then mingled with the Nautchee Indians, whom they used as slaves; till the Nautchees made a general rising and took many of the French prisoners. But soon after, a French army set upon them, killed many and carried away the rest. Among those that were killed were some Chicasaws, whose death the Chicasaw nation resented: and soon after, as

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a French boat was going through their country, they fired into it, and killed all the men but two. The French resolved on revenge, and orders were given for many Indians, and several parties of white men, to rendezvous on the 26th of March, 1736, near one of the Chicasaw towns. The first party, consisting of fifty men, came thither some days before the time. They stayed there till the 24th, but none came to join them. On the 25th, they were attacked by two hundred Chicasaws. The French attempted to force their way through them. Five or six and twenty did so; the rest were taken prisoners. The prisoners were sent two or three to a town to be burnt. Only the commanding officer and one or two more were put to death on the place of the engagement."

"I," said he, "and one more, were saved by the warrior who took us. The manner of burning the rest was, holding lighted canes to their arms and legs, and several parts of their bodies, for some time, and then for a while taking them away. They likewise stuck burning pieces of wood into their flesh all round, in which condition they kept them from morning till evening. But they commonly beat them before they burnt them. I saw the Priest that was with us carried to be burnt; and from head to foot, he was as black as your coat with the blows which they had given him."

I asked him, "What was their manner of life?" He said, "They do nothing but eat and drink and smoke, from morning till night, and in a manner from night till morning. For they rise at any hour of the night when they awake; and after eating and drinking as much as they can, go to sleep again." See *The Religion of Nature truly delineated!*

Saturday 23, Reflecting on the state I was now in, I could not but observe, in a letter to a friend, "How to attain to the being crucified with Christ, I find not, being in a condition I neither desired, nor expected in America, in ease and honour and abundance. A strange school for him who has but one business, γυμναζειν σεαυτον προς ευσεβειαν.*

Wednesday 27, I rejoiced to meet once more with that good soldier of Jesus Christ, August Spangenburg; with whom, on Monday, August 1, I began my long-intended journey to Ebenezer. In the way, I told him, "The calm we had so long enjoyed was now drawing to an end: That I hoped he would shortly see I was not, as some had told him, a respecter of persons; but was determined, God being my helper, to behave indifferently to all, rich or poor, friends or enemies." I then asked his advice as to the difficulty I foresaw, and resolved, by God's grace to follow it.

In the evening we came to New Ebenezer, where the poor Saltzburghers are settled. The industry of this people is quite surprising. Their sixty huts are neatly and regularly built; and all the little spots of ground between them, improved to the best advantage. One side of the town is a field of Indian corn; on the other are the plantations of several private persons: all which together, one would scarce think it possible for a handful of people to have done in one year.

* To exercise himself unto godliness.

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Wednesday 3, We returned to Savannah. Sunday 7, I repelled Mrs. Williamson from the Holy Communion. And Monday 8th, Mr. Recorder of Savannah, issued out the warrant following:

"GEORGIA. SAVANNAH. SS.

"*To all Constables, Tythingmen, and others whom These may concern:*

"You and each of you are hereby required, to take the body of John Wesley, Clerk:

"And bring him before one of the Bailiffs of the said town, to answer the complaint of William Williamson and Sophia his wife, for defaming the said Sophia, and refusing to administer to her the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in a public congregation without cause; by which the said William Williamson is damaged one thousand pounds sterling. And for so doing, this is your warrant, certifying what you are to do on the premises. Given under my hand and seal, the 8th day of August, Anno Dom. 1737.

THO. CHRISTIE."

Tuesday 9, Mr. Jones the constable served the warrant, and carried me before Mr. Bailiff Parker and Mr. Recorder. My answer to them was, That "The giving or refusing the Lord's Supper, being a matter purely ecclesiastical, I could not acknowledge their power to interrogate me upon it." Mr. Parker told me, "However, you must appear at the next court holden for Savannah." Mr. Williamson (who stood by) said, "Gentlemen, I desire Mr. Wesley may give bail for his appearance." But Mr. Parker immediately replied, "Sir, Mr. Wesley's word is sufficient."

Wednesday. 10, Mr. Causton, (from a just regard, as his letter expressed it, to the friendship which had subsisted between us, till this affair) required me to give the reasons in the Court-house, why I repelled Mrs. Williamson from the Holy Communion? I answered, "I apprehend many ill consequences may arise from so doing. Let the cause be laid before the Trustees."

Thursday 11, Mr. Causton came to my house, and among many other sharp words, said, "Make an end of this matter, thou hadst best. My niece to be used thus! I have drawn the sword, and I will never sheath it, till I have satisfaction."

Soon after he added, "Give the reasons of your repelling her, before the whole congregation." I answered, "Sir, if you insist upon it, I will; and so you may be pleased to tell her." He said, "Write to her and tell her so yourself." I said, I will; and after he went, I wrote as follows:

"TO MRS. SOPHIA WILLIAMSON.

"At Mr. Causton's request, I write once more. The rules whereby I proceed are these:

"So many as intend to be partakers of the Holy Communion, shall signify their names to the Curate, at least, some time the day before. This you did not.

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"And if any of these — have done any wrong to his neighbour by word or deed, so that the congregation be thereby offended, the Curate —— shall advertise him, that in any wise he presume not to come to the Lord's Table, until he hath openly declared himself to have truly repented.

"If you offer yourself at the Lord's Table on Sunday, I will advertise you, as I have done more than once, wherein you have done wrong. And when you have openly declared yourself to have truly repented, I will administer to you the mysteries of God.

August 11, 1737. JOHN WESLEY."

Mr. Delamotte carrying this, Mr. Causton said among many other warm sayings, "I am the person that am injured. The affront is offered to me; and I will espouse the cause of my niece. I am ill used; and I will have satisfaction, if it be to be had in the world."

Which way this satisfaction was to be had, I did not yet conceive. But on Friday and Saturday it began to appear; Mr. Causton declaring to many persons, That Mr. Wesley had repelled Sophy from the Holy Communion, purely out of revenge; because he had made proposals of marriage to her, which she rejected, and married Mr. Williamson.

I was only afraid, lest those who were weak, should be turned out of the way; at least, so far as to forsake the public assembling of themselves together. But I feared where no fear was. God took care of this also. So that on Sunday 14, more were present at the morning prayers, than had been for some months before. Many of them observed those words in the first lesson, "Set Naboth on high among the people; and set two men, sons of Belial, before him, to bear witness against him."

Tuesday 16, Mrs. Williamson swore to and signed an affidavit, insinuating much more than it asserted: But asserting, "That Mr. Wesley had many times proposed marriage to her, all which proposals she had rejected." Of this I desired a copy: Mr. Causton replied, "Sir, you may have one from any of the newspapers in America."

On Thursday or Friday was delivered out a list of twenty-six men, who were to meet as a grand jury, on Monday the 22d. But this list was called in the next day, and twenty-four names added to it. Of this grand jury (forty-four of whom only met), one was a Frenchman, who did not understand English, one a papist, one a professed infidel, three baptists, sixteen or seventeen others dissenters, and several others who had personal quarrels against me, and had openly vowed revenge.

To this grand jury, on Monday the 22d, Mr. Causton gave a long and earnest charge, to beware of spiritual tyranny, and to oppose the new, illegal authority which was usurped over their consciences. Then Mrs. Williamson's affidavit was read: after which, Mr. Causton delivered to the grand jury, a paper intitled—

"*A List of Grievances, presented by the Grand Jury for Savannah, this day of August*, 1737."

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This the majority of the grand jury altered in some particulars, and on Thursday, September 1, delivered it again to the court, under the form of two presentments, containing ten bills, which were then read to the people.

Herein they asserted, upon oath, "That John Wesley, Clerk, had broken the Laws of the Realm, contrary to the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King his Crown and Dignity.

"1. By speaking and writing to Mrs. Williamson, against her husband's consent:

2. By repelling her from the Holy Communion:

3. By not declaring his adherence to the Church of England:

4. By dividing the morning service on Sundays:

5. By refusing to baptize Mr. Parker's child otherwise than by dipping, except the parents would certify it was weak, and not able to bear it:

6. By repelling William Gough from the Holy Communion:

7. By refusing to read the burial-service over the body of Nathaniel Polhill:

8. By calling himself Ordinary of Savannah:

9. By refusing to receive William Aglionby as a god-father, only because he was not a communicant:

10. By refusing Jacob Matthews for the same reason; and baptizing an Indian trader's child with only two sponsors." (This, I own, was wrong; for I ought, at all hazards, to have refused baptizing it till he had procured a third.)

Friday 2, Was the third court, at which I appeared, since my being carried before Mr. P. and the Recorder.

I now moved for an immediate hearing on the first bill, being the only one of a civil nature; but it was refused. I made the same motion in the afternoon; but was put off till the next court day.

On the next court day I appeared again; as also at the two courts following; but could not be heard, *because*, the judge said, Mr. Williamson *was gone out of town.*

The sense of the minority of the grand jurors themselves, for they were by no means unanimous, concerning these presentments, may appear from the following paper, which they transmitted to the Trustees:

"TO THE HONOURABLE THE TRUSTEES FOR GEORGIA.

"Whereas two Presentments have been made, the one of August 23, the other of August 31, by the Grand Jury for the Town and County of Savannah in Georgia, against John Wesley, Clerk;

"We whose names are underwritten, being members of the said Grand Jury, do humbly beg leave to signify our dislike of the said Presentments; being by many and divers circumstances thoroughly persuaded in ourselves, that the whole charge against Mr. Wesley, is an artifice of Mr. Causton, designed rather to blacken the character of Mr. Wesley, than to free the Colony from religious tyranny, as he was pleased in his charge to us to term it. But as these circumstances will be too tedious to trouble your Honours with, we shall

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only beg leave to give the reasons of our dissent from the particular bills.

"With regard to the first bill, we do not apprehend that Mr. Wesley acted against any law, by writing or speaking to Mrs. Williamson, since it does not appear to us, that the said Mr. Wesley has either spoke in private, or wrote to, the said Mrs. Williamson, since March 12, [the day of her marriage,] except one letter of July the 5th, which he wrote at the request of her uncle, as a pastor, to exhort and reprove her.

"The second we do not apprehend to be a true Bill, because we humbly conceive Mr. Wesley did not assume to himself any authority contrary to law: for we understand, *Every person intending to communicate, should 'signify his name to the Curate, at least some time the day before,'* which Mr. Williamson did not do, although Mr. Wesley had often in full congregation, declared, he did insist on a compliance with that Rubrick, and *had before repelled divers persons for non-compliance therewith.*

"The third we do not think a true Bill, because several of us have been his hearers, when he has declared his adherence to the Church of England, in a stronger manner than by a formal declaration; by explaining and defending the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian Creeds, the Thirty-nine Articles, the whole book of Common Prayers, and the Homilies of the said church: and because we think a formal declaration is not required, but from those who have received institution and induction.

"The fact alleged in the fourth bill we cannot apprehend to be contrary to any law in being.

"The fifth we do not think a true bill, because we conceive Mr. Wesley is justified by the Rubrick, viz. '*If they* (the parents) *certify that the child is weak, it shall suffice to pour water upon it.*' Intimating, as we humbly suppose, it shall not suffice, if they do not certify.

"The sixth cannot be a true bill, because the said William Gough, being one of our members, was surprised to hear himself named, without his knowledge or privity; and did publicly declare, '*It was no grievance to him, because the said* JOHN WESLEY *had given him reasons with which he was satisfied.*'

"The seventh we do not apprehend to be a true bill, for Nathaniel Polhill was an Anabaptist, and desired in his life-time, that he might not be interred with the office of the Church of England. And farther, we have good reason to believe, that Mr. Wesley was at Frederica, or on his return thence, when Polhill was buried.

"As to the eighth bill we are in doubt, as not well knowing the meaning of the word *Ordinary*. But for the ninth and tenth, we think Mr. Wesley is sufficiently justified by the Canons of the Church; which forbid *any person to be admitted Godfather or Godmother to any child, before the said person has received the holy communion;* whereas William Aglionby and Jacob Matthews, had never certified Mr. Wesley that they had received it."

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This was signed by twelve of the grand Jurors, of whom three were constables, and six more, Tything-men: who, consequently, would have made a majority, had the Jury consisted, as it regularly should have done, of only fifteen members, viz. the four constables and eleven Tything-men.

Friday, Sept. 30, Having ended the Homilies, I began reading Dr. Rogers's eight Sermons to the congregation: hoping they might be a timely antidote against the poison of infidelity, which was now, with great industry, propagated among us.

Oct. 7, I consulted my friends, whether God did not call me to return to England? The reason for which I left it had now no force; there being no possibility as yet of instructing the Indians: neither had I as yet found or heard of any Indians on the continent of America, who had the least desire of being instructed. And as to Savannah, having never engaged myself, either by word or letter, to stay there a day longer than I should judge convenient, nor ever take charge of the people any otherwise, than as in my passage to the heathen, I looked upon myself to be fully discharged therefrom, by the vacating of that design. Besides, there was a probability of doing more service to that unhappy people, in England, than I could do in Georgia, by representing, without fear or favour, to the Trustees, the real state the Colony was in. After deeply considering these things, they were unanimous. *That I ought to go. But not yet.* So I laid the thoughts of it aside for the present: being persuaded, that when the time was come, God would *make the way plain before my face.*

Saturday, Oct. 15, being at Highgate, a village five miles from Savannah, consisting of (all but one) French families, who, I found, knew but little of the English tongue, I offered to read prayers there in French, every Saturday in the afternoon. They embraced the offer gladly. On Saturday the 22d, I read prayers in German likewise, to the German villagers of Hampstead: and so continued to do, once a week. We began the service (both at Highgate and Hampstead) with singing a psalm. Then I read and explained a chapter in the French or German Testament, and concluded with prayers and another psalm.

Saturday, Oct. 29, Some of the French of Savannah were present at the prayers at Highgate. The next day I received a message from them all, "That as I read prayers to the French of Highgate, who were but few, they hoped I would do the same to those of Savannah, where there was a large number who did not understand English." Sunday 30, I began so to do: and now I had full employment for that Holy day. The first English prayers lasted from five till half an hour past six. The Italian (which I read to a few Vaudois) began at nine. The second service for the English (including the sermon and the holy communion) continued from half an hour past ten, till about half an hour past twelve. The French service began at one. At two I catechised the children. About three began the English service. After this was ended, I had the happiness of joining with as many as my largest room would hold, in reading, praying and

singing praise. And about six the service of the Moravians began: at which I was glad to be present, not as a Teacher, but a Learner.

Thursday, Nov. 3, I appeared again at the Court holden on that day: and again, at the Court held, Tuesday, Nov. 22: on which day Mr. Causton desired to speak with me. He then read me some affidavits which had been made, September 15, last past: in one of which it was affirmed, "That I then abused Mr. Causton in his own house, calling him liar, villain, and so on." It was now, likewise, repeated before several persons, (which indeed I had forgot) "That I had been reprimanded, at the last Court, for being an enemy to, and hinderer of the public peace."

I again consulted my friends, who agreed with me, that the time we looked for was now come. And the next morning calling on Mr. Causton, I told him, "I designed to set out for England immediately." I set up an advertisment in the Great Square to the same effect and quietly prepared for my journey.

Friday, Dec. 2, I proposed to set out for Carolina about noon, the tide then serving. But about ten the magistrates sent for me, and told me, "I must not go out of the province; for I had not answered the allegations laid against me." I replied, *I have appeared at six or seven Courts successively, in order to answer them. But I was not suffered so to do, when I desired it time after time.* Then they said, "However, I must not go, unless I would give security to answer those allegations at their court." I asked, *What security?* After consulting together about two hours, the recorder shewed me a kind of bond, engaging me, under a penalty of fifty pounds, to appear at their court when I should be required. He added, "But Mr. Williamson too has desired of us, that you should give bail to answer his action." I then told him plainly, *Sir, you use me very ill, and so you do the Trustees. I will give neither any Bond, nor any Bail at all. You know your business, and I know mine.*

In the afternoon the Magistrates published an order requiring all the officers and centinels, to prevent my going out of the province; and forbidding any person to assist me so to do. Being now only a prisoner at large, in a place where I knew by experience, every day would give fresh opportunity to procure evidence of words I never said, and actions I never did; I saw clearly the hour was come for leaving this place: and, soon as evening prayers were over, about eight o'clock, the tide then serving, I shook off the dust of my feet, and left Georgia, after having preached the Gospel there, not as I ought, but as I was able, one year, and nearly nine months. During this time I had frequent opportunities of making many observations and inquiries, concerning the real state of this province, (which has been so variously represented), the English settlements therein, and the Indians that have intercourse with them. These I minuted down from time to time; a small extract of which I have subjoined.

1. Georgia lies in the 30 and 31st degrees of north latitude. The air is generally clear, the rains being much shorter, as well as heavier than in England. The dews are very great, thunder and lightning are expected almost every day, in May, June, July, and August.

They are very terrible, especially to a stranger. During those months, from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon, the sun is extremely scorching. But the sea-breeze generally blows, from ten till three or four. The winter is nearly of the same length as in England. But the mid-day sun is always warm, even when the mornings and evenings are very sharp, and the nights piercing cold.

2. The land is of four sorts, Pine-barren, Oakland, Swamp, and Marsh. The Pine-land is of far the greatest extent, especially near the sea-coasts. The soil of this, is a dry whitish sand, producing shrubs of several sorts, and between them a spiry coarse grass, which cattle do not love to feed on. But here and there is a little of a better kind, especially in the Savannahs, so they call the low, watery meadows, which are usually intermixt with Pine-lands. It bears naturally two sorts of fruit, Hurtle-berries, much like those in England, and chincopin-nuts; a dry, harsh nut, about the size of a small acorn. A laborious man may, in one year, clear and plant four or five acres of this land. It will produce the first year, from two to four bushels of Indian corn, and from four to eight of Indian pease per acre. The second year it usually bears half as much; the third, less; the fourth, nothing.

3. Vines, mulberries, and peach-trees, it bears well. The white mulberry is not good to eat. The black is about the size of a blackberry, and has much the same flavour. In fresh pine-land, Indian potatoes grow well, which are more luscious and larger than the Irish. And so do water-melons and Sewee-beans, about the size of our scarlet, but to be shelled and eaten like Windsor beans.

4. Oak-land commonly lies in narrow streaks between Pine-land and some Swamp, Creek, or River. The soil is a blackish sand, producing several kinds of Oak, (though none exactly like the English) Bay, Laurel, Ash, Walnut, Sumac-trees, Gum-trees (a sort of Sycamore), Dog-trees covered in spring with large white flowers, and many Hickory-trees, which bear a bad kind of walnut. In the moistest part of this land some parsimmon-trees grow, which bear a sort of yellow, clear, luscious plum, and a few mulberry and cherry-trees. The common wild-grapes are of two sorts, both red: The fox-grape grows two or three only on a stalk, is thick skinned, large stoned, of a harsh taste, and of the size of a small Kentish cherry. The cluster-grape is of a harsh taste too, and about the size of a white currant.

5. This land requires much labour to clear; but when it is cleared, it will bear any grain, for three, four, or sometimes five years, without laying any manure upon it. An acre of it generally bears ten bushels of Indian corn, besides five of pease in a year. So that this at present is justly esteemed the most valuable land in the province.

6. A Swamp is any low, watery place, which is covered with trees or canes. They are here of three sorts, Cypress, River, and Cane-swamps. Cypress-swamps are mostly large ponds, in and round which Cypresses grow. Most river-swamps are overflown every tide by the river which runs through or near them. If they were drained, they would produce good rice, as would the cane-swamps

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also; which in the mean-time are the best feeding for all sorts of cattle.

7. The marshes are of two sorts: soft marsh, which is all a quagmire, and absolutely good for nothing; And hard marsh, which is a firm, but a barren sand, bearing only sour rushes. Marshes of both sorts abound on the sea islands, which are very numerous, and contain all sorts of land. And upon these chiefly, near creeks and runs of water, juniper trees and cedars grow.

8. Savannah stands on a flat bluff, (so they term any high land hanging over a creek or river), which rises 45 feet perpendicular from the river, and commands it several miles both upward and downward. The soil is a white sand for above a mile in breadth, South East, and North West. Beyond this, eastward, is a river swamp; westward a small wood, in which was the only Indian town. On the other side of the river is a marshy island, covered with large trees. South-west of the town is a large pine-barren, which extends backward to a branch of the Alatamahaw river.

9. St. Simon's island, having on the South-east the gulph of Florida; on the other sides, branches of the Alatamahaw, is about 100 miles south of Savannah, and extends in length about 20, in breadth from two to five miles. On the west side of it, on a low bluff, stands Frederica, having woods to the north and south; to the east, partly woods, partly Savannahs, and partly marshes. The soil is mostly a blackish sand. There is not much pine land on the island; the greatest part being oak land, intermixed with many Savannahs, and old Spanish or Indian fields.

10. On the sea point, about five miles South-east of the town, is the fort where the soldiers are stationed. But the store house in Frederica better deserves that name; being encompassed with regular ramparts of earth, and a palisaded ditch, and mounted with cannon, which entirely command the river.

11. About twenty miles North-west from St. Simon's is Darien, the settlement of the Scotch Highlanders, a mile from Fort King George, which was built about seventeen and abandoned about eleven years since. The town lies on the main land, close to a branch of the Alatamahaw, on a bluff, thirty feet above the river, having woods on all sides. The soil is a blackish sand. They built at first many scattered huts; but last spring, (1736) expecting the Spaniards, they built themselves a large fort, and all retired within the walls of it.

12. Augusta, distant from Savannah one hundred and fifty miles, and five from old Savannah town, is designed to stand in an old Indian field, on a bluff, about thirty feet high. A small fort of wooden piles was built there in 1737; but no house was then built nor any more ground cleared, than Mr. Lacy and his men found so.

13. Old Ebenezer, where the Saltzburghers settled at first, lies twenty-five miles west of Savannah. A small creek runs by the town, down to the river, and many brooks run between the little hills: but the soil is a hungry, barren sand; and upon any sudden shower, the brooks rise several feet perpendicular, and overflow whatever is near them. Since the Saltzburghers removed, two English

families have been placed there: But these too say, "That the land is good for nothing; and that the creek is of little use; it being by water twenty miles to the river; and the water generally so low in summer time, that a boat cannot come within six or seven miles of the town."

14. New Ebenezer, to which the Saltzburghers removed in March 1736, lies six miles eastward from the Old, on a high bluff, near the Savannah river. Here are some tracts of fruitful land, though the greatest part of that adjoining to the town, is pine-barren. The huts, sixty in number, are neatly and regularly built; the little piece of ground allotted to each for a garden, is every where put to the best use no spot being left unplanted. Nay, even one of the main streets, being one more than was as yet wanted, bore them this year a crop of Indian corn.

15. About ten miles east of this, on a creek, three miles from the river, was the village of Abercorn. Ten families settled here in 1733; but it is now without inhabitants. Four miles below the mouth of Abercorn-creek is Joseph's-town, the settlement of two Scotch gentlemen. A mile below was Sir Francis Bathurst's plantation; and a quarter of a mile from this, Walter Augustine's settlement. But both these are left without inhabitant.

16. A mile below this is Capt. William's plantation: a mile from thence, Mrs. Matthew's (late Musgrove), commonly known by the name of the Cowpen; adjoining to which is the land belonging to Capt. Watson, on which is an unfinished house, swiftly running to ruin. A mile from this is Irene, a house built for an Indian school, in the year 1736. It stands on a small round hill, in a little piece of fruitful ground, given by the Indians to Mr. Ingham. The Indian town is within a furlong of it.

17. Five miles south-west of Savannah, on a small rise, stands the village of Highgate. It has pine-land on three sides, and a swamp on the fourth. Twelve familes were placed here in 1733; nine whereof remain there. A mile eastward of this is Hampstead, settled with twelve families also, a little before Highgate; five of which are still remaining.

18. Six miles south-east of Savannah is Thunderbolt. Three families are settled here, near a small, ruinous fort: four miles south of this, is the island of Skidoway; on the north-east point whereof ten families were placed in 1733-4; a small fort was built here likewise, but nine of them are either dead, or removed to other places. A small creek divides Skidoway from Tybee island, on the south-east part of which, fronting the inlet, the light-house is built. Ten families were settled here in 1734; but they are part dead, and part removed, so that the island is now again without any fixt inhabitant.

19. Twelve miles southward from Savannah by land, is Mr. Houston's plantation; and forty or fifty miles from him, up Ogeechy river, that where Mr. Sterling for some time lived. Fort Argyle stands twenty miles from this, on a high bluff, by the river Ogeechy. 'Tis a small square wooden fort, musket-proof. Ten freeholders were

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settled near it; but eight of them are gone, and the land they had cleared lying waste, will in a few years be as it was before.

20. The southernmost settlement in Georgia, is Fort St. Andrews; it stands fifty miles south of Frederica, on the south-west side of Cumberland island, upon a high neck of land, which commands the river both ways. The walls are of wood, filled up with earth, round which are a ditch and palisade.

21. It is hard to pick out any consistent account of the Georgian Indians, from the contradictory relations of their traders. The following is extracted, partly from those wherein all or the generality of them agree, partly from the relations of such as have been occasionally amongst them, and have no interest in making them better or worse than they are.

22. Of the Georgian Indians in general, it may be observed, That they are not so properly nations, as tribes or clans, who have wandered thither at different times; perhaps expelled their native countries by stronger tribes; but how or when they cannot tell, being none of them able to give any rational account of themselves. They are inured to hardships of all kinds, and surprisingly patient of pain. But as they have no letters, so they have no religion, no laws, no civil government. Nor have they any kings or princes, properly speaking; their Meeko's or Head-men, having no power either to command or punish, no man obeying them any farther than he pleases. So that every one doth what is right in his own eyes; and if it appear wrong to his neighbour, the person aggrieved usually steals on the other unawares, and shoots him, scalps him, or cuts off his ears: having only two short rules of proceeding, to do what he will, and what he can.

23. They are likewise all, except, perhaps, the Choctaws, gluttons, drunkards, thieves, dissemblers, liars. They are implacable, unmerciful, murderers of fathers, murderers of mothers, murderers of their own children: It being a common thing for a son to shoot his father or mother, because, they are old and past labour; and for a woman either to procure abortion, or to throw her child into the next river, because she will go with her husband to the war. Indeed husbands, strictly speaking, they have none; for any man leaves his wife, so called, at pleasure, who frequently, in return, cuts the throats of all the children she has had by him. Whoredom they account no crime, and few instances appear of a young Indian woman's refusing any one. Nor have they any fixed punishment for adultery; only, if the husband takes his wife with another man, he will do what he can to both, unless speedily pacified by the present of a gun or a blanket.

24, The Choctaws only have some appearance of an entire nation, possessing a large extent of land, eight or nine hundred miles west of Savannah, and many well inhabited towns. They are said to have six thousand fighting men, united under one head. At present they are in league with the French, who have sent some priests among them; by whom if one may credit the Choctaw traders, ten or twelve have been baptized.

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25. Next to these, to the north-east, are the Chicasaws. Their country is flat, full of meadows, springs, and rivers. In their fields, though six or seven hundred miles from the sea, are found sea-shells in great numbers. They have about nine hundred fighting-men, ten towns, and one Meeko, at least, in every one. They are eminently gluttons, eating, drinking, and smoking all day, and almost all night. They are extremely indolent and lazy, except in war; then they are the most indefatigable, and the most valiant of all the Indians: but they are equally cruel with the rest, torturing and burning all their prisoners, whether Indian or European.

26. East of them, in the latitude of 35 and 36, about three or four hundred miles from Savannah, lie the Cherokees. Their country is very mountainous, fruitful, and pleasant. They have fifty-two towns, and above three thousand fighting men. In each town are three or more head-men, who keep up a sort of shadow of government, having power to set the rest to work, and to punish such as will not join in the common labour. They are civil to strangers, and will do any thing for them for pay; being always willing for a small piece of money, to carry a message for fifty or sixty miles, and if required, a heavy burden too, but they are equally cruel to prisoners with the Chicasaws, though not equally valiant. They are seldom intemperate in drinking, but when they can be so on free cost. Otherwise, love of drink yields to covetousness; a vice scarcely to be found in any Indian but a Cherokee.

27. The Uchees have only one small town left, near two hundred miles from Savannah, and about forty fighting-men. The Creeks have been many times on the point of cutting them off. They are indeed hated by most, and despised by all the other nations, as well for their cowardice, as their superlative diligence in thieving, and for out-lying all the Indians upon the continent.

28. The Creek Indians are about 400 miles from Savannah. They are said to be bounded on the west by the Choctaws, to the north by the Chicasaws, to the east by the Cherokees, and to the south by the Altamahaw river. They have many towns, a plain well-watered country, and fifteen hundred fighting men. They have often three or four Meeko's in a town; but without so much as the shadow of authority, only to give advice, which every one is at liberty to take or leave. But age and reputation for valour and wisdom, have given Chicali, a Meeko of the Coweta-town, a more than ordinary influence over the nation; though not even the show of regal power. Yet neither age, wisdom, nor reputation, can restrain him from drunkenness. Indeed all the Creeks, having been most conversant with white men, are most infected with an insatiate love of drink, as well as other European vices. They are more exquisite dissemblers than the rest of their countrymen. They know not what friendship or gratitude means. They shew no inclination to learn any thing; but least of all Christianity; being full as opiniated of their own parts and wisdom, as either modern Chinese or ancient Romans.

Saturday Dec. 3, We came to Purrysburg early in the morning, and endeavoured to procure a guide for Port-Royal. But none being

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to be had, we set out without one an hour before sun-rise. After walking two or three hours, we met with an old man, who led us into a small path, near which was a line of blazed trees (*i. e.* marked by cutting off part of the bark) by following which, he said, we might easily come to Port-Royal in five or six hours.

We were four in all; one of whom intended to go for England with me; the other two to settle in Carolina. About eleven we came into a large swamp, where we wandered about till near two. We then found another blaze, and pursued it till it divided into two; one of these we followed through an almost impassable thicket, a mile beyond which it ended. We made through the thicket again, and traced the other blaze till that ended too. It now grew toward sun-set, so we sat down, faint and weary, having had no food all day, except a gingerbread cake, which I had taken in my pocket; a third of this we had divided amongst us at noon; another third we took now; the rest we reserved for the morning; but we had met with no water all the day. Thrusting a stick into the ground, and finding the end of it moist, two of our company fell a digging with their hands, and at about three feet depth found water. We thanked God, drank, and were refreshed. The night was sharp; however there was no complaining among us; but after having commended ourselves to God, we lay down close together, and, I at least, slept till near six in the morning.

Sunday 4, God renewing our strength, we arose neither faint nor weary, and resolved to make one trial more, to find a path to Port-Royal. We steered due east; but finding neither path nor blaze, and the woods growing thicker and thicker, we judged it would be our best course to return, if we could, by the way we came. The day before, in the thickest part of the woods, I had broke many young trees, I knew not why, as we walked along; these we found a great help in several places where no path was to be seen; and between one and two, God brought us safe to Benjamin Arien's house, the old man we left the day before.

In the evening I read French prayers to a numerous family, a mile from Arien's; one of whom undertook to guide us to Port Royal. In the morning we set out. About sunset, we asked our guide if he knew where he was? who frankly answered, No. However we pushed on till about seven we came to a plantation; and the next evening after many difficulties and delays; we landed on Port-Royal island.

Wednesday 7, We walked to Beaufort, where Mr. Jones, the minister of Beaufort, with whom I lodged during my short stay here, gave me a lively idea of the old English hospitality. On Thursday Mr. Delamotte came; with whom, on Friday 9, I took boat for Charles-Town. After a slow passage, by reason of contrary winds, and some conflict, our provisions falling short, with hunger as well as cold, we came thither early in the morning, on Tuesday the 13th. Here I expected trials of a different kind, and far more dangerous. For contempt and want are easy to be borne: but who can bear respect and abundance?

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Wednesday 14, Being desired to read public prayers, I was much refreshed with those glorious promises, contained both in the 72d Psalm, and in the first Lesson, the 40th chapter of Isaiah: Yea, *they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, and mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.*

In the afternoon, visiting a dying man, we found him still full of the freshest advices, and busy in settling the affairs of the Czarina, Prince Thames, and the Ottoman Port. How natural then is the thought

——————————Quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos?

For if a soul quivering on the verge of life, has still leisure for these impertinencies, one might almost believe the same dreams would continue, even in the sleep of death!

Friday 16, I parted from the last of those friends, who came with me into America, Mr. Charles Delamotte, from whom I had been but a few days separate, since Oct. 14, 1735.

Sunday 18, I was seized with a violent flux, which I felt came not before I wanted it. Yet I had strength enough given to preach once more to this careless people: and a few *believed our report.*

Thursday 22*, I took my leave of America, though, if it please God, not for ever, going on board the Samuel, Captain Piercy, with

* "In the beginning of the following May, Mr. Whitefield arrived at Savannah, where he found some serious persons, the fruits of Mr. Wesley's ministry, glad to receive him. He had now an opportunity of inquiring upon the spot, into the circumstances of the late disputes, and bear testimony to the ill usage Mr. Wesley had received, but adds, he thought it most prudent not to repeat grievances. (See Robert's Narrative of Mr. George Whitefield, page 56.) When he was at Charles-Town, Mr. Garden acquainted him with the ill treatment Mr. Wesley had met with, and assured him, that were the same arbitrary proceedings to commence against him, he would defend him with life and fortune. These testimonies of persons so respectable, and capable of knowing all the circumstances of the affair, coincide with the statement above given, and with candid persons must do away all suspicions with regard to the integrity of Mr. Wesley's conduct." *Whitehead's Life of Wesley.*

The following is copied from, "*The Life of the* REV. JOHN WESLEY, *A. M., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; in which are included, the Life of his Brother, the* REV. CHARLES WESLEY, *&c. &c. By the* REV. HENRY MOORE, *only surviving Trustee of* MR. WESLEY'S *MSS.* 8vo. 2 Vols. London, and New-York, 1824. *American Edit.*

* There is a silence observed in Mr. Wesley's Journal in respect to some parts of this event, which it is possible has caused even friendly readers to hesitate concerning the propriety of his conduct; or at least concerning that propriety which they might be led to expect from so great a character. But what has hitherto been defective, I am happy in being able to supply. The actors in this scene are now, we may hope, in a better world; the last of them died a very few years before Mr Wesley. I am not therefore bound, as Mr. Wesley thought himself, when he published the account, to let a veil

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a young gentleman who had been a few months in Carolina, one of my parishoners in Savannah, and a Frenchman, late of Purrysburg, who had escaped thence with the skin of his teeth.

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be thrown over this transaction: but rather to let "*his innocency appear as the light, and his just dealing as the noonday.*"

"General Oglethorpe was, what is called, an excellent judge of human nature. He was also a man of courage and enterprise. He had enlarged views of what might be done, with proper instruments, on the wide continent of America. He had heard much of Mr. Wesley before he engaged himself as a Missionary, having been intimate with his eldest brother. But he saw, during the voyage, that the half was not told him. He saw a man of great ability, a man superior to every thing that usually captivates human nature. He saw a man, as he thought, fit for his purpose. But Mr. Wesley's religion, or, as he termed it, his enthusiasm, the General lamented, as standing in the way. On their arrival, therefore, in Georgia, he resolved to try, if that obstacle was not to be surmounted.

"Miss Sophy,* the lady already mentioned, was niece to Mrs. Causton, the wife of Mr. Causton the store-keeper, and chief magistrate of Savannah, in which station he was placed by the General. In this lady, who had an improved understanding, and elegant person and manners, General Oglethorpe thought he had found a proper bait for this "soaring religionist." And as some of the greatest men that are recorded even in the oracles of God, have fallen by this snare, he had some ground to hope for success. But, in order to this, it was absolutely needful to detain him for some considerable time at Savannah. Whenever, therefore, he mentioned his uneasiness at being obstructed in his main design, that of preaching to the Indians, he was answered, "You cannot leave Savannah without a minister." "To this indeed," observes Mr. Wesley, "my plain answer was, I know not that I am under any obligation to the contrary. I never promised to stay here one month. I openly declared both before, at, and ever since my coming hither that I neither would nor could take charge of the English any longer than till I could go among the Indians. If it was said, 'But did not the trustees of Georgia appoint you to be minister of Savannah? I replied, They did; but it was not done by my solicitation; it was done without either my desire or knowledge. Therefore I cannot conceive that appointment to lay me under any obligation of continuing here, any longer than till a door is opened to the heathens; and this I expressly declared, at the time I consented to accept that appointment.

"Miss Sophy had been some time before introduced to him as a sincere inquirer after the way of eternal life. After some time he observed, that she took every possible opportunity of being in his company. She also desired a greater intimacy, but modesty veiled her real motive under a request, that he would assist her in attaining a perfect knowledge of the French tongue.

"After some time the General called upon him, and requested him to dine with him; adding, "Mr. Wesley, there are some here who have a wrong idea of your abstemiousness. They think that you hold the eating of animal food, and drinking wine to be unlawful. I beg that you will convince them of the contrary." He resolved to do so. At table he took a little of both, but a fever was the consequence, which confined him for five days.

* Her name was not Causton. Mr. Wesley told me her name, but I cannot recollect it.

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Saturday 24, We sailed over Charles-Town bar, and about noon, lost sight of land.

The next day the wind was fair, but high: as it was on Sunday 25, when the sea affected me more than it had done, in the sixteen weeks

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"Now was the time to try if indeed "his heart was made of penetrable stuff." Notwithstanding an extreme reluctance on his part, (who would hardly suffer even Mr. Delamotte to do any thing for him,) the young lady attended him night and day. She even consulted the General what dress would be most agreeable to Mr. Wesley, and therefore came always dressed in white, "*simplex munditiis*," as Horace said of his mistress, neatly, simply elegant. Those who have known Mr. Wesley, will forestall our judgment here: They well know what impression all this was likely to make. He was indeed as our great poet observes,

> ——Of a constant, loving, noble nature;
> That thinks men honest, if they seem but so.

How then must this appearance of strong affection, from a woman of sense and elegance, nay, and as it should seem, of piety too, affect him! Especially considering, (it is his own account,) that he had never before familiarly conversed with any woman, except his near relations. I hardly need to add, that, upon his recovery, he entertained his fair pupil with more than usual complacency.

"But Mr. Delamotte had not learned, to (use a common expression of Mr. Wesley's,) to "defy suspicion." He thought he saw

> Semblance of worth, not substance.

"He therefore embraced an opportunity of expostulating with Mr. Wesley; and asked him if he designed to marry Miss Sophy? At the same time he set forth in a strong light, her art and his simplicity. Though pleased with the attention of his fair friend, Mr. Wesley had not allowed himself to determine upon marriage;* Mr. Delamotte's question therefore not a little puzzled him. He waived an answer at that time; and perceiving the prejudice of Mr. Delamotte's mind against the lady, he called on Bishop Nitschman, and consulted him.—His answer was short. "Marriage," said he, "you know is not unlawful. Whether it is now expedient for you, and whether this lady is a proper wife for you, ought to be maturely weighed." Finding his perplexity increase, he determined to propose his doubts to the elders of the Moravian Church. When he entered into the house, where they were met together, he found Mr. Delamotte sitting among them. On his proposing the business, the Bishop replied, "We have considered your case. Will you abide by our decision?" He answered, after some hesitation, "I will," "Then," said the Bishop, "we advise you to proceed no further in this business," He replied, "The will of the Lord be done!" From this time, he behaved with the greatest caution towards her, and avoided every thing that tended to continue the intimacy, though he easily perceived what pain this change in his conduct gave her, as it did also to himself.

"Soon after this, one of those ladies already mentioned in this narrative, came to him, and related under a promise of secrecy, what I have now de-

* Dr. Whitehead affirms, "he did intend to marry her, and was not a little pained when she broke off the connexion." I know that he ultimately broke it off; but I know also that he did not at any time determine on marriage. I had the whole account from himself; and I do not know, that he ever told it to any other person.

of our passage to America. I was obliged to lie down the greatest part of the day, being easy only in that posture.

Monday 26, I began instructing a Negro lad in the principles of Christianity. The next day I resolved to break off living delicately,

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clared concerning the hitherto mysterious part of this event; adding these words, "Sir, I had no rest till I resolved to tell you the whole affair. I have myself been urged to that behaviour towards you, which I am now ashamed to mention."

"During the voyage from England, Mrs. W., already noted, was extremely ill with sea-sickness, so that Mr. Oglethorpe gave her the use of his cabin and bed, which Mr. Samuel Wesley mentions in one of his letters as an act of great kindness. One morning she issued from her retirement in a state of apparent distraction. Mr. J. Wesley, who had taken much pains to impress her mind with religious truth, strove to calm the tempest in her soul, and exhorted her to pray. She exclaimed, "Pray! I cannot pray: God has cast me off." He replied, "Madam, you must pray." She again cried out, "I cannot pray! I cannot pray! I am lost." When we consider what companions the pious brothers had in their voyage, and the characters of those who were chiefly to form the infant colony, can we wonder at any thing that happened?

"She prefaced the communication which she afterward made to Mr. Wesley with observing, "Sir, it is said, a woman cannot keep the secret of another.—It is strange, however, that I cannot keep my own: but I really cannot." It is no wonder that the General should say to Mr. C. Wesley, that "he had taken pains to satisfy his brother, but in vain." Mr. Wesley knew too much, and had a mind too well disposed, to be easily satisfied. But he still hoped for his friend, knowing the state of his mind, and the impossibility of his having power over sin while in that state. He also informed me, (and the record is before me in his MSS.,) that one of those ladies, (I am not sure which,) desired a private interview with him; and, after accusing him of having betrayed her, she attempted to stab him with a pair of long sharp scissors which she had concealed. But he caught her wrist, and after a great struggle, prevented her design.

"Mr. Wesley kept his word, and cautiously avoided and concealed every thing, which could bring any inconvenience on this unhappy woman. He could not however behave to the General as he had formerly done. One day he dropped some expressions which made the General change his colour, and discover much agitation of mind. However, on recovering himself, he replied, in a very significant manner, "You observed yesterday the company of Indians that came into the town. The fellow that marched at their head, with his face marked with red paint, will shoot any man in this colony for a bottle of rum! Mr. Wesley did not think it proper to reply: but, to show how little he regarded the menace, he took a book out of his pocket, and beginning to read walked slowly towards his own house.

"The next morning, as he was reading with his back to the window, he suddenly found his light obstructed; and turning round, he perceived the Indian standing at the window. He immediately stepped to the door, invited him to walk in, and spread before him the best food that the house afforded. And as he had learned some words of the Indian language, he cheerfully requested him to eat. The Indian for some time surveyed him from head to foot with great attention; then throwing down his gun, he seized him in his arms, and kissed him with the greatest eagerness. He then ate heartily, and departed

and return to my old simplicity of diet; and after I did so, neither my stomach nor my head much complained of the motion of the ship.

Wednesday 28, Finding the unaccountable apprehensions of I know not what danger, (the wind being small, and the sea smooth) which had been upon me several days, increase; I cried earnestly for help; and it pleased God as in a moment to restore peace to my soul.

Let me observe hereon. 1, That none of these hours ought to pass out of my remembrance, till I attain another manner of spirit; a spirit equally willing to glorify God by life or by death. 2. That whoever is uneasy on any account (bodily pain alone excepted) carries in himself his own conviction, That he is so far an unbeliever. Is he uneasy at the apprehension of death? Then he believeth not, That *to die is gain.* At any of the events of life? Then he hath not a firm belief, That *all things work together for* his *good.* And if he bring the matter more close, he will always find, besides the general want of faith, every particular uneasiness is evidently owing to the want of some particular Christian temper.

Sunday, Jan. 1, 1738, All in the ship, except the captain and steersman, were present both at the morning and evening service, and appeared as deeply attentive, as even the poor people of Frederica did, while the word of God was new to their ears. And it may be, one or two among these likewise, may *bring forth fruit with patience.*

Monday 2, Being sorrowful and very heavy, (though I could give no particular reason for it) and utterly unwilling to speak closely to any of my little flock, (about 20 persons) I was in doubt, whether my neglect of them was not one cause of my own heaviness. In the evening therefore, I begun instructing the cabin boy; after which I was much easier.

I went several times the following days, with a design to speak to the sailors, but could not. I mean, I was quite averse from speaking; I could not see how to make an occasion, and it seemed quite absurd to speak without one. Is not this what men commonly mean by, "I could not speak?" And is this a sufficient cause of silence, or not? Is it a prohibition from the good Spirit? or a temptation from nature or the evil one? Friday 6, I ended the abridgment of Mr. de Renty's Life. O that such a life should be related by such a historian! Who by inserting all, if not more than all the weak things that holy man ever said or did; by his commendation of almost every action or word which either deserved or needed it not; and by his injudicious

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after another warm embrace, and with every appearance of the highest satisfaction.

"The General soon after this sailed for Europe. But one of the last charges which he gave, and that in the presence of several persons, was, 'Causton, whatever you do, take heed, if you regard my favour, that you do not quarrel with Mr. Wesley.'

"Many years after this, General Oglethorpe met Mr. Wesley at the house of his brother Charles in London. And as soon as he entered the room, the General, in the presence of a very numerous company, advanced, and bowing down, kissed his hand." *Vol.* 1, *pp.* 2[illegible] [illegible]60.

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manner of relating many others, which were indeed highly commendable; has cast the shade of superstition and folly over one of the brightest patterns of heavenly wisdom.

Saturday 7, I began to read and explain some passages of the Bible to the young Negro. The next morning, another Negro who was on board, desired to be a hearer too. From them I went to the poor Frenchman, who understanding no English, had none else in the ship with whom he could converse. And from this time, I read and explained to him a chapter in the Testament every morning.

Sunday 8, In the fulness of my heart, I wrote the following words:

"By the most infallible of proofs, inward feeling, I am convinced,

1. "Of unbelief, having no such faith in Christ, as will prevent my heart from being troubled; which it could not be, if I believed in God, and rightly believed also in Him:

2. "Of pride, throughout my life past, inasmuch as I thought I had, what I find I have not:

3. "Of gross irrecollection, inasmuch as in a storm I cry to God every moment; in a calm, not.

4. "Of levity and luxuriancy of spirit, recurring whenever the pressure is taken off, and appearing by my speaking words not tending to edify; but most, by my manner of speaking of my enemies."

"Lord, save, or I perish! Save me

1. "By such a faith as implies peace in life and in death."

2. "By such humility, as may fill my heart from this hour for ever, with a piercing uninterrupted sense, * *Nihil est quod hactenus feci*, having evidently built without a foundation."

3. "By such a recollection as may cry to thee every moment, especially when all is calm; give me faith or I die; give me a lowly spirit; otherwise † *Mihi non sit suave vivere.*"

4. "By steadiness, seriousness, σεμνότης, sobriety of spirit, avoiding as fire every word that tendeth not to edifying, and never speaking of any who oppose me, or sin against God, without all my own sins set in array before my face."

This morning, after explaining those words of St. Paul, 'I beseech you brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God,' I exhorted my fellow-travellers with all my might, to comply with the apostle's direction. But *leaving them afterwards to themselves*, the seriousness they shewed at first soon vanished away.

On Monday 9, and the following days, I reflected much on that vain desire which had pursued me for so many years of being in solitude, in order to be a Christian. I have now, thought I, solitude enough; but am I therefore the nearer being a Christian? Not if Jesus Christ be the model of Christianity. I doubt indeed I am much nearer that mystery of Satan which some writers affect to call by that name. So near, that I had probably sunk wholly into it, had not the great mercy of God just now thrown me upon reading St. Cyprian's

* I have done nothing hitherto. † Let life be a burden to me.

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Works. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret! Stand thou in the good old paths."

Friday 13, We had a thorough storm, which obliged us to shut all close, the sea breaking over the ship continually. I was at first afraid; but cried to God and was strengthened. Before ten I lay down, I bless God, without fear. About midnight we were awaked by a confused noise, of seas, and wind, and men's voices, the like to which I had never heard before. The sound of the sea breaking over and against the sides of the ship, I could compare to nothing but large cannon, or American thunder. The rebounding, starting, quivering motion of the ship, much resembled what is said of earthquakes, the captain was upon deck in an instant. But his men could not hear what he said. It blew a proper hurricane; which beginning at South-west, then went West, North-west, North, and in a quarter of an hour, round by the East to the South-west point again. At the same time the sea running (as they term it) mountain high, and that from many different points at once, the ship would not obey the helm; nor indeed could the steersman, through the violent rain, see the compass. So he was forced to let her run before the wind, and in half an hour the stress of the storm was over.

About noon the next day it ceased. But first I had resolved, God being my helper, not only to preach to all, but to apply the word of God to every single soul in the ship: and if but one, yea if not one of them will hear, I know *my labour is not in vain.*

I no sooner executed this resolution, than my spirit revived; so that from this day I had no more of that fearfulness and heaviness, which before almost continually weighed me down. I am sensible one who thinks the being *in Orco*, as they phrase it, an indispensable preparative for being a Christian, would say, I had better have continued in that state; and that this unseasonable relief was a curse, not a blessing. Nay, but who art thou, O man, who in favour of a wretched hypothesis, thus blasphemest the good gift of God? Hath not he himself said, "This also is the gift of God, if a man have power to rejoice in his labour?" Yea, God setteth his own seal to his weak endeavours, while he thus "answereth him in the joy of his heart."

Tuesday 14, We spoke with two ships, outward bound, from whom we had the welcome news, of our wanting but 160 leagues of the land's end. My mind was now full of thought; part of which I writ down as follows:

"I went to America, to convert the Indians: but, oh! Who shall convert me? Who, what is he that will deliver me from this evil heart of unbelief? I have a fair summer-religion, I can talk well; nay, and believe myself, while no danger is near: But let death look me in the face, and my spirit is troubled. Nor can I say, *To die is gain!*

> "I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
> My last thread, I shall perish on the shore!"

"I think, verily, if the Gospel be true, I am safe: for I not only have given, and do give all my goods to feed the poor; I not only

give my body to be burned, drowned, or whatever God shall appoint for me; but I follow after charity (though not as I ought, yet as I can) if haply I may attain it. I *now* believe the Gospel is true. *I shew my faith by my works*, by staking my all upon it. I would do so again and again a thousand times, if the choice were still to make: whoever sees me, sees I *would* be a Christian. Therefore *are my ways not like other men's ways.* Therefore I have been, I am, I am content to be, *a by-word, a proverb of reproach.* But in a storm I think, "What if the Gospel be not true? Then thou art of all men most foolish. For what hast thou given thy goods, thy ease, thy friends, thy reputation, thy country, thy life? For what art thou wandering over the face of the earth? A dream, *a cunningly devised fable?* O who will deliver me from this fear of death! What shall I do? Where shall I flee from it! Should I fight against it by thinking, or by not thinking of it? A wise man advised me some time since, "Be still and go on." Perhaps this is best. To look upon it as my cross: when it comes, to let it humble me, and quicken all my good resolutions, especially that of praying without ceasing; and at other times to take no thought about it, but quietly to go on *in the work of the Lord.*"

We went on with a small, fair wind, till Thursday in the afternoon, and then sounding, found a whitish sand at 75 fathom: But having had no observation for several days, the captain began to be uneasy, fearing we might either get unawares into the Bristol channel, or strike in the night on the rocks of Scilly.

Saturday 28, Was another cloudy day: but about ten in the morning (the wind continued southerly) the clouds began to fly just contrary to the wind, and to the surprise of us all sunk down under the sun, so that at noon we had an exact observation; and by this we found we were as well as we could desire, about eleven leagues south of Scilly.

Sunday 26, We saw English land once more, which about noon appeared to be the Lizard Point. We ran by it with a fair wind, and at noon the next day, made the west end of the Isle of Wight.

Here the wind turned against us, and in the evening blew fresh, so that we expected (the tide being likewise strong against us) to be driven some leagues backward in the night: but in the morning, to our great surprise, we saw Beachy Head just before us, and found we had gone forwards near forty miles.

Toward evening was a calm; but in the night a strong north wind brought us safe into the Downs; the day before, Mr Whitefield had sailed out, neither of us then knowing any thing of the other. At four in the morning we took boat, and in half an hour landed at Deal: It being Wednesday, February 1, the Anniversary Festival in Georgia for Mr. Oglethorpe's landing there.

It is now two years and almost four months, since I left my native country, in order to teach the Georgian Indians, the nature of Christianity. But what have I learned myself in the mean time? Why (what I the least of all suspected) that I who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God. *I am not mad,*

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though I thus speak; but *I speak the words of truth and soberness;* if haply some of those who still *dream* may *awake*, and see, that as I am, so are they.—

Are they read in philosophy? So was I. In ancient or modern *tongues?* So was I also. Are they versed in the *science* of *divinity?* I too have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon spiritual things? The very same could I do. Are they plenteous in *alms?* Behold, I gave all my goods to feed the poor. Do they give of their labour as well as their substance? I have laboured more abundantly than they all. Are they willing to *suffer* for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country; I have put my life in my hand, wandering into strange lands; I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil and weariness, or whatsoever God shall please to bring upon me. But does all this (be it more or less, it matters not) make me acceptable to God? Does all I ever did or can *know, say, give, do or suffer,* justify me in his sight? Yea, *or the constant use of all the means of grace?* (which nevertheless is meet, right and our bounden duty) Or, that *I know nothing of myself,* that I am as touching outward, moral righteousness blameless? Or, (to come closer yet) the having a *rational conviction* of all the truths of Christianity? Does all this give me a claim to the holy, heavenly, divine character of a *Christian?* By no means. If the oracles of God are true, if we are still to abide by the *law and testimony*: all these things, though when ennobled by faith in Christ, they are holy, and just, and good, yet without it are *dung and dross.*

This then have I learned in the ends of the earth, that I am *fallen short of the glory of* God; that my whole heart is *altogether corrupt and abominable,* and consequently my whole life, (seeing it cannot be, that *an evil tree* should *bring forth good fruit:*) That my own works, my own sufferings, my own righteousness, are so far from reconciling me to an offended God, so far from making any atonement for the least of those sins, (which *are more in number than the hairs of my head,*) that the most specious of them need an atonement themselves, or they cannot abide his righteous judgment: That *having the sentence of death* in my heart, and having nothing *in* or *of* myself to plead, I have no hope but that of being justified freely *through the redemption that is in Jesus:* I have no hope but that if I seek I shall find Christ, and "be found in him, not having my own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

If it be said, that I have faith (for many such things have I heard from many miserable comforters,) I answer, so have the devils,—*a sort* of faith; but still they are strangers to the covenant of promise. So the apostles had even at Cana in Galilee, when Jesus first *manifested forth his glory;* even then they, in a sort *believed on him;* but they had not then *the faith that overcometh the world.* The faith I want is, "A sure trust and confidence in God, that through the merits of Christ, my sins are forgiven, and I reconciled to the favour of God." I want that faith which St. Paul recommends to all

the world, especially in his epistle to the Romans: that faith which enables every one that hath it to cry out, "I live not; but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." I want that faith which none can have without knowing that he hath it, though many *imagine* they have it, who have it not. For whosoever hath it, is *freed from sin, the whole body of sin is destroyed* in him; he is freed from fear, *having peace with God through Christ, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.* And he is freed from doubt, "having the love of God shed abroad in his heart, through the Holy Ghost which is given unto him; which Spirit itself beareth witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God."

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AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL,

No. II.

FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1738, TO HIS RETURN FROM GERMANY.

FOR THIS CAUSE I OBTAINED MERCY, THAT IN ME FIRST JESUS CHRIST MIGHT SHEW FORTH ALL LONG-SUFFERING, FOR A PATTERN TO THEM WHICH SHOULD HEREAFTER BELIEVE ON HIM TO LIFE EVERLASTING, 1 TIM. I. 16.

THE PREFACE.

1. *THAT men revile me and say all manner of evil against me, that I am become as it were a monster unto many, that the zealous of almost every denomination cry out, "Away with such a fellow from the earth:" This gives me with regard to myself, no degree of uneasiness. For I know the Scripture must be fulfilled: "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household?" But it does give me a concern, with regard to those who, by this artifice of the devil, are prevented from hearing that word which is able to save their souls.*

2. *For the sake of these, and indeed of all who desire to hear the truth of those things which have been so variously related, I have been induced to publish this farther account: and I doubt not but it will even hence appear to all candid and impartial judges, that I have "hitherto lived in all good conscience toward God."*

3. *I shall be easily excused by those who either love or seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity, for speaking so largely of the Moravian Church, a city which ought to be set upon a hill. Their light hath been too long hid under a bushel: It is high time it should at length break forth, and so shine before men, that others also may glorify their Father which is in heaven.*

4. *If any should ask, "But do you think even this Church is perfect, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing?" I answer plainly, "No; though I trust it will be when patience has had*

its perfect work." *But neither do I think it right to entertain the world with the spots of God's children.*

5. *It has been farther asked,* "*Whether I imagine God is to be found only among them?*" *I reply,* "*By no means. I know there is a God in England, and we need not go to seek him in strange lands. I know that in our own he is very nigh unto all that call upon him: and therefore I think those unwise (to say no more) who run to inquire after him in Holland or Germany.*"

6. *When I went, the case was widely different; God had not then made bare his arm before us as he hath now done: In a manner, I will be bold to say, which had not been known either in Holland or Germany, at that time when He who ordereth all things wisely, according to the counsels of his own will, was pleased by me to open the intercourse between the English and the Moravian Church.*

7. *The particular reason which obliged me to relate so much of the conversation I had with those holy men is this:—In September,* 1738, *when I returned from Germany, I exhorted all I could to follow after that great salvation, which is through faith in the blood of Christ; waiting for it in all the ordinances of God, and in doing good, as they had opportunity, to all men. And many found the beginning of that salvation, being justified freely, having peace with God through Christ, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, and having his love shed abroad in their hearts.*

8. *But about September,* 1739, *while my Brother and I were absent, certain men crept in among them unawares, greatly troubling and subverting their souls: telling them* "*They were in a delusion: that they had deceived themselves, and had no true faith at all. For, said they, none has any justifying faith who has ever any doubt or fear, which you know you have, or who has not a clean heart, which you know you have not; nor will you ever have it till you leave off using the means of grace, so called, till you leave off running to church and sacrament, and praying and singing, and reading either the Bible or any other book. For you cannot use these things without trusting in them. Therefore, till you leave them off, you can never have true faith; you can never till then trust in the blood of Christ.*"

9. *And this doctrine, from the beginning to this day, has been taught as the doctrine of the Moravian Church. I think, therefore, it is my bounden duty to clear the Moravians from this aspersion. And the more, because I am perhaps the only person now in England, that both can and will do it. And I believe it is by the peculiar providence of God that I can; that two years since, the most eminent members of that church should so fully declare both their experience and their judgment, touching the very points now in question.*

10. *The sum of what has been asserted, as from them, is this:*

1. "*That a man* cannot have any degree *of justifying faith, till he is wholly freed from all doubt and fear, and till he has, in the full proper sense, a new, a clean heart.*"

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2. "*That a man* may not use *the ordinances of God, the Lord's supper in particular, before he has such a faith as excludes all doubt and fear, and implies a new, a clean heart.*"

In flat opposition to this, I assert,

1. "*That a man* may have a degree *of justifying faith before he is wholly freed from all doubt and fear, and before he has, in the full, proper sense, a new, a clean heart.*"

2. "*That a man* may use *the ordinances of God, the Lord's supper in particular, before he has such a faith as excludes all doubt and fear, and implies a new, a clean heart.*"

I farther assert, "*This I learned (not only from the English, but also) from the Moravian Church.*"

And I hereby openly and earnestly call upon that Church, and upon Count Zinzendorf in particular, who, I trust, is not ashamed or afraid to avow any part of the Gospel of Christ, to correct me and explain themselves, if I have misunderstood or misrepresented them.

J. W.

LONDON, SEPT. 29, 1749.

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JOURNAL.

No. II.

FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1738, TO SEPTEMBER 16, 1738.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 1, After reading prayers, and explaining a portion of Scripture to a large company at the inn, I left Deal, and came in the evening to Faversham.

I here read prayers and explained the Second Lesson, to a few of those who were called Christians, but were indeed more savage in their behaviour than the wildest Indians I have yet met with.

Friday 3, I came to Mr. Delamotte's at Blendon, where I expected a cold reception. But God had prepared the way before me; and I no sooner mentioned my name than I was welcomed in such a manner as constrained me to say, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not! Blessed be ye of the Lord! Ye have shewn more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning."

In the evening I came once more to London, whence I had been absent two years and near four months.

Many reasons I have to bless God, though the design I went upon did not take effect, for my having been carried into that strange land, contrary to all my preceding resolutions. Hereby, I trust, he hath in some measure "humbled me and proved me, and shewn me what was in my heart." Hereby I have been taught to *beware of men.* Hereby I am come to know assuredly, that if *in all our ways we acknowledge God*, he will, where reason fails, *direct our paths*, by lot or by the other means which he knoweth. Hereby I am delivered from the fear of the sea, which I had both dreaded and abhorred from my youth.

Hereby God has given me to know many of his servants, particularly those of the Church of Hernhuth. Hereby my passage is opened to the writings of holy men in the German, Spanish, and Italian tongues. I hope, too, some good may come to others hereby. All in Georgia have heard the word of God. Some have believed, and began to run well. A few steps have been taken towards publishing the glad tidings both to the African and American Heathens. Many children have learned *How they ought to serve God*, and to be useful to their neighbour. And those whom it most concerns have an opportunity of knowing the true state of their infant colony, and laying a firmer foundation of peace and happiness to many generations.

Saturday 4, I told my friends some of the reasons, which a little hastened my return to England. They all agreed, it would be proper to relate them to the Trustees of Georgia.

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Accordingly the next morning I waited on Mr. Oglethorpe, but had no time to speak on that head. In the afternoon I was desired to preach at St. John the Evangelist's. I did so on those strong words, *If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.* I was afterwards informed, "Many of the best of the parish were so offended that I was not to preach there any more."

Monday 6, I visited many of my old friends, as well as most of my relations. I find the time is not yet come when I am to be *hated of all men.* O may I be prepared for that day!

Tuesday 7, (A day much to be remembered,) at the house of Mr. Weinantz, a Dutch merchant, I met Peter Bohler, Schulfus Richter, and Wensel Neiser, just then landed from Germany. Finding they had no acquaintance in England, I offered to procure them a lodging, and did so near Mr. Hutton's, where I then was. And from this time I did not willingly lose any opportunity of conversing with them, while I stayed in London.

Wednesday 8, I went to Mr. Oglethorpe again, but had no opportunity of speaking as I designed. Afterwards I waited on the Board of Trustees, and gave them a short but plain account of the state of the Colony: an account, I fear, not a little differing from those, which they had frequently received before: and for which, I have reason to believe, some of them have not forgiven me to this day.

Sunday 12, I preached at St. Andrew's Holborn, on, *Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. O hard sayings! Who can hear them?* Here too, it seems, I am to preach no more.

Wednesday 15, I waited on the Trustees again, and gave them in writing the substance of what I had said at the last Board. Whatsoever farther questions they asked concerning the state of the Province, I likewise answered to the best of my knowledge.

Friday 17, I set out for Oxford with Peter Bohler, where we were kindly received by Mr. Sarney, the only one now remaining here, of many who, at our embarking for America, were used to *take sweet counsel together* and rejoice in *bearing the reproach of Christ.*

Saturday 18, We went to Stanton Harcourt, to Mr. Gambold, and found my old friend recovered from his *mystic* delusion, and convinced that St. Paul was a better writer than either Tauler or Jacob Behmen.—The next day I preached once more at the Castle, in Oxford, to a numerous and serious congregation.

All this time I conversed much with Peter Bohler, but I understood him not: and least of all when he said, *Mi frater, mi frater, excoquenda est ista tua Philosophia.* "My brother, my brother, that Philosophy of your's must be purged away."

Monday 20, I returned to London. On Tuesday I preached at Great St. Helen's, on, *If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me.*

Wednesday 22, I was with the Trustees again, to whom I then gave a short account, and afterwards delivered it to them in writing, of the reasons why I left Georgia.

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Sunday 26, I preached at six at St. Lawrence's: at ten, in St. Katharine's Creed-church; and in the afternoon at St John's, Wapping. I believe it pleased God to bless the first sermon most, because it gave most offence; being, indeed, an open defiance of that mystery of iniquity which the world calls Prudence: grounded on those words of St. Paul to the Galatians, *As many as desire to make a fair shew in the flesh, they constrain you to be circumcised, only lest they should suffer persecution for the cross of Christ.*

Monday 27, I took coach for Salisbury, and had several opportunities of conversing seriously with my fellow-travellers. But endeavouring to mend the wisdom of God by the worldly wisdom of prefacing serious with light conversation, and afterwards following that advice of the Mystics '*Leave them to themselves*, all I had said was written on the sand. *Lord lay no this sin to my charge!*

Tuesday 28, I saw my mother once more. The next day I prepared for my journey to my brother at Tiverton. But on Thursday morning, March 2, a message—That my brother Charles was dying at Oxford, obliged me to set out for that place immediately. Calling at an odd house in the afternoon, I found several persons there who seemed well-wishers to religion, to whom I spake plainly; as I did in the evening both to the servants and strangers at my Inn.

With regard to my own behaviour, I now renewed and wrote down my former resolutions.

1. To use absolute openness and unreserve, with all I should converse with.

2. To labour after continual seriousness, not willingly indulging myself, in any the least levity of behaviour, or in laughter, no not for a moment.

3. To speak no word which does not tend to the glory of God; in particular, not to talk of worldly things. Others may, nay must. But what is that to thee? And

4. To take no pleasure which does not tend to the glory of God; thanking God every moment for all I do take, and therefore rejecting every sort and degree of it which I feel I cannot so thank him *in* and *for*.

Saturday, March 4, I found my brother at Oxford, recovering from his pleurisy: and with him Peter Bohler: by whom, in the hand of the great God, I was on Sunday the 5th clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of *that faith whereby alone we are saved.*

Immediately it struck into my mind, "Leave off preaching. How can you preach to others, who have not faith yourself?" I asked Bohler, whether he thought I should leave it off, or not? He answered, "By no means." I asked, "but what can I preach?". He said, "Preach faith, *till* you have it, and then, *because* you have it, you *will* preach faith,"

Accordingly, Monday 6, I began preaching this new doctrine, though my soul started back from the work. The first person to whom I offered *Salvation by faith alone*, was a prisoner under sentence of death. His name was Clifford. Peter Bohler had many times desired me to speak to him before. But I could not prevail

on myself so to do; being still, as I had been many years, a zealous asserter of *the impossibility of a death-bed repentance.*

Friday 10, Peter Bohler returned to London. Tuesday 15, I set out for Manchester, with Mr. Kinchin, Fellow of Corpus Christi, and Mr. Fox, late a prisoner in the city prison. Between five and six, we called at Chapel on the Heath, where lived a poor man, some time prisoner in the Castle of Oxford. He was not at home; but his wife came to us, to whom Mr. Kinchin spoke a few words, which so melted her heart, that she burst out into tears and we went on rejoicing and praising God.

About 8, it being rainy and dark, we lost our way; but before 9, came to Shipston, having rode over, I know not how, a narrow foot-bridge, which lay across a deep ditch near the town. After supper I read prayers to the people of the Inn, and explained the Second Lesson; I hope not in vain.

The next day we dined at Birmingham, and soon after we left it, were reproved for our negligence there (in letting those who attended us go, without either exhortation or instruction) by a severe shower of hail. At Hedgeford, about five, we endeavoured to be more faithful; and all who heard seemed serious and affected.

In the evening we came to Stafford. The mistress of the house joined with us in family prayer. The next morning one of the servants appeared deeply affected, as did the hostler before we went. Soon after breakfast, stepping into the stable, I spake a few words to those who were there. A stranger who heard me said, "Sir, I wish I was to travel with you." And when I went into the house, followed me, and began abruptly, "Sir, I believe you are a good man, and I come to tell you a little of my life." The tears stood in his eyes all the time he spoke; and we hoped not a word which was said to him was lost

At Newcastle, whither we came about ten, some to whom we spoke at our Inn, were very attentive; but a gay young woman waited on us, quite unconcerned: however, we spoke on. When we went away, she fixed her eyes, and neither moved nor said one word, but appeared as much astonished as if she had seen one risen from the dead.

Coming to Holms-Chapel about three, we were surprised at being shewn into a room where a cloth and plates were laid. Soon after, two men came in to dinner. Mr. Kinchin told them, "If they pleased, that gentleman would ask a blessing for them." They stared, and, as it were, consented; but sat still while I did it, one of them with his hat on. We began to speak on turning to God, and went on, though they appeared utterly regardless. After a while their countenances changed, and one of them stole off his hat, and laying it down behind him said, "All we said was true; but he had been a grievous sinner, and not considered it as he ought: but he was resolved, with God's help, now to turn to him in earnest." We exhorted him and his companion, who now likewise drank in every word, To cry mightily to God, that "he would send them help from his holy place."

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Being faint in the evening, I called at Altringham, and there lit upon a Quaker, well skilled in, and therefore, as I soon found, sufficiently fond of controversy. After an hour spent therein, perhaps not in vain, I advised him, "To dispute as little as possible, but rather follow after holiness, and walk humbly with his God."

Late at night we reached Manchester. Friday the 17th, we spent entirely with Mr. Clayton, by whom, and the rest of our friends here, we were much refreshed and strengthened. Mr. Hoole, the Rector of St. Ann's church being taken ill the next day, on Sunday 19th, Mr. Kinchin and I officiated at Salford chapel in the morning, by which mean Mr. Clayton was at liberty to perform the service at St. Ann's: And in the afternoon, I preached there on those words of St. Paul, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

Early in the morning we left Manchester, taking with us Mr. Kinchin's brother, for whom we came; to be entered at Oxford. We were fully determined to lose no opportunity of awakening, instructing, or exhorting, any whom we might meet with in our journey. At Knutsford, where we first stopped, all we spake to, thankfully received the word of exhortation. But at Talk-in-the-Hill, where we dined, she with whom we were, was so much of a gentlewoman, that for near an hour our labour seemed to be in vain. However we spoke on. Upon a sudden, she looked as one just awaked out of sleep. Every word sunk into her heart. Nor have I seen so entire a change both in the eyes, face, and manner of speaking, of any one in so short a time.

About 5, Mr. Kinchen riding by a man and woman double-horsed, the man said, "Sir, you ought to thank God it is a fair day; for if it rained, you would be sadly dirty, with your little horse." Mr. Kinchin answered, "True: and we ought to thank God for our life and health, and food and raiment, and all things." He then rode on, Mr. Fox following, the man said, "Sir, my mistress would be glad to have some more talk with that gentleman." We stayed, and when they came up, began to search one another's hearts. They came to us again in the evening, at our Inn at Stone, when I explained both to them and many of their acquaintance who were come together, that great truth, "Godliness hath the promise both of this life, and of that which is to come."

Tuesday 21, Between nine and ten we came to Hedgeford. Just then, one was giving an account of a young woman, who had dropt down dead there the day before. This gave us a fair occasion to exhort all that were present, "so to number their own days that they might apply their hearts unto wisdom."

In the afternoon one overtook us, whom we soon found more inclined to speak than to hear. However we spoke, and spared not. In the evening we overtook a young man, a Quaker, who afterwards came to us, to our Inn at Henley, whither he sent for the rest of his family, to join with us in prayer: To which I added, as usual, the Exposition of the Second Lesson. Our other companion went with us a mile or two in the morning, and then not only spoke less than

the day before; but took in good part a serious caution against talkativeness and vanity.

An hour after we were overtaken by an elderly gentleman, who said, "He was going to enter his son at Oxford." We asked, "At what College?" He said, "he did not know: having no acquaintance there on whose recommendation he could depend." And after some conversation, he expressed a deep sense of the good Providence of God, and told us, "He knew God had cast us in his way, in answer to his prayer." In the evening we reached Oxford, rejoicing in our having received so many fresh instances of that great truth, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Thursday 23, I met Peter Bohler again, who now amazed me more and more, by the account he gave of the fruits of living faith, the holiness and happiness which he affirmed to attend it. The next morning I began the Greek Testament again, resolving to abide by *the Law and the Testimony*, and being confident, that God would hereby shew me *whether* this *doctrine was of God?*

Sunday 26, I preached at Whitham on *the New-Creature*, and went in the evening to a society in Oxford, where (as my manner then was at all societies) after using a Collect or two and the Lord's prayer, I expounded a chapter in the New-Testament, and concluded with three or four more Collects and a psalm.

Monday 27, Mr. Kinchin went with me to the Castle, where, after reading prayers, and preaching on "It is appointed for men once to die," we prayed with the condemned man, first in several forms of prayer, and then in such words as were given us in that hour. He kneeled down in much heaviness and confusion, having "no rest in his bones by reason of his sins." After a space, he rose up, and eagerly said, "I am now ready to die. I know Christ has taken away my sins, and there is no more condemnation for me." The same composed cheerfulness he shewed when he was carried to execution; and in his last moments he was the same, enjoying a perfect peace, in confidence that he was *accepted in the Beloved*.

Saturday, April 1, Being at Mr. Fox's society, my heart was so full that I could not confine myself to the forms of prayer, which we were accustomed to use there. Neither do I propose to be confined to them any more; but to pray indifferently, with a form or without, as I may find suitable to particular occasions.

Sunday 2, Being Easter-day, I preached in our college chapel, on "The hour cometh and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." I preached in the afternoon first at the Castle, and then at Carfax, on the same words. I see the promise. But it is afar off.

Believing it would be better for me to wait for the accomplishment of it in silence and retirement, on Monday 3, I complied with Mr. Kinchin's desire, and went to him at Dummer in Hampshire. But I was not suffered to stay here long; being earnestly pressed to come up to London, if it were only for a few days. Thither therefore I returned, on Tuesday 18.

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Saturday 21, I met Peter Bohler once more; I had now no objection to what he said of the nature of faith, viz. That it is (to use the words of our church), "A sure trust and confidence which a man hath in God, that through the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God." Neither could I deny either the happiness or holiness which he described, as fruits of this living faith. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our Spirit that we are the children of God:" And, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself," fully convinced me of the former: As, "Whatsoever is born of God doth not commit sin," and, "Whosoever believeth, is born of God," did of the latter. But I could not comprehend what he spoke of *an instantaneous work*. I could not understand, how this faith should be given in a moment; how a man could at *once* be thus turned from darkness to light, from sin and misery to righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost. I searched the Scriptures again, touching this very thing, particularly the Acts of the Apostles: But, to my utter astonishment, found scarce any instances there of other than *instantaneous* conversion; scarce any so slow as that of St, Paul, who was three days in the pangs of the New Birth. I had but *one* retreat left; viz. "*Thus*, I grant God wrought in the *first* ages of Christianity; but the times are changed. What reason have I to believe, he works in the same manner now?"

But on Sunday 22, I was beat out of this retreat too, by the concurring evidence of several living witnesses; who testified God *had thus wrought in themselves*; giving them in a moment, such a faith in the blood of his Son, as translated them out of darkness into light, out of sin and fear into holiness and happiness. Here ended our disputing. I could now only cry out, "Lord, help thou my unbelief!"

I asked P. Bohler again, "Whether I ought not to refrain from teaching others?" He said, "No: Do not hide the talent God hath given you." Accordingly, on Tuesday 25, I spoke clearly and fully at Blendon to Mr. Delamotte's family, of the nature and fruits of faith. Mr. Broughton and my brother were there. Mr. Broughton's great objection was, "He could never think that I had not faith, who had done and suffered such things."* My brother was very angry, and told me I did not know what mischief I had done by talking thus. And indeed it did please God then to kindle a fire, which I trust shall never be extinguished.

On Wednesday 26, The day fixt for my return to Oxford, I once more waited on the Trustees for Georgia; but being straitened for time, was obliged to leave the papers for them, which I had designed to give into their own hands. One of these was the instrument whereby they had appointed me minister of Savannah; which, having no more place in those parts, I thought it not right to keep any longer.

P. Bohler walked with me a few miles, and exhorted me not to stop short of the grace of God. At Gerrard's Cross, I plainly declared to those whom God gave into my hands, the faith as it is in Jesus; as

* He was in the right. I certainly then had the faith of a servant, though not the faith of a son.

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I did next day to a young man on the road, and in the evening to our friends at Oxford. A strange doctrine, which some, who did not care to contradict, yet knew not what to make of; but one or two, who were thoroughly bruised by sin, willingly heard, and received it gladly.

In the day or two following, I was much confirmed in *the truth that is after godliness*, by hearing the experiences of Mr. Hutchins, of Pembroke College, and Mr. Fox: two living witnesses that God *can* (at least if he *does* not always) give that faith whereof cometh salvation in a moment, as lightning falling from heaven.

Monday, May 1, The return of my brother's illness obliged me again to hasten to London. In the evening I found him at James Hutton's, better as to his health, than I expected; but strongly averse from what he called the New Faith.

This evening our little society began, which afterwards met in Fetter-Lane. Our fundamental Rules were as follows:—

In obedience to the command of God by St. James, and by the advice of Peter Bohler, it is agreed by us,

1. That we will meet together once a week to *confess our faults one to another, and pray one for another, that we may be healed.*

2. That the persons so meeting be divided into several bands or little companies, none of them consisting of fewer than five, or more than ten persons.

3. That every one in order, speak as freely, plainly, and concisely as he can, the real state of his heart, with his several temptations and deliverances, since the last time of meeting.

4. That all the bands have a conference at eight every Wednesday evening, begun and ended with singing and prayer.

5. That any who desire to be admitted into this society be asked, "What are your reasons for desiring this? Will you be entirely open, using no kind of reserve? Have you any objection to any of our orders? (which may then be read).

6. That when any new member is proposed, every one present speak clearly and freely whatever objection he has to him.

7. That those against whom no reasonable objection appears, be, in order for their trial, formed into one or more distinct bands, and some person agreed on to assist them.

8. That after two months trial, if no objection then appear, they may be admitted into the society.

9. That every fourth Sunday be observed, as a day of general intercession.

10. That on the Saturday seven-night following, be a general love-feast, from seven till ten in the evening.

11. That no particular member be allowed to act in any thing contrary to any order of the society: and that if any persons after being thrice admonished, do not conform thereto, they be not any longer esteemed as members.

Wednesday 3, My brother had a long and particular conversation with Peter Bohler. And it now pleased God to open his eyes; so

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that he also saw clearly what was the nature of that one, true living faith, whereby alone, *through grace, we are saved.*

Thursday 4, Peter Bohler left London in order to embark for Carolina. O what a work has God begun, since his coming into England! Such an one as shall never come to an end, till heaven and earth pass away.

Friday and Saturday I was at Blendon. They now *believed our report.* O may the arm of the Lord be speedily revealed unto them!

Sunday 7, I preached at St. Lawrence's in the morning; and afterwards at St. Katherine's-creed church. I was enabled to speak strong words at both; and was therefore the less surprised at being informed, I was not to preach any more in either of those churches.

Tuesday 9, I preached at Great St. Helen's, to a very numerous congregation, on "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" My heart was now so enlarged to declare the love of God, to all that were oppress by the devil, that I did not wonder in the least, when I was afterwards told, "Sir, you must preach here no more."

Wednesday 10, Mr. Stonehouse, Vicar of Islington, was convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus. From this time till Saturday 13, I was sorrowful and very heavy; being neither able to read, nor meditate, nor sing, nor pray, nor do any thing. Yet I was a little refreshed by Peter Bohler's letter, which I insert in his own words:

CHARISSIME & SUAVISSIME FRATER,

Intentissimo amore te diligo, multum tui recordans in itinere meo, optando & precando ut quam primum viscera misericordiæ crucifixi Jesu Christi, tui gratia jam ante 6000 annos commota, menti tuæ appareant: Ut gustare & tunc videre possis, quam vehementer te Filius Dei amaverit et hucusque amet, & ut sic confidere possis in eo omni tempore, vitamque ejus in te & in carne tua sentire. Cave tibi a peccato incredulitatis, et si nondum vicisti illud, fac ut proximo die illud vincas, per Sanguinem Jesu Christi. Ne differ, quæso credere tuum in Jesum Christum; sed potius promissionum ejus, quæ pertinent ad miserandos peccatores, coram facie ejus benigna sic mentionem fac, ut non aliter possit quam præsatre tibi, quod multis aliis præstitit. O quam multus, quam magnus, quam inexhaustus, est illius Amor! Ille certe jam-jam paratus est ad auxilium, et nihil potest illum offendere nisi incredulitas nostra. Crede igitur. Fratrem tuum Carolum & Hull, nomine meo saluta multum; & admonete vos invicem ad credendum, & tunc ad ambulandum coram facie domini ἀκμβως, *& ad pugnandum contra Diabolum & Mundum* νομιμως, *et ad crucifigendum & conculcandum peccatum omne sub pedibus nostris, quantum nobis datum est per gratiam secundi Adami, cujus vita excedit mortem prioris Adami, & cujus gratia antecellit corruptionem & damnationem prioris Adami.*

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Dominus tibi benedicat. Permane in fide, amore, doctrina, communione sanctorum, & breviter, in omni quod habemus in Novo Fœdere. Ego sum & maneo

Tuus indignus Frater,
Petrus Bohler.

In Agris Southamptonianis,
Die 8vo Maii, 1738.

"I love you greatly, and think much of you in my journey, wishing and praying that the tender mercies of Jesus Christ the crucified, whose bowels were moved toward you more than six thousand years ago, may be manifested to your soul; that you may taste and then see how exceedingly the Son of God has loved you, and loves you still, and that so you may continually trust in him, and feel his life in yourself. Beware of the sin of unbelief; and if you have not conquered it yet, see that you conquer it this very day, through the blood of Jesus Christ. Delay not, I beseech you, to believe in *your* Jesus Christ; but so put him in mind of his promises to poor sinners, that he may not be able to refrain from doing for you what he hath done for so many others. O how great, how inexpressible, how unexhausted is his love! Surely he is now ready to help; and nothing can offend him but our unbelief.

"The Lord bless you! Abide in faith, love, teaching, the communion of saints; and briefly, in all which we have in the New Testament. I am,

"Your unworthy Brother,
"PETER BOHLER.

Sunday 14, I preached in the morning at St. Ann's, Aldersgate; and in the afternoon at the Savoy Chapel, free salvation by faith in the blood of Christ. I was quickly apprised, that at St. Ann's likewise, I am to preach no more.

So true did I find the words of a friend, wrote to my brother about this time:

"I have seen upon this occasion more than ever I could have imagined, how intolerable the doctrine of faith is to the mind of man; and how peculiarly intolerable to *religious* men. One may say the most unchristian things, even down to deism; the most enthusiastic things, so they proceed but upon mental raptures, lights and unions; the most severe things, even the whole rigour of ascetick mortification; and all this will be forgiven. But if you speak of faith in such a manner as makes Christ a Saviour to the utmost, a most universal help and refuge: in such a manner as takes away glorying, but adds happiness to wretched man; as discovers a greater pollution in the best of us, than we could before acknowledge, but brings a greater deliverance from it than we could before expect: If any one offers to talk at this rate, he shall be heard with the same abhorrence as if he was going to rob mankind of their salvation, their Mediator, or their hopes of forgiveness. I am persuaded that a Montanist or a Novation, who, from the height of his purity should look down with

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contempt upon poor sinners, and exclude them from all mercy, would not be thought such an overthrower of the Gospel, as he who should learn from the author of it, to be a friend of publicans and sinners, and to sit down upon the level with them as soon as they begin to repent."

"But this is not to be wondered at. For all religious people have such a quantity of righteousness, acquired by much painful exercise, and formed at last into current habits; which is their wealth, both for this world and the next. Now all other schemes of religion are either so complaisant, as to tell them, they are very rich and have enough to triumph in; or else only a little rough, but friendly in the main, by telling them their riches are not yet sufficient, but by such arts of self-denial, and mental refinement, they may enlarge their stock. But the doctrine of faith is a downright robber. It takes away all this wealth, and only tells us, it is deposited for us with some body else, upon whose bounty we must live like mere beggars. Indeed they that are truly beggars, vile and filthy sinners until very lately, may stoop to live in this dependent condition; It suits them well enough. But they who have long distinguished themselves from the herd of vicious wretches, or have even gone beyond moral men; for them to be told, that they are either not so well, or but the same needy, impotent, insignificant vessels of mercy with the others: This is more shocking to reason than transubstantiation. For reason had rather resign its pretensions to judge what is bread or flesh, than have this honour wrested from it, to be the architect of virtue and righteousness. But where am I running? My design was only to give you warning, that wherever you go, this foolishness of preaching will alienate hearts from you, and open mouths against you."

Friday 19, My brother had a second return of his pleurisy. A few of us spent Saturday night in prayer. The next day, being Whitsunday, after hearing Dr. Heylin preach a truly Christian sermon, (on, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost:" and so, said he, may all you be, if it is not your own fault,) and assisting him at the Holy Communion (his curate being taken ill in the church) I received the surprising news that my brother had found rest to his soul. His bodily strength returned also from that hour. *Who is so great a God as our God?*

I preached at St. John's, Wapping, at three; and at St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, in the evening. At these churches likewise I am to preach no more. At St. Antholin's I preached on the Thursday following.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I had continual sorrow and heaviness in my heart, something of which I described, in the broken manner I was able, in the following letter to a friend:

"O why is it that so great, so wise, so holy a God, will use such an instrument as me! Lord, *let the dead bury their dead!* But wilt thou send the dead to raise the dead? Yea, thou sendest whom thou *wilt send*, and shewest mercy by whom thou *wilt* shew mercy!

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Amen! Be it then according to thy will! If thou speak the word, Judas shall cast out devils.——

"I feel what you say (though not enough;) for I am under the same condemnation. I see that the whole law of God is holy, just, and good. I know every thought, every temper of my soul ought to bear God's image and superscription. But how am I fallen from the glory of God! I feel that I *am sold under sin.* I know that I too deserve nothing but wrath, being full of all abominations; and having no good thing in me to atone for them, or to remove the wrath of God. All my works, all my righteousness, my prayers, need an atonement for themselves. So that my mouth is stopped. I have nothing to plead. God is holy, I am unholy. God is a consuming fire. I am altogether a sinner, meet to be consumed.

"Yet I hear a voice (and is it not the voice of God?) saying, *Believe and thou shalt be saved. He that believeth is passed from death unto life. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*

"O let no one deceive us by vain words, as if we had already attained this faith! By its fruits we shall know. Do we already feel *peace with God* and *joy in the Holy Ghost?* Does his *Spirit bear witness with our spirits that we are the children of God?* Alas! with mine he does not. Nor, I fear, with your's. O thou Saviour of men, save us from trusting in any thing but *Thee!* Draw us after thee! Let us be emptied of ourselves, and then fill us with all peace and joy in believing, and let nothing separate us from thy love, in time or in eternity!

What occurred on Wednesday 24, I think best to relate at large, after premising what may make it the better understood. Let him that cannot receive it, ask of the Father of lights, that he would give more light to him and me.

1. I believe, till I was about ten years old, I had not sinned away that *Washing of the Holy Ghost* which was given me in baptism, having been strictly educated and carefully taught, that I could only be saved *by universal obedience, by keeping all the commandments of God;* in the meaning of which I was diligently instructed. And those instructions, so far as they respected outward duties and sins, I gladly received, and often thought of. But all that was said to me of inward obedience, or holiness, I neither understood nor remembered. So that I was indeed as ignorant of the true meaning of the law as I was of the Gospel of Christ.

2. The next six or seven years were spent at school; where outward restraints being removed, I was much more negligent than before even of outward duties, and almost continually guilty of outward sins, which I knew to be such, though they were not scandalous in the eye of the world. However I still read the Scriptures, and said my prayers, morning and evening. And what I now hoped to be saved by was, 1. *Not being so bad as other people.* 2. *Having still a kindness for Religion.* And 3. *Reading the Bible, going to church, and saying my prayers.*

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3. Being removed to the university, for five years, I still said my prayers both in public and private, and read with the Scriptures several other books of religion, especially comments on the New Testament. Yet I had not all this while so much as a notion of inward holiness; nay, went on habitually, and, for the most part, very contentedly, in some or other known sin: Indeed with some intermissions and short struggles, especially before and after the Holy Communion, which I was obliged to receive thrice a year. I cannot well tell what I hoped to be saved by now, when I was continually sinning against that little light I had; unless by those transient fits of what many divines taught me to call *Repentance*.

4. When I was about twenty-two, my father pressed me to enter into Holy Orders. At the same time the Providence of God directing me to *Kempis's Christian Pattern*, I began to see that true Religion was seated in the heart, and that God's law extended to all our thoughts as well as words and actions. I was however very angry at Kempis for being *too strict*, though I read him only in Dean Stanhope's translation. Yet I had frequently much sensible comfort in reading him, such as I was an utter stranger to before. And meeting likewise with a religious friend, which I never had till now, I began to alter the whole form of my conversation, and to set in earnest upon a *New Life*. I set apart an hour or two a day for religious retirement. I communicated every week. I watched against all sin, whether in word or deed. I began to aim at and pray for inward holiness. So that now, *doing so much and living so good a life*, I doubted not but I was a good Christian.

5. Removing soon after to another College, I executed a resolution, which I was before convinced was of the utmost importance, shaking off at once all my trifling acquaintance. I began to see more and more the value of time. I applied myself closer to study. I watched more carefully against actual sins: I advised others to be religious, according to that scheme of religion by which I modelled my own life. But meeting now with Mr. Law's *Christian Perfection and Serious Call* (although I was much offended at many parts of both, yet) they convinced me more than ever of the exceeding height, and breadth, and depth of the law of God. The light flowed in so mightily upon my soul that every thing appeared in a new view. I cried to God for help, and resolved not to prolong the time of obeying him as I had never done before. And by my continued *endeavour to keep his whole law*, inward and outward, *to the utmost of my power*, I was persuaded that I should be accepted of him, and that I was even then in a state of salvation.

6. In 1730, I began visiting the prisons, assisting the poor and sick in town, and doing what other good I could by my presence or my little fortune to the bodies and souls of all men. To this end I abridged myself of all superfluities, and many that are called necessaries of life. I soon became *a by-word* for so doing, and I rejoiced that *my name was cast out as evil*. The next Spring I began observing the Wednesday and Friday Fasts, commonly observed in the ancient church; tasting no food till three in the afternoon. And now I knew

not how to go any further. I diligently strove against all sin. I omitted no sort of self-denial which I thought lawful; I carefully used, both in public and private, all the means of grace at all opportunities. I omitted no occasion of doing good. I for that reason suffered evil. And all this I knew to be nothing, unless it was directed toward inward holiness. Accordingly this (the image of God) was what I aimed at in all, by doing his will, not my own. Yet when after continuing some years in this course, I apprehended myself to be near death; I could not find that all this gave me any comfort, or any assurance of acceptance with God. At this I was then not a little surprised; not imagining I had been all this time building on the sand;* not considering that *other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid by God, even* Christ Jesus.

7. Soon after a contemplative man convinced me still more than I was convinced before, that outward works are nothing, being alone: and in several conversations, instructed me how to pursue inward holiness, or a union of the soul with God. But even of his instructions, though I then received thim as the words of God, I cannot but now observe, 1. That he spoke so incautiously against *trusting* in *outward works*, that he discouraged me from *doing* them at all. 2. That he recommended, as it were to supply what was wanting in them, by *mental prayer*, and the like exercises, as the most effectual means of purifying the soul, and uniting it with God. Now these were in truth, as much *my own works* as visiting the sick or clothing the naked, and the *union with* God thus pursued, was as really *my own righteousness*, as any I had before pursued under another name.

8. In this *refined* way of trusting to my own works and my own righteousness, so zealously inculcated by the *Mystic* writers, I dragged on heavily, finding no comfort or help therein, till the time of my leaving England. On shipboard, however, I was again active in outward works: where it pleased God, of his mercy, to give me twenty-six of the Moravian brethren for companions, who endeavoured to shew me a more excellent way. But I understood it not at first. I was too learned and too wise. So that it seemed foolishness unto me. And I continued preaching and following after and trusting in that righteousness, whereby no flesh can be justified.

8. All the time I was at Savannah I was thus *beating the air*. Being ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, which, by a living faith in him bringeth salvation *to every one that believeth*, I sought to establish my own righteousness, and so laboured in the fire all my days. I was now, properly *under the Law;* I knew that "the Law of God was spiritual;" "I consented to it that it was good. Yea, I delighted in it, after the inner man." Yet I was "carnal, sold under sin." Every day was I constrained to cry out, "What I do, I allow not; for what I would I do not, but what I hate, that I do. To will is indeed present with me; but how to perform; that which is good, I find not. For the good which I would, that I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. I find a law, that when I would

* Not so; I was right as far as I went.

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do good, evil is present with me: Even the law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and still bringing me into captivity to the law of sin."

10. In this state, I was indeed fighting continually but not conquering. Before, I had willingly served sin; now it was unwillingly, but still I served it. I fell and rose and fell again. Sometimes I was overcome, and in heaviness: Sometimes I overcame, and was in joy. For, as in the former state, I had some foretastes of the terrors of the Law, so had I in this, of the comforts of the Gospel. During this whole struggle between nature and grace, which had now continued above ten years, I had many remarkable returns to prayer, especially when I was in trouble: I had many sensible comforts, which are indeed no other than short anticipations of the life of faith. But I was still *under the Law*, not *under Grace*, the state most who are called Christians are content to live and die in. For I was only *striving with*, not *freed from sin:* Neither had I *the witness of the Spirit with my spirit.* And indeed could not: for "I sought it not by faith, but, as it were, by the works of the Law."

11. In my return to England, January 1738, being in imminent danger of death, and very uneasy on that account, I was strongly convinced that the cause of that uneasiness was unbelief, and that the gaining a true living faith was the *one thing needful for* me. But still I fixt not this faith on its right object: I meant only faith in God, not faith in or through Christ. Again, I knew not that I was *wholly void of this faith;* but only thought *I had not enough* of it. So that when Peter Bohler, whom God prepared for me as soon as I came to London, affirmed of true faith in Christ, which is but one, that it had those two fruits inseparably attending it, "Dominion over sin, and constant peace from a sense of forgiveness," I was quite amazed, and looked upon it as a new Gospel. If this were so, it was clear I had not faith. But I was not willing to be convinced of this. Therefore I disputed with all my might, and laboured to prove, that faith might be where these were not; especially where the sense of forgiveness was not: For all the Scriptures relating to this, I had been long since taught to construe away, and to call all Presbyterians who spoke otherwise. Besides, I well saw, no one could, in the nature of things, have such a sense of forgiveness, and not *feel* it. But I felt it not. If then there was no faith without this,* all my pretensions to faith dropped at once.

12. When I met Peter Bohler again, he consented, to put the dispute upon the issue which I desired, viz. Scripture and experience. I first consulted the Scripture; but when I set aside the glosses of men, and simply considered the words of God, comparing them together, endeavouring to illustrate the obscure by the plainer passages, I found they all made against me, and was forced to retreat to my last hold, "That experience would never agree with the *literal interpretation* of those Scriptures. Nor could I therefore allow it to be true, till I found some living witnesses of it." He replied, "He

* There is no Christian faith without it.

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could shew me such at any time; if I desired it, the next day." And accordingly the next day, he came again with three others, all of whom testified of their own personal experience, that a true living faith in Christ is inseparable from a sense of pardon for all past, and freedom from all present sins. They added with one mouth, that this faith was the gift, the free gift of God, and that he would surely bestow it upon every soul, who earnestly and perseveringly sought it. I was now thoroughly convinced; and, by the grace of God, I resolved to seek it unto the end, 1. By absolutely renouncing all dependence, in whole or in part, upon *my own* works or righteousness, on which I had really grounded my hope of salvation, though I knew it not, from my youth up. 2. By adding to *the constant use of all the* other *means of grace*, continual prayer for this very thing, justifying, saving faith, a full reliance on the blood of Christ shed for *me;* a trust in him, as *my* Christ, as *my* sole justification, sanctification and redemption.

13. I continued thus to seek it (though with strange indifference, dullness, and coldness, and usual frequent relapses into sin,) till Wednesday, May 24. I think it was about five this morning, that I opened my Testament on those words, Τα μεγιστα ημιν και τιμια επαγγελματα δεδωρηται, ινα γενησθε θειας κοινωνοι φυσεως, "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the Divine nature," 2 Pet. i. 4. Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." In the afternoon, I was asked to go to St. Paul's. The anthem was, "Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord hear my voice. O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? But there is mercy with thee; therefore thou shalt be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord: For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins."

14. In the evening, I went very unwillingly to a Society in Aldersgate-street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ; Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death.

15. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there, what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, "This cannot be Faith; for where is thy joy?" Then was I taught, that "Peace and victory over sin, are essential to Faith in the Captain of our salvation: But, that as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes with-holdeth them, according to the counsels of his own will."

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16. After my return home, I was much buffeted with temptations: But cried out, and they fled away. They returned again and again. I as often lifted up my eyes, and he "sent me help from his holy place." And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting with all my might under the law, as well as under grace. But then I was sometimes, if not often, conquered; now, I was always conqueror.

17. Thursday, May 25, The moment I awaked, "Jesus, Master," was in my heart and in my mouth: And I found all my strength lay in keeping my eye fixed upon him and my soul waiting on him continually. Being again at St. Paul's in the afternoon, I could taste the good word of God in the Anthem, which began, "My song shall be always of the loving kindness of the Lord: With my mouth will I ever be shewing forth thy truth from one generation to another." Yet the enemy injected a fear, "If thou dost believe, why is there not a more sensible change? I answered, (yet not I) That I know not. But this I know, I have *now peace with* God: And *I sin not to-day*, and *Jesus* my master has forbid me to take thought for the morrow.

18. "But is not *any* sort of *fear* (continued the tempter) a proof that thou dost not believe?" I desired my master to answer for me; and opened his book upon those words of St. Paul, "Without were fightings, within were fears." Then inferred I, well may fears be within *me;* but I must go on, and tread them under my feet.

Friday 26, My soul continued in peace, but yet in heaviness, because of manifold temptations. I asked Mr. Telchig, the Moravian, what to do? He said you must not fight with them, as you did before, but flee from them, the moment they appear, and take shelter in the wounds of Jesus. The same I learned also from the afternoon Anthem which was, "My soul truly waiteth still upon God; for of him cometh my salvation; he verily is my strength and my salvation; he is my defence, so that I shall not greatly fall. O put your trust in him always, ye people; pour out your hearts before him; for God is our hope."

Saturday 27, Believing one reason of my want of joy, was want of time for prayer, I resolved to do no business till I went to church in the morning, but to continue pouring out my heart before him. And this day my spirit was enlarged; so that though I was now also assaulted by many temptations, I was more than conqueror, gaining more power thereby to trust and to rejoice in God my Saviour.

Sunday 28, I waked in peace, but not in joy. In the same even quiet state I was till the evening, when I was roughly attacked in a large company as an Enthusiast, a Seducer, and a Setter forth of new Doctrines. By the blessing of God I was not moved to anger, but after a calm and short reply went away: though not with so tender a concern as was due to those, who were seeking death in the error of their life.

This day I preached in the morning at St. George's, Bloomsbury, on, *This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;* and in the afternoon at the chapel in Long-acre, on God's justifying

the ungodly; the last time (I understand) I am to preach at either. "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Monday 29, I set out for Dummer with Mr. Wolf, one of the first-fruits of Peter Bohler's ministry in England. I was much strengthened by the grace of God in him: Yet was his state so far above mine, that I was often tempted to doubt whether we had one faith? But, without much reasoning about it, I held here; Though his be *strong* and mine *weak*, yet that God hath given *some degree* of faith even to me, I know by its fruits. For I have *constant peace*: not one uneasy thought. And I have *freedom from sin:* Not one unholy desire.

Yet on Wednesday did I grieve the Spirit of God, not only by not *watching unto prayer*, but likewise by speaking with sharpness instead of tender love, of one that was not sound in the faith. Immediately God hid his face and I was troubled; and in this heaviness I continued till the next morning, June 1, when it pleased God, while I was exhorting another, to give comfort to my soul, and (after I had spent some time in prayer) to direct me to those gracious words, "Having therefore boldness, to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus—Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; (for he is faithful that hath promised) and let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works."

Saturday, June 3, I was so strongly assaulted by one of my old enemies, that I had scarce strength to open my lips, or even to look up for help. But after I had prayed, faintly, as I could, the temptation vanished away.

Sunday 4, Was indeed a feast day. For from the time of my rising till past one in the afternoon, I was praying, reading the Scriptures, singing praise, or calling sinners to repentance. All these days I scarce remember to have opened the Testament, but upon some great and precious promise. And I saw more than ever, that the Gospel is in truth, but one great promise, from the beginning of it to the end.

Tuesday 6, I had still more comfort, and peace and joy: On which I fear I began to presume. For in the evening I received a letter from Oxford, which threw me into much perplexity. It was asserted therein, "That no doubting could consist with the least degree of true faith: That whoever at any time felt any doubt or fear, was not *Weak in Faith*, but had *no Faith* at all: And that none had any faith, till the law of the spirit of life has made him *wholly* free from the law of sin and death."

Begging of God to direct me, I opened my Testament on 1 Cor. iii. 1. &c. where St. Paul speaks of those whom he terms *Babes in Christ*, who were *not able to bear strong meat*, nay, in a sense, *carnal;* to whom nevertheless he says, "Ye are God's building, ye are the temple of God." Surely then these men had *some degree* of faith: though it is plain, their faith was but *weak*.

After some hours spent in the Scriptures and prayer, I was much comforted. Yet I felt a kind of soreness in my heart, so that I found

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my wound was not fully healed. O God, save thou me, and all that are *weak in the faith*, from *doubtful disputations*!

Wednesday 7, I determined, if God should permit, to retire for a short time into Germany. I had fully purposed before I left Georgia so to do, if it should please God to bring me back to Europe. And I now clearly saw the time was come. My weak mind could not bear to be thus sawn asunder. And I hoped the conversing with these holy men, who were themselves living witnesses of the full power of faith, and yet able to bear with those that are weak, would be a means, under God, of so establishing my soul, that I might "go on from faith to faith, and from strength to strength."

Thursday 8, I went to Salisbury, to take leave of my mother. The next day I left Sarum, and on Saturday came to Stanton-Harcourt. Having preached Faith in Christ there on Sunday 11, I went on to Oxford; and thence on Monday to London, where I found Mr. Ingham just setting out. We went on board the next day, Tuesday 13, and fell down to Gravesend that night. About four in the afternoon on Wednesday we lost sight of England. We reached the Maese at eight on Thursday morning, and in an hour and a half landed at Rotterdam.

We were eight in all, five English and three Germans, Dr. Koker, a physician of Rotterdam, was so kind, when we set forward in the afternoon, as to walk an hour with us on our way. I never before saw any such road as this. For many miles together it is raised for some yards above the level, and paved with a small sort of brick, as smooth and clean as the Mall at St. James's. The walnut-trees stand in even rows on either side: So that no walk in a gentleman's garden is pleasanter. About seven we came to Goudart, where we were a little surprised, at meeting with a treatment which is not heard of in England. Several Inns utterly refused to entertain us; so that it was with difficulty we at last found one, where they did us the favour to take our money for some meat and drink, and the use of two or three bad beds. They pressed us much in the morning to see their Church, but were displeased at our pulling off our hats when we went in; telling us, "We must not do so; it was not the custom there." It is a large old building, of the Gothic kind, resembling some of our English Cathedrals. There is much history-painting in the windows, which they told us, is greatly admired. About eight we left Goudart, and in a little more than six hours we reached Ysselstein.

Here we were at Baron Wattevil's as at home. We found with him a few German brethren and sisters, and seven or eight of our English acquaintance, who had settled here some time before. They lodged just without the town, in three or four little houses, till one should be built that would contain them all. Saturday 17, was their Intercession-day. In the morning, some of our English brethren desired me to administer the Lord's Supper: The rest of the day we spent with all the brethren and sisters, in hearing the wonderful work which God is beginning to work over all the earth, and in making our requests known unto him, and giving him thanks for the mightiness of his kingdom.

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At six in the morning we took boat. The beautiful gardens lie on both sides the river, for great part of the way to Amsterdam, whither we came about five in the evening. The exact neatness of all the buildings here, the nice cleanness of the streets (which, we were informed, were all washed twice a week) and the canals which run through all the main streets, with rows of trees on either side, make this the pleasantest city which I have ever seen. Here we were entertained with truly Christian hospitality, by Mr. Decknatel, a minister of the Mennonists, who suffered us to want nothing while we stayed here, which was till the Thursday following. Dr. Barkausen (a Physician, a Muscovite by nation) who had been with Mr. Decknatel, for some time, shewed us likewise all possible kindness. *Remember them, O Lord, for good!*

Monday 19, I was at one of the Societies, which lasted an hour and a half. About sixty persons were present. The singing was in Low-Dutch, (Mr. Decknatel having translated into Low-Dutch part of the Hernhuth hymn-book) but the words were so very near the German, that any who understood the original, might understand the translation. The expounding was in High-Dutch. I was at another of the Societies on Tuesday, where were present about the same number. On Wednesday, one of our company found a sheep that had been lost; his sister, who had lived here for some time with one whom she loved too well, as he did her. But they were now both resolved, by the grace of God (which they accordingly executed without delay) "To pluck out the right eye, and cast it from them."

Thursday 22, We took boat at eight in the evening, and landing at four in the morning, walked on to Uutfass, which we left about two, having now another boy added to our number. A little before eight we came to Bourn, a small ill-built city, belonging to the Prince of Orange. Setting out early in the morning, we came to Nimwegen, the last town in Holland, about two in the afternoon: And leaving it at four, came before eight to an Inn, too hours short of Cleve.

Sunday 25, After spending an hour in singing and prayer, we walked till near noon, before we could meet with any refreshment. The road would have appeared exceeding pleasant, being broad and strait, with tall trees on either side, had not weariness and rain prevented. We hoped to reach Reinberg in the evening, but could not; being obliged to stop two hours short of it at a little house, where many good Lutherans were concluding the Lord's-day, as is usual among them, with fidling and dancing!

Monday 26, We breakfasted at Reinberg, left it at half an hour past ten, and at four came to Urding. Being much tired, we rested here, so that it was near ten at night before we came to Neus. Having but a few hours walk from thence to Colen, we went thither easily, and came at five the next evening, into the ugliest, dirtiest city, I ever yet saw with my eyes.

Wednesday 28, We went to the Cathedral, which is mere heaps upon heaps; a huge, misshapen thing, which has no more of symmetry, than of neatness belonging to it. I was a little surprised to observe,

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that neither in this, nor in any other of the Romish Churches where I have been, is there, properly speaking, any such thing as joint worship: but one prays at one shrine or alter, and another at another, without any regard to, or communication with one another. As we came out of the church, a procession began on the other side of the church-yard. One of our company scrupling to pull off his hat, a zealous Catholic presently cried out, *knock down the Lutheran dog.* But we prevented any contest, by retiring into the Church.

Walking on the side of the Rhine in the afternoon, I saw to my great surprise, (for I have always thought before no Romanist of any fashion believed any thing of the story,) a fresh painting, done last year at the public expence, on the outside of the city wall, in "Memory of the bringing in the heads of the three Kings (says the Latin inscription) through the gate adjoining:" Which indeed, in reverence, it seems, to them, has been stopped up ever since.

At four we took boat, when I could not but observe the decency of the Papists, above us who are called Reformed. As soon as ever we were seated, (and so every morning after) they all pulled off their hats, and each used by himself, a short prayer, for our prosperous journey. And this justice I must do to the very boatmen (who upon the Rhine are generally wicked even to a Proverb) I never heard one of them take the name of God in vain, or saw any one laugh, when any thing of religion was mentioned. So that I believe the glory of *sporting with sacred things*, is peculiar to the English nation!

We were four nights on the water, by reason of the swiftness of the stream, up which the boat was drawn by horses. The high mountains on each side the river, rising almost perpendicular, and yet covered with vines to the very top, gave us many agreeable prospects: A religious house, or old castle, every now and then appearing on the brow of one of them. On Sunday evening, July 2, we came to Mentz; and Monday the 3d, at half an hour past ten to Frankfort.

Faint and weary as we were, we could have no admittance here, having brought no passes with us, which indeed we never imagined would have been required, in a time of settled general peace. After waiting an hour at the gates, we procured a messenger, whom we sent to Mr. Bohler (Peter Bohler's father) who immediately came, procured us entrance into the city, and entertained us in the most friendly manner. We set out early in the morning on Tuesday the 4th, and about one came to Marienborn. But I was so ill, that after talking a little with Count Zinzendorf, I was forced to lie down the rest of the day.

The family at Marienborn consists of about ninety persons gathered out of many nations. They live for the presemt in a large house hired by the Count, which is capable of receiving a far greater number; but are building one, about three English miles off, on the top of a fruitful hill. *O how pleasant a thing it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity!*

Thursday 6, The Count carried me with him to the Count of Solmes, where I observed with pleasure the German frugality.

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Three of the young Countesses, though grown up, were drest in linen; the Count and his son in plain cloth. At dinner, the next day, a glass of wine and a glass of water were set by every one, and if either was emptied, a second. They all conversed freely and unaffectedly. At ten at night we took coach again, and in the morning reached Marienborn.

I lodged with one of the brethren at Eckershausen, an English mile from Marienborn, where I usually spent the day, chiefly in conversing with those who could speak either Latin or English; not being able, for want of more practice, to speak German readily. And here I continually met with what I sought for viz. Living proofs of the power of faith: Persons *saved from* inward as well as outward *sin, by the love of God shed abroad in their hearts*; and from all doubt and fear, by the abiding *witness of the Holy Ghost given unto them.*

Sunday 9, The Count preached in the old Castle at Runneberg, about three English miles from Marienborn, where is also a small company of those who seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Wednesday 12, was one of the conferences for strangers; where one of Frankfort proposing the question, Can a man be justified and not know it? The Count spoke largely upon it, to this effect:

1. Justification is, the forgivness of sins.
2. The moment a man flies to Christ, he is justified.
3. And has peace with God, but not always joy.
4. Nor perhaps may he know he is justified, till long after.*
5. For the assurance of it, is distinct from justification itself.
6. But others may know he is justified by his power over sin, by his seriousness, his love of the brethren, and his *hunger and thirst after righteousness, which alone proves the spiritual life to be begun.*
7. To be justified is the same thing as to be born of God.†
8. When a man is awakened, he is begotten of God, and his fear and sorrow and sense of the wrath of God, are the pangs of the New Birth.

I then recollected what Peter Bohler had often said upon this head, which was to this effect:

1. When a man has living faith in Christ, then is he justified:

* "In giving this statement, Mr. Wesley has not made any remark on this proposition. But certainly, it ought not to stand in so unguarded a manner. We know, 1. If a man has been really justified, a very great change has taken place in the state of his mind, which will shew itself in his life and conversation. 2. A man must necessarily be conscious of what has passed within himself, whether the change was instantaneous or gradual. 3. If, therefore, a man do not know that he is justified, when he really is so, it is because he does not understand the true scriptural evidence of a state of justification. This has sometimes been the case; when a man truly convinced of sin, and trusting in Christ for salvation, has not had the happiness to sit under a Gospel minister; or when he has sat under a minister, who, though he preached the doctrines of the Gospel, did not rightly divide the word of truth, nor point out to his hearers the order to be observed in the gradations of Christian experience, evidently founded on Scripture, and the nature of the human faculties. Such a preacher will never give his hearers clear and distinct views of the evidences of their state, whatever that state be." *Whitehead's Life of Wesley.*

† No: this is a mistake.

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2. This is always given in a moment,
3. And in that moment he has peace with God;
4. Which he cannot have, without knowing that he has it:
5. And being born of God, he sinneth not:
6. Which deliverance from sin he cannot have, without knowing that he has it.

Saturday 15, Was the intercession day, when many strangers were present from different parts. On Monday 17, having stayed here ten days longer than I intended, my first design being only to rest one or two days, I proposed setting out for Hernhuth; but Mr. Ingham desiring me to stay a little longer, I stayed till Wednesday 19th, when Mr. Hauptman, a native of Dresden, Mr. Brown, and I, set out together.

We breakfasted at Ghelenhausen, an old, unhandsome town, dined at Offenau, (where is a strange instance of moderation, a Church used every Sunday, both by the Papists and the Lutherans alternately,) and notwithstanding some sharp showers of rain, in the evening reached Steinau. Thursday 20, we dined at Braunsal, and passing through Fulda, in the afternoon, where the Duke has a pleasant palace, travelled through a delightful country of hills and vales, and in the evening came to Reckersch. The next night, after having had the most beautiful prospect which I think I ever saw, from the top of a high hill, commanding a vast extent of various land on every side, we, with some difficulty and many words, procured a poor accommodation at an inn in Marksul. Saturday 22, having passed through Elsenach in the morning, we came through a more level open country, to Saxe Gotha in the afternoon, a neat pleasant city, in which the Prince's palace is indeed a fine building. We stopped an hour here with a friendly man, and in the evening came to Ditleben; and thence in the morning to Erfurt, where we were kindly entertained by Mr. Reinhart, to whom we were directed by some of the brethren at Marienborn. In the afternoon we came to Weymac, where we had more difficulty to get through the city than is usual, even in Germany; being not only detained a considerable time at the gate, but also carried before I know not what great man, I believe, the Duke, in the square; who, after many other questions, asked, What we were going so far as Hernhuth for? I answered, "To see the place where the Christians live." He looked hard, and let us go.

Monday 24. We came early to Jena, which lies at the bottom of several high, steep, barren hills. The students here are distinguished from the townsmen by their swords. They do not live together in colleges, (nor indeed in any of the German universities), as we do in Oxford and Cambridge; but are scattered up and down the town, in lodging or boarding houses; those of them to whom we were recommended, behaved as brethren indeed. O may brotherly kindness, and every good word and work, abound among them more and more!

At Jena the stone pillars begin, set up by the Elector of Saxony, and marking out every quarter of a German mile, to the end of his Electorate. Every mile is a large pillar, with the name of the neigh-

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bouring towns, and their distances inscribed. It were much to be wished, that the same care were taken in England, and indeed in all countries.

We left Jena early on Tuesday, reached Weisenfeltz in the evening, and Merseberg on Wednesday morning. Having a desire to see Halle, (two German miles off), we set out after breakfast, and came thither at two in the afternoon. But we could not be admitted into the town when we came. The King of Prussia's tall men, who kept the gates, sent us backward and forward, from one gate to another, for near two hours. I then thought of sending in a note to Professor Francke, the son of that august Herman Francke, whose name is indeed as precious ointment. O may I follow him, as he did Christ! and *by manifestation of the truth commend myself to every man's conscience in the sight of God!*

He was not in town. However, we were at length admitted into the orphan-house, that amazing proof, that *all things are* still *possible to him that believeth.* There is now a large yearly revenue for its support: besides what is continually brought in by the printing-office, the books sold there, and the apothecary's shop, which is furnished with all sorts of medicines. The building reaches backward from the front in two wings, for, I believe, a hundred and fifty yards. The lodging chambers, for the children, their dining-room, their chapel, and all the adjoining apartments, are so conveniently contrived, and so exactly clean, as I have never seen any before. Six hundred and fifty children, we are informed, are wholly maintained there, and three thousand, if I mistake not, taught. Surely such a thing neither we nor our fathers have known, as this great thing which God has done here!

Thursday 27, We returned to Merseberg, and at five in the evening came to the gates of Leipsig. After we had sent in our pass, and waited an hour and a half, we were suffered to go to a bad inn in the town.

Friday 28, We found out Mr. Merschall, and the other gentlemen of the university, to whom we were directed. They were not wanting in any good office while we stayed, and in the afternoon went with us an hour forward in our journey.

After a pleasant walk on Saturday, on Sunday 30, about seven in the morning, we came to Meissen. In Meissen castle, the German china-ware is made, which is full as dear as that imported from the Indies, and as finely shaped, and beautifully coloured, as any I have ever seen. After breakfast we went to church. I was greatly surprised at all I saw there; at the costliness of apparel in many, and the gaudiness of it, in more; at the huge fur caps worn by the women, of the same shape of a Turkish turband, which generally had one or more ribbands hanging down a great length behind. The minister's habit was adorned with gold and scarlet, and a vast cross both behind and before. Most of the congregation sat, (the men generally with their hats on, at the prayers as well as the sermon), and all of them stayed during the Holy Communion, though but very few received. Alas, alas! what a *reformed* country is this!

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At two in the afternoon we came to Dresden, the chief city of Saxony. Here also we were carried, for above two hours, from one magistrate or officer to another, with the usual impertinent solemnity, before we were suffered to go to the inn. I greatly wonder that common sense and common humanity (for these doubtless subsist in Germany as well as England), do not put an end to this senseless inhuman usage of strangers, which we met with at almost every German city, though more particularly at Frankfort, Weymac, Halle, Leipsig, and Dresden. I know nothing that can reasonably be said in its defence, in a time of full peace, being a breach of all the common, even heathen laws of hospitality. If it be a custom, so much the worse; the more is the pity, and the more is the shame.

In the evening we saw the palace the late Elector was building, when God called him away. The stone-work he had very near finished, and some of the apartments within. It is a beautiful and magnificent design; but all is now swiftly running to ruin. The new church on the outside resembles a theatre: it is eight square, built of fine free-stone. We were desired also to take notice of the great bridge, which joins the new with the old town; of the large brass crucifix upon it, generally admired for the workmanship; and the late King Augustus's statue on horseback, which is at a small distance from it. Alas! where will all these things appear, when *the earth and the works thereof shall be burnt up?*

Between five and six the next evening, (having left Mr. Hauptman with his relations in Dresden), we came to Neustadt, but could not procure any lodging in the city. After walking half an hour, we came to another little town, and found a sort of an inn there; but they told us plainly, *we should have no lodging with them; for they did not like our looks.*

About eight we were received at a little house in another village, where God gave us sweet rest.

Tuesday, August 1, At three in the afternoon, I came to Hernhuth, about thirty English miles from Dresden. It lies in Upper Lusatia, on the border of Bohemia, and contains about an hundred houses, built on a rising ground, with ever-green woods on two sides, gardens and corn-fields on the others, and high hills at a small distance. It has one long street, through which the great road from Zittau to Loban goes. Fronting the middle of this street is the orphan-house; in the lower part of which is the apothecary's shop, in the upper, the chapel, capable of containing six or seven hundred people. Another row of houses runs at a small distance from either end of the orphan-house, which accordingly divides the rest of the town (beside the long street) into two squares. At the east end of it is the Count's house, a small plain building like the rest; having a large garden behind it well laid out, not for a show, but for the use of the community.

We had a convenient lodging assigned us, in the house appointed for strangers; and I had now abundant opportunity, of observing whether what I had heard was enlarged by the relators, or was neither more nor less than the naked truth.

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I rejoiced to find Mr. Hermsdorf here, whom I had so often conversed with in Georgia; and there was nothing in his power which he did not do, to make our stay here useful and agreeable. About eight we went to the public service, at which they frequently use other instruments with their organ. They began, as usual, with singing: then followed the expounding, closed by a second hymn; prayer followed this; and then a few verses of a third hymn, which concluded the service.

Wednesday 2, At four in the afternoon was a love-feast of the married men, taking their food with gladness and singleness of heart, and with the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

Thursday 3, (and so every day at eleven), I was at the Bible Conference, wherein Mr. Miller, (late master of a great school in Zittau, till he left all to follow Christ), and several others, read together, as usual, a portion of Scripture in the original. At five was the conference for strangers, when several questions concerning justification were resolved. This evening Christian David came hither. O may God make him a messenger of glad tidings.

On Friday and Saturday (and so every day in the following week), I had much conversation with the most experienced of the brethren, concerning the great work which God had wrought in their souls, purifying them by faith: and with Martin Dober, and the other teachers and elders of the church, concerning the discipline used therein.

Sunday 6, We went to church at Bertholdsdorf, a Lutheran village about an English mile from Hernhuth. Two large candles stood lighted upon the altar; the Last Supper was painted behind it; the pulpit was placed over it, and over that a brass image of Christ on the cross.

The minister had on a sort of pudding-sleeve gown, which covered him all round. At nine began a long voluntary on the organ, closed with a hymn, which was sung by all the people sitting, in which posture, as is the German custom, they sung all that followed. Then the minister walked up to the altar, bowed, sung these Latin words, *Gloria in excelcis Deo;* bowed again, and went away. This was followed by another hymn, sung as before, to the organ by all the people. Then the minister went to the altar again, bowed, sung a prayer, read the Epistle, and went away. After a third hymn was sung, he went a third time to the altar, sung a versicle, (to which all the people sung a response), read the third chapter to the Romans, and went away. The people having then sung the Creed in rhyme, he came and read the Gospel, all standing. Another hymn followed, which being ended, the minister in the pulpit used a long extemporary prayer, and afterwards preached an hour and a quarter on a verse of the Gospel. Then he read a long intercession and general thanksgiving, which before twelve concluded the service.

After the evening service at Hernhuth was ended, all the unmarried men (as is their custom) walked quite round the town, singing praise with instruments of music; and then on a small hill, at a little distance from it, casting themselves into a ring, joined in prayer.

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Thence they returned into the great square, and a little after eleven, commended each other to God.

Tuesday 8, A child was buried. The burying-ground (called by them *Gottes Acker*, i. e. God's ground) lies a few hundred yards out of the town, under the side of a little wood. There are distinct Squares in it for married men and unmarried; for married and unmarried women; for male and female children, and for widows. The corpse was carried from the chapel, the children walking first: next the orphan-father (so they call him who has the chief care of the orphan-house) with the minister of Bertholsdorf: then four children bearing the corpse, and after them, Martin Dober and the father of the child. Then followed the men, and last of all the women and girls. They all sung as they went. Being come into the Square where the male-children are buried, the men stood on two sides of it. The boys on the third, and the women and girls on the fourth. There they sung again: After which the Minister used (I think, read) a short prayer, and concluded with that blessing, "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit you."

Seeing the father (a plain man, a Taylor by trade) looking at the grave, I asked, "How do you find yourself?" He said, "Praised be the Lord, never better. He has taken the soul of my child to himself. I have seen, according to my desire, his body committed to holy ground. And I know that when it is raised again, both he and I shall be ever with the Lord."

Several evenings this week I was with one or other of the private Bands. On Wednesday and Thursday I had an opportunity of talking with Michael Linner, the eldest of the church, and largely with Christian David, who, under God, was the first Planter of it.

Four times also I enjoyed the blessing of hearing him preach, during the few days I spent here: And every time he chose the very subject which I should have desired, had I spoken to him before. Thrice he described the state of those who are *Weak in Faith*, who are justified, but have not yet a new, clean heart; who have received forgiveness through the blood of Christ, but have not received the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. This state he explained once, from *Blessed are the poor in Spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven:* when he shewed at large from various scriptures, that many are children of God and heirs of the promises, long before their hearts are softened by holy *mourning*, before they are *comforted* by the abiding witness of the Spirit, melting their souls into all gentleness and *meekness;* and much more, before they are renewed in all that *righteousness*, which they *hungered and thirsted* after, before they are *pure in heart* from all self-will and sin, and *merciful* as their Father which is in heaven is merciful.

A second time he pointed out this state from those words, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death! I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. There is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Hence also he at large both proved the existence, and shewed the nature of that intermediate state, which most experience between that bondage which is described in the 7th

chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and the full glorious liberty of the children of God, described in the eighth, and in many other parts of Scripture.

This he yet again explained from the scriptures which describe the state the Apostles were in, from our Lord's death (and indeed for some time before) till the descent of the Holy Ghost at the day of Pentecost. They were then *clean*, as Christ himself had borne them witness, *by the word which he had spoken unto them.* They then *had faith*, otherwise he could not have prayed for them, that their *faith* might *not fail.* Yet they had not *new* hearts; neither had they received *the gift of the Holy Ghost.*

The fourth Sermon which he preached, concerning the ground of our Faith, made such an impression upon me, that when I went home, I could not but write down the substance of it, which was as follows:

"The word of Reconciliation which the Apostles preached, as the foundation of all they taught, was that 'we are reconciled to God, not by our own works, nor by our own righteousness, but wholly and solely by the blood of Christ.'

"But you will say, must I not grieve and mourn for my sins? Must I not humble myself before my God? Is not this just and right? And must I not first do this before I can expect God to be reconciled to me? I answer, it is just and right. You must be humbled before God. You must have a broken and contrite heart. But then observe, this is not your own work. Do you grieve that you are a sinner? This is the work of the Holy Ghost. Are you contrite? Are you humble before God? Do you indeed mourn, and is your heart broken within you? All this worketh the self-same Spirit.

"Observe again, this is not the foundation. It is not this by which you are justified. This is not the righteousness, this is no part of the righteousness by which you are reconciled unto God. You grieve for your sins. You are deeply humble. Your heart is broken. Well. But all this is nothing to your justification.* The remission of your sins is not owing to this cause, either in whole or in part. Nay, observe farther, that it *may* hinder your justification; that is, if you build any thing upon it; if you think, I must be *so or so* contrite. I must grieve *more*, before I can be justified. Understand this well. To think you must be *more* contrite, *more* humble, *more* grieved, *more* sensible of the weight of sin, before you can be justified; is, to lay your contrition, your grief, your humiliation for the foundation of your being justified: at least for a part of the foundation. Therefore it hinders your justification; and a hindrance it is which must be removed, before you can lay the right foundation. The right foundation is, not *your* contrition, (though that is not your *own*) not *your* righteousness, nothing of *your own:* Nothing that is wrought *in you* by the Holy Ghost; but it is something *without you*, viz. the righteousness and the blood of Christ.

* This is not guarded. These things do not merit our justification, but they are absolutely necessary in order to it. God never pardons the impenitent.

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"For this is the word, 'To him that believeth on God that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' See ye not, that the foundation is nothing *in us?* There is no connexion between God and the ungodly. There is no tie to unite them. They are altogether separate from each other. They have nothing in common. There is nothing less or more in the ungodly, to join them to God. Works, righteousness, contrition? No. Ungodliness only. This then do, if you will lay a right foundation. Go straight to Christ with all your ungodliness. Tell him, Thou whose eyes are as a flame of fire searching my heart, seest that I am ungodly. I plead nothing else. I do not say, I am humble or contrite; but I am ungodly. Therefore bring me to him that justifieth the ungodly. Let thy blood be the propitiation for me; for there is nothing in me but ungodliness.

"Here is a mystery. Here the wise men of the world are lost, are taken in their own craftiness. This the learned of the world cannot comprehend. It is foolishness unto them. Sin is the only thing which divides men from God. Sin (let him that heareth understand) is the only thing which unites them to God; *i. e.* the only thing which moves the Lamb of God to have compassion upon, and by his blood, to give them access to the Father.

"This is the *word of reconciliation* which we preach. This is the foundation which never can be moved. By faith we are built upon this foundation: and this faith also is the gift of God. It is his free gift, which he now and ever giveth to every one that is willing to receive it. And when they have received this gift of God, then their hearts will melt for sorrow that they have offended him. But this gift of God lives in the heart not in the head. The faith of the head, learned from men or books, is nothing worth. It brings neither remission of sins, nor peace with God. Labour then to believe with your whole heart. So shall you have redemption through the blood of Christ. So shall you be cleansed from all sin. So shall ye go on from strength to strength, being renewed day by day in righteousness and all true holiness."

Saturday 12, Was the Intercession-day, when many strangers were present, some of whom came twenty or thirty miles. I would gladly have spent my life here; but my Master calling me to labour in another part of the vineyard, on Monday 14, I was constrained to take my leave of this happy place; Martin Dober, and a few others of the brethren, walking with us about an hour. O when shall *this* Christianity cover the earth, as the *waters cover the seas!*

To hear in what manner God *out of darkness commanded this light to shine,* must be agreeable to all those in every nation, who can testify from their own experience, *The gracious Lord hath so done his marvellous acts, that they ought to be had in remembrance.* I shall, therefore, here subjoin the substance of several conversations which I had at Hernhuth, chiefly on this subject. And may many be incited hereby to give praise *unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!*

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It was on August 10 (Old Style) that I had an opportunity of spending some hours with Christian David. He is a carpenter by trade, more than middle-aged, though I believe not fifty yet. Most of his words I understood well; if at any time I did not, one of the brethren who went with me explained them in Latin. The substance of what he spoke, I immediately after wrote down; which was as follows:

"When I was young, I was much troubled at hearing some affirm, that the Pope was Antichrist. I read the Lutheran books written against the Papists, and the Popish books written against the Lutherans. I easily saw that the Papists were in the wrong; but not that the Lutherans were in the right. I could not understand what they meant, by being justified by faith, by faith alone, by faith without works. Neither did I like their talking so much of Christ. Then I began to think, How can Christ be the Son of God? But the more I reasoned with myself upon it, the more confused I was, till at last I loathed the very name of Christ. I could not bear to mention it. I hated the sound of it; and would never willingly have either read or heard it. In this temper I left Moravia, and wandered through many countries, seeking rest, but finding none.

In these wanderings I fell among some Jews. Their objections against the New Testament threw me into fresh doubts. At last I set myself to read over the Old Testament, and see if the prophecies therein contained were fulfilled. I was soon convinced they were. And thus much I gained: a fixt belief that Jesus was the Christ.

But soon after this, a new doubt arose: Are the New Testament prophecies fulfilled? This I next set myself to examine. I read them carefully over, and could not but see every event answered the prediction: So that the more I compared the one with the other, the more fully I was convinced that *all Scripture was given by Inspiration of God.*

Yet still my soul was not in peace: Nor indeed did I expect it, till I should have openly renounced the errors of Popery: Which accordingly I did at Berlin. I now also led a very strict life. I read much, and prayed much. I did all I could to conquer sin, yet it profited not; I was still conquered by it. Neither found I any more rest among the Lutherans than I did before among the Papists.

At length, not knowing what to do, I listed myself a soldier. Now I thought I should have more time to pray and read, having with me a New Testament and a Hymn-book. But in one day both my books were stolen. This almost broke my heart. Finding also in this way of life all the inconveniencies which I thought to avoid by it, after six months I returned to my trade, and followed it two years. Removing then to Gorlitz in Saxony, I fell into a dangerous illness. I could not stir hand nor foot for twenty weeks. Pastor Sleder came to me every day. And from him it was, that the Gospel of Christ came first with power to my soul.

Here I found the peace I had long sought in vain; for I was assured *my* sins were forgiven. Not indeed all at once, but by degrees; not in one moment, nor in one hour. For I could not immediately

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believe, that I *was* forgiven, because of the mistake I was then in concerning forgiveness. I saw not then that the first promise to the children of God is, *Sin shall no more reign over you;* but thought, I was to *feel it in me* no more from the time it was forgiven. Therefore, although I had the mastery over it, yet I often feared it was not forgiven, because it still *stirred in me*, and at some times *thrust sore at me that I might fall:* Because though it did not *reign*, it did *remain* in me; and I was continually *tempted* though not *overcome.* This at that time threw me into many doubts; not understanding that the devil *tempts*, properly speaking, only those whom he perceives to be escaping from him. He need not tempt his own; for they *lie in the wicked one* (as St. John observes) and do his will with greediness. But those whom Christ is setting free, he tempts day and night, to see if he can recover them to his kingdom. Neither saw I then, that the *being justified*, is widely different from the having *the full assurance of faith.* I remembered not that our Lord told his apostles before his death, *Ye are clean;* whereas it was not till many days after it that they were fully assured by the Holy Ghost then received, of their reconciliation to God, through his blood. The difference between these fruits of the Spirit, was as yet hid from me; so that I was hardly and slowly convinced I had the one, because I had not the other.

When I was recovered from my illness, I resolved to return into Moravia, and preach Christ to my relations there. Thence I came back to Gorlitz, where I continued five years, and there was a great awakening both in town and country round about. In this space I made two more journies into Moravia, where more and more came to hear me, many of whom promised to come to me, wherever I was, when a door should be opened for them.

After my return from my third journey, Count Zinzendorf sent to Gorlitz, the minister of Bertholdsdorf being dead, for Mr. Rothe, who was in a gentleman's family there, to be minister of that place. Mr. Rothe told him of me, and he wrote to me, to come to him, and when I came, said, "Let as many as will of your friends come hither; I will give them land to build on, and Christ will give them the rest." I went immediately into Moravia and told them, God had now found out a place for us. Ten of them followed me then; ten more the next year; one more in my following journey. The Papists were now alarmed, set a price upon my head, and levelled the house I had lodged in even with the ground. I made however eleven journeys thither in all, and conducted as many as desired it to this place, the way to which was now so well known, that many more came of themselves.

Eighteen years ago we built the first house. We chose to be near the great road rather than at Bertholdsdorf (for the Count gave us our choice) hoping we might thereby find opportunities of instructing some that travelled by us. In two years we were increased to 150; when I contracted an intimate acquaintance with a Calvinist, who, after some time, brought me over to his opinion touching Election and Reprobation: And by me were most of our brethren like-

wise brought over to the same opinions. About this time we were in great straits, wherewith many were much dejected. I endeavoured to comfort them with the sense of God's love towards them. But they answered, "Nay, it may be he hath no love towards us; it may be we are not of the Election; but God hated us from eternity, and therefore he hath suffered all these things to come upon us." The Count observing this, desired me to go to a neighbouring minister, Pastor Steinmetz, and talk with him fully on that head, "Whether Christ died for all?" I did so, and by him God fully convinced me of that important truth. And not long after, the Count desired we might all meet together, and consider these things thoroughly. We met accordingly at his house, and parted not for three days. We opened the Scriptures, and considered the account given therein, of the whole economy of God with man, from the creation to the consummation of all things, and by the blessing of God we came all to one mind; particularly in that fundamental point, that *He willeth all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of his truth.*

Sometime after, the Jesuits told the Emperor, that the Count was gathering together all the Moravians and Bohemians, forming them into one body, and making a new religion. Commissioners were immediately sent to Hernhuth, to examine into the truth of this. The substance of the final answer returned through them to the Emperor was as follows:

An Extract of the public instrument signed at Hernhuth, in August, 1729.

1. We believe the Church of the Bohemian and Moravian brethren, from whom we are descended, to have been a holy and undefiled Church, as owned by Luther and all other Protestant Divines: who own also that our doctrine agrees with theirs; but our discipline they have not.

2. But we do not rest upon the holiness of our ancestors: it being our continual care, to shew that we are passed from death unto life, by worshipping God in spirit and in truth. Nor do we count any man a brother, unless he has either preserved inviolate the covenant he made with God in baptism, or, if he has broken it, been born again of God.

3. On the other side, whosoever they are, who being sprinkled by the blood of Christ, are sanctified through faith, we receive them as brethren, although in some points they may differ from us. Not that we can renounce or give up any doctrine of God, contained in Holy Writ; the least part of which is dearer unto us, than thousands of gold and silver.

4. Discipline we judge to be necessary in the highest degree, for all those who have any knowledge of divine truth: and we can therefore in no wise forsake that, which we have received from our forefathers. Yet if it should ever be (which God forbid) that any of us should speak or act perverse things, we could only say, with St. John, *They went forth from us, but were not of us: For if they had been* of us, *they would have continued with us.*

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5. The public worship of God at Bertholdsdorf, which we have hitherto frequented, we are the less able now to forsake, because we have there an assembly of true believers, a doctrine free from error, and a pastor who *having laboured much in the Word, is worthy of double honour.* Therefore we have no cause to form any congregation, separate from this: especially seeing we both use that liberty which Christ hath purchased for us; and so often experience the power of the doctrine which is taught here, and agree with the Evangelical Protestants (i. e. Lutherans) in all truths of importance. As for the controverted points, which require a subtile wit, we either are ignorant of them, or despise them.

6. The name of brethren and sisters we do not reject, as being agreeable both to Scripture and to Christian simplicity. But we do not approve of being called by the name of any man: as knowing, *We have one Father, even Him which is in heaven.*

In 1732 we were again required to give an account of ourselves. This was then done in the manner following:

An Extract of the Letter wrote by the Church of Hernhuth, to the President of Upper Lusatia, January 24th, 1732.

'1 None can be ignorant of the religion of our ancestors who have read the history of John Huss. Some of his followers endeavoured to repel force by force. The rest, having better learned Christ, obtained leave of George Podibrad, king of Bohemia, to retire and live apart. Retiring accordingly, in the year 1453, to a place on the borders of Silesia and Moravia, they lived in peace till the time of Luther and Calvin; with both of whom, as with their followers, they maintained a friendly intercourse, especially when, by the providence of God, they were placed among those of either opinion.

'2. In the year 1699, David Ernest Jablonsky, grandson to Amos Comenius, the last bishop of the Moravians, was consecrated bishop of the United Brethren in Moravian, Bohemia, and Poland, in a synod regularly assembled. To him Count Zinzendorf signified, that several of the Moravian Brethren, having escaped from the tyranny of the Papists, where so joined to the Lutherans, whose doctrine they approved, as nevertheless to retain their ancient discipline. His entire approbation of this, Bishop Jablonsky testified to the Count in several letters. '3. It must be acknowledged, that many of our ancestors, about the beginning of the Reformation, from fear of man, did not openly confess the truth. And hence it was that the Romish pastors bore with them, being little concerned what their private opinions were. But hence it also was, that continually using dissimulation, and not walking in simplicity, they were no longer fervent in spirit, as of old time, neither could they find any peace to their souls.

'4. It was in the year 1715 that a soldier of the Emperor's, lately discharged, came to Sehl, a village of which the Jesuits are lords, and began to talk with Augustin Neusser and his brother. He sharply reproved their hypocrisy, in pretending to be Romanists, and dissembling the true faith. Yet they *conferred with flesh and blood,*

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till the year 1722, when at length they forsook all, and retired into Upper Lusatia. They left three brothers behind them, who were soon after cast into prison, and grievously persecuted by the Papists; so that, as soon as ever a door was opened, they also left all, and followed their brothers into Lusatia: the same did many others soon after, as finding no safety, either for body or soul, in their own country: whence about the same time, Michael and Martin Linner, and the Haberlands, were driven out, with their families, after having suffered the loss of all things, for not conforming to the Romish worship, and for receiving those they called hereticks into their houses.

'5. But the brethren at Kuhnewald were treated with still greater severity. All their books were taken away; they were compelled by the most exquisite torments, to conform to the popish superstitions and idolatries; and in the end, cast into, and kept in, the most loathsome prisons; whereby David Schneider, the Nitschmans, and many others, were constrained also to leave their country, and all that they had. These are the plain reasons of our leaving Moravia, of which your Excellency desired an account from us.'

In the mean time we found a great remissness of behaviour had crept in among us. And indeed the same was to be found in most of those round about us, whether Lutherans or Calvinists, so insisting on faith, as to forget, at least in practice, both holiness and good works. Observing this terrible abuse of preaching Christ *given for us*, we began to insist more than ever, on Christ *living in us*. All our exhortations and preaching turned on this: we spoke, we wrote of nothing else. Our constant inquiries were, 'Is Christ formed *in you?* Have you a new heart? Is your soul renewed in the image of God? Is the whole body of sin destroyed in you? Are you fully assured, beyond all doubt or fear, that you are a child of God? In what manner and at what moment did you receive that full assurance?' If a man could not answer all these questions, we judged he had no true faith. Nor would we permit any to receive the Lord's Supper among us, till he could.

In this persuasion we were, when I went to Greenland, five years ago. There I had a correspondence by letter with a Danish minister, on the head of justification. And it pleased God to shew me by him, (though he was by no means a holy man, but openly guilty of gross sins), that we had now leaned too much to this hand, and were run into another extreme: that Christ *in us*, and Christ *for us*, ought indeed to be both insisted on; but first and principally Christ *for us*, as being the ground of all. I now clearly saw, we ought not to insist on any thing we *feel*, any more than any thing we *do*, as if it were necessary previous to justification, or the remission of sins. I saw, that least of all ought we so to insist on the full assurance of faith, or the destruction of the body of sin, and the extinction of all its motions; as to exclude those, who had not attained this, from the Lord's table, or to deny that they had any faith at all. I plainly perceived, this full assurance was a distinct gift from justifying faith, and often not given till long after it: and that justification does not

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imply, that sin should not *stir* in us, but only that it should not *conquer*.

And now first it was, that I had that full assurance of my own reconciliation to God, through Christ. For many years I had had the forgiveness of my sins, and a measure of the peace of God; but I had not till now, that witness of his Spirit, which shuts out all doubt and fear. In all my trials I had always a confidence in Christ, who had done so great things for me. But it was a confidence mixed with fear: I was afraid *I had not done enough*. There was always something dark in my soul till now. But now the clear light shined: and I saw that what I had hitherto so constantly insisted on, the *doing* so much and *feeling* so much, the long repentance and preparation for believing, the bitter sorrow for sin, and that deep contrition of heart which is found in some, were by no means essential to justification. Yea, that wherever the free grace of God is rightly preached, a sinner in the full career of his sins, will probably receive it, and be justified by it, before one who insists on such previous preparation.

At my return to Hernhuth, I found it difficult at first to make my brethren sensible of this, or to persuade them not to insist on the assurance of faith, as a necessary qualification for receiving the Lord's Supper. But from the time they were convinced, which is now three years since, we have all chiefly insisted on Christ *given for us*; this we urge as the principal thing, which if we rightly believe, Christ will surely be *formed in us*. And this preaching we have always found to be accompanied with power, and to have the blessing of God following it. By this, believers receive a steady purpose of heart, and a more unshaken resolution, to endure with a free and cheerful spirit whatsoever our Lord is pleased to lay upon them."

The same day I was with Michael Linner, the eldest of the church; the sum of whose conversation was this:

"The church of Moravia was once a glorious church. But it is now covered with thick darkness. It is about sixteen years ago, that I began to seek for light. I had a New Testament which I constantly read: upon which I often said to myself, 'This says, I ought to be humble, and meek, and pure in heart. How comes it that I am not so?' I went to the best men I knew, and asked, 'Is not this the word of God? And if so, ought I not to be such as this requires, both in heart and in life?' They answered, 'The first Christians indeed were such; but it is impossible for *us* to be so perfect.' This answer gave me no satisfaction. I knew God could not mock his creatures, by requiring of them what he saw it is impossible for them to perform. I asked others, but had still the same answer, which troubled me more and more.

"About fourteen years ago, I was more than ever convinced, that I was wholly different from what God required me to be. I consulted his Word again and again; but it spoke nothing but condemnation; till at last I could not read, nor indeed do any thing else, having no hope and no spirit left in me. I had been in this state for several days, when being musing by myself, those words came strongly

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into my mind, *God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, to the end that all who believe in him, should not perish but have everlasting life.* I thought, '*All?* Then I am one. Then he is given for *me.* But I am a sinner. And he came to save sinners.' Immediately my burden dropped off, and my heart was at rest.

"But the full assurance of faith I had not yet; nor for the two years I continued in Moravia. When I was driven out thence by the Jesuits, I retired hither, and was soon after received into the Church. And here, after some time, it pleased our Lord to manifest himself more clearly to my soul, and give me that full sense of acceptance in Him, which excludes all doubt and fear.

"Indeed the leading of the Spirit is different in different souls. His more usual method, I believe, is to give in one and the same moment the forgiveness of sins, and a full assurance of that forgiveness. Yet in many he works as he did in me: giving first the remission of sins, and after some weeks, or months, or years, the full assurance of it."

This great truth was farther confirmed to me the next day by the conversation I had with David Nitschman, one of the teachers or pastors of the Church; who expressed himself to this effect:

"In my childhood I was very serious; but as I grew up, was so careless, that at eighteen years old, I had even forgot to read. When I found this, I was startled, I soon learned again, and then spent much time in reading and prayer. But I knew nothing of my heart, till about the age of twenty-six. I bought a Bible, and began to read the New Testament. The farther I read, the more I was condemned. I found a law which I did not, could not keep. I had a will to avoid all sin: but the power I had not, I continually strove; but was continually conquered. The thing which *I would, I did not;* but what I *would* not have done that I did. In this bondage I was, when I fell into a fit of sickness; during my recovery from which, I felt a stronger desire than ever to avoid all sin. At the same time I felt the power. And sin no longer reigned over me.

"But soon after, I fell into grievous temptations, which made me very uneasy. For though I yielded not to them, yet they returned again and again, as fast as they were conquered. Then it came into my mind, 'I take all this pains to serve God. What if there be no God? How do I know there is?' And on this I mused more and more, till I said in my heart, 'There is no God!'

"In this state I was when I came to Hernhuth, about fourteen years ago. And every day for a full year, from morning to night, I groaned under this unbelief. Yet I prayed continually unbelieving as I was; particularly one Sunday, when being in the church of Bertholsdorf, and quite weary of hearing so much of Him, whose very being I did not believe, I vehemently said, 'O God, if thou be a God, thou must manifest thyself, or I cannot believe it.' In walking home, I thought of an expression of Pastor Rothe's, 'Only *suppose* these things are so: *suppose* there be a God.' I said to myself, 'Well, I will, I *do* sup-

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pose it.' Immediately I felt a strange sweetness in my soul which increased every moment till the next morning: and from that time, if all the men upon earth, and all the devils in hell had joined in denying it, I could not have doubted the Being of a God, no, not for one moment. This first sweetness lasted for six weeks, without any intermission,

"I then fell into doubts of another kind. I believed in God; but not in Christ. I opened my heart to Martin Dober, who used many arguments with me but in vain. For above four years I found no rest, by reason of this unbelief: till one day, as I was sitting in my house, despairing of any relief, those words shot into me, 'God *was in* Christ, *reconciling the world to himself.*" I thought, "Then God, and Christ are one." Immediately my heart was filled with joy; and much more at the remembrance of these words which I now felt. I *did believe, The Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.*

"Yet in a few days I was troubled again. I believed Christ was the Saviour of the world, But I could not call him *my* Saviour, neither did I believe He would save me. And one day, as I was walking across the square, that text came strongly into my mind, *The unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.* I returned home, terrified beyond expression, and instantly began crying out to our Saviour, telling him, 'I deserved no less than hell, and gave myself up, if it were his will, to suffer, what I had deserved.' In a moment I found a gleam of hope, that He *would* have mercy even on me.

"But this, in a short time, vanished away, and my uneasiness returned again. Many endeavoured to persuade me that I had, but I knew I had not, a right faith in Christ. For I had no confidence in Him; nor could I lay hold upon him as *my* Saviour. Indeed, reading one day, (in Arndt's True Christianity), 'That if all the sins of all the men upon earth were joined in one man, the blood of Christ was sufficient to cleanse that man from all sin:' I felt for a time comfort and peace: but it was but for a time, and then I was overwhelmed as before with sadness and unbelief. And I was oppress't almost beyond my strength, when* a year ago, I went into this little wood. At first I was tempted to break out into impatience; but then I thought, our Saviour knows best: nor would he suffer this trouble to continue so long, if he did not see it was good for me. I delivered myself wholly into his hands, to dispose of me according to his good pleasure. In that hour I saw, that all who believe in Him, are reconciled to God through his blood, and was assured, that I was thereby reconciled, and numbered among the children of God. And from that hour, I have had no doubt, or fear, but all peace and joy in believing."

* N. B. i. e. In the year 1737. Several years before which, he was elected one of the four public Teachers of the Church; which office he retains to this day. Now, which of the two consequences will you choose, (for one or the other is unavoidable) either that a man may preach the Gospel (yea, and with the demonstration of the Spirit), who has no faith: Or that a man who has a degree of true faith, may yet have doubts and fears?

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Some of the circumstances of this uncommon relation, were made more clear to me, by the account I received in the afternoon from a student at Hernhuth, Albinus Theodorus Feder.

"I, said he, for three years fought against sin with all my might, by fasting and prayer, and all the other means of grace. But notwithstanding all my endeavours, I gained no ground: sin still prevailed over me; till at last, not knowing what to do farther, I was on the very brink of despair. Then it was that having no other refuge left, I fled to my Saviour as one lost and undone, and that had no hope, but in his power and free mercy. In that moment I found my heart at rest, in good hope that my sins were forgiven; of which I had a stronger assurance six weeks after, when I received the Lord's Supper here. But I dare not affirm, 'I am a child of God;' neither have I the seal of the Spirit. Yet I go on quietly, doing my Saviour's will, taking shelter in his wounds, from all trouble and sin, and knowing he will perfect his work in his own time.

"Martin Dober, when I described my state to him, said, 'He had known very many believers, who, if asked the question, would not have dared to affirm, that they were the children of God. And he added, It is very common for persons to receive remission of sins, or justification through faith in the blood of Christ, before they receive the full assurance of faith, which God many times withholds, till he has tried whether they will work together with him, in the use of the first gift.' Nor is there any need (continued he, Dober) to incite any one to seek that assurance, by telling him, the faith he has is nothing. This will be more likely to drive him to despair, than to encourage him to press forward. His single business, who has received the first gift is, *credendo credere & in credendo perseverare* (to believe on, and to hold fast that whereunto he hath attained), to go on doing his Lord's will, according to the ability God hath already given; cheerfully and faithfully to use what he has received, without solicitude for the rest."

In the conversation I afterwards had with Augustine Neusser, a knife-smith, (another of the pastors or teachers of the church, about sixty years of age), as also with his brothers, Wensel, and Hants Neusser, the nature of true faith and salvation was yet farther explained to me.

Augustine Neusser spoke to this effect:

"By experience I know, that we cannot be justified through the blood of Christ, till we feel that all our righteousness and good works avail nothing towards our justification. Therefore, what men call *a good life*, is commonly the greatest of all hindrances to their coming to Christ. For it will not let them see that they are lost, undone sinners; and if they see not this, they cannot come to him. Thus it was with me. I led a good life from a child. And this was the great hindrance to my coming to Christ. For, abounding in good works, and diligently using all the means of grace, I persuaded myself for thirteen or fourteen years, that all was well, and I could not

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fail of salvation. And yet, I cannot say, my soul was at rest, even till the time when God shewed me clearly, that my heart was as corrupt, notwithstanding all my good works, as that of an adulterer or murderer. Then my self-dependence withered away. I wanted a Saviour, and fled naked to him. And in him I found true rest to my soul, being fully assured, that all *my* sins were forgiven. Yet I cannot tell the hour or day, when I first received that full assurance. For it was not given me at first, neither at once; but grew up in me by degrees. But from the time it was confirmed in me, I have never lost it; having never since doubted, no, not for a moment."

What Wensel Neusser said, was as follows:

"From a child I had many fits of seriousness, and was often uneasy at my sins: this uneasiness was much increased about fifteen years since by the preaching of Christian David. I thought the way to get ease was, to go and live among the Lutherans, whom I supposed to be all good Christians. But I soon found they, as well as the Papists, were carnal, worldly-minded men. About thirteen years ago I came from among them to Hernhuth; but was still as uneasy as before: which I do not wonder at now, though I did then, for all this time, though I saw clearly I could not be saved but by the death of Christ, yet I did not trust in that *only* for salvation, but depended on my own righteousness *also*, as the joint condition of my acceptance.

"After I was settled here, seeing the great diversity of sects wherewith we were surrounded, I began to doubt whether any religion was true. For half a year these doubts perplexed me greatly; and I was often just on the point of casting off all religion, and returning to the world. The fear of doing this threw me into a deeper concern than ever I had been in before. Nor could I find how to escape, for the more I struggled, the more I was entangled. I often reflected on my former course of life, as more desirable than this. And one day, in the bitterness of my soul, besought our blessed Saviour, 'At least to restore me to that state which I was in before I left Moravia.' In that moment he manifested himself to me, so that I could lay hold on him as my Saviour, and shewed me, it is *only* the blood of Christ which cleanseth us from all sin. This was ten years since, and from that hour, I have not had one doubt of my acceptance. Yet I have not any transports of joy. Nor had I when he thus revealed himself unto me. Only I well remember, that manifestation of himself was like a cool refreshing wind, to one that is fainting away with sultry heat. And ever since, my soul has been sweetly at rest, desiring no other portion in earth or heaven."

"I was awakened (said Hantz Neusser) by my grandfather when a child, and by him carefully instructed in the New Testament. I married young, and being from that time weak and sickly, was the more earnest to work out my salvation: And nineteen or twenty years ago, I had a strong confidence in our Saviour, and was continually warning others against trusting in themselves, in their own

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righteousness, or good works. Yet I was not free from it myself. I did not trust in Him *only* for acceptance with God; and hence it was, that not building on the right foundation, the blood and righteousness of Christ alone, I could not gain a full victory over my sins, but sometimes conquered them, and sometimes was conquered by them. And therefore I had not a full or constant peace, though I was commonly easy, and hoping for mercy.

"Sixteen years ago I came to my brother Augustine at Hernhuth. There was then only one little house here. Here I continued eight years in much the same state, thinking I trusted in Christ alone; but indeed trusting partly in his and partly in my own righteousness. I was walking one day in this little wood, when God discovered my heart to me. I saw I had till that hour trusted in my own righteousness, and at the same time, that I had no righteousness at all, being altogether corrupt and abominable, and fit only for the fire of hell. At this sight, I fell into bitter grief, and an horrible dread overwhelmed me, expecting nothing (as I saw I deserved nothing else) but to be swallowed up in a moment. In that moment I beheld the Lamb of God taking away my sins. And from that time, I have had redemption through his blood, and full assurance of it. I have that peace in him which never fails, and which admits of no doubt or fear. Indeed I am but a little one in Christ; therefore I can receive as yet but little of him. But from his fullness I have enough; and I praise him, and am satisfied."

In the three or four following days I had an opportunity of talking with Zacharias Neusser (cousin to Hantz), David Schneider, Christopher Demuth, Arvid Gradin (now at Constantinople), and several others of the most experienced brethren. I believe no preface is needful to the account they gave of God's dealings with their souls, which I doubt not will stir up many, through his grace, to *glorify their Father which is in heaven.*

"I was born (said Zacharias Neusser) on the borders of Moravia, and was first awakened by my cousin Wensel, who soon after carried me to hear Mr. Steinmetz, a Lutheran minister, about thirty English miles off. I was utterly astonished. The next week I went again: after which, going to him in private, I opened my heart, and told him all my doubts, those especially concerning Popery. He offered to receive me into communion with him, which I gladly accepted of; and in a short time after, I received the Lord's Supper from his hands. While I was receiving I felt Christ had died for *me.* I knew I was reconciled to God; and all the day I was overwhelmed with joy, having these words continually on my mind, *This day is salvation come to my house:* I *also* am a son *of Abraham.* This joy I had continually for a year and a half, and my heart was full of love to Christ.

"After this I had thoughts of leaving Moravia. I was convinced it would be better for my soul. Yet I would not do it, because I got more money there than I could elsewhere. When I reflected on this, I said to myself, 'This is mere covetousness; but if I am covetous,

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I am not a child of God.' Hence I fell into a deep perplexity, nor could I find any way to escape out of it. In this slavery and misery I was for five years; at the end of which I fell sick: In my sickness my heart was set at liberty, and peace returned to my soul. I now prayed earnestly to God to restore my health, that I might leave Moravia. He did restore it, and I immediately removed to Hernhuth. After I had been here a quarter of a year, the Count preached one day upon the Nature of Sanctification. I found I had not experienced what he described, and was greatly terrified. I went to my cousin Wensel, who advised me to read over the 3d, 4th, and 5th, chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. I did so. I had read them an hundred times before, yet now they appeared quite new, and gave me such a sight of God's justifying the ungodly as I never had before. On Sunday I went to church at Bertholdsdorf, and while we were singing those words, *Wer glauben auch in Jesum Christ*, (We believe also in Jesus Christ,) I clearly saw him as my Saviour. I wanted immediately to be alone, and to pour out my heart before him. My soul was filled with thankfulness, and with a still, soft, quiet joy, such as it is impossible to express. I had full assurance that *my Beloved was mine, and I was his*, which has never ceased to this day. I see by a clear light what is pleasing to him, and I do it continually in love. I receive daily from him peace and joy, and I have nothing to do but to praise him."

The most material part of David Schneider's account was this:

"Both my father and mother feared God, and carefully instructed me in the Holy Scriptures. I was from a child earnestly desirous to follow their instructions, and more so after my father's death. Yet as I grew up, many sins got the dominion over me: of which God began to give me a sense, by the preaching of Pastor Steinmetz: who speaking one day of drunkenness to which I was then addicted, I was so grieved and ashamed that for several days I could not bear to look any one in the face. It pleased God afterwards to give me, though not all at once, a sense of my other both outward and inward sins. And before the time of my coming out of Moravia, I knew that my sins were forgiven. Yet I cannot fix upon any particular time when I knew this first. For I did not clearly know it at once: God having always done every thing in my soul by degrees.

"When I was about twenty-six, I was pressed in spirit to exhort and instruct my brethren. Accordingly many of them met at my house, to read, pray, and sing psalms. They usually came about ten or eleven, and stayed till one or two in the morning. When Christian David came to us, we were much quickened and comforted, and our number greatly increased. We were undisturbed for two years. But then the Papists were informed of our meeting. Immediately search was made. All our books were seized, and we were ordered to appear before the Consistory. I was examined many times; was imprisoned, released and imprisoned again five times in one year. At last I was adjudged to pay fifty Rix-dollars, and suffer a year's im-

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prisonment. But upon a re-hearing, the sentence was changed, and I was ordered to the Gallies. Before this sentence was executed, I escaped out of prison, and came to Sorau in Silesia. Many of my brethren followed me, and here for near ten years I taught the children of the Orphan-House. I soon sent for my wife and children. But the Magistrates had just then ordered, that the wives and children of all those who had fled, should be taken into safe custody. The night before this order was to be executed, she escaped and came to Sorau.

"Soon after, some of my brethren who had been there, pressed me much to remove to Hernhuth: Christian David, in particular, by whose continued importunity, I was at length brought to resolve upon it. But all my brethren at Sorau were still as strongly against it, as I myself had formerly been. For a whole year I was struggling to break from them, or persuade them to go too. And it cost me more pains to get away from Sorau, than it had done to leave Moravia.

"At length I broke loose and came to Hernhuth, which was about three years ago. Finding I could scarce subsist my family here by hard labour, whereas at Sorau all things were provided for me, I grew very uneasy. The more uneasy I was, the more my brethren refrained from my company;* so that in a short time I was left quite alone. Then I was in deep distress indeed. Sin revived and almost got the mastery over me. I tried all ways, but found no help. In this miserable state I was about a year ago, when the brethren cast lots concerning me, and were thereby directed to admit me to the Lord's table. And from that hour my soul received comfort, and I was more and more assured that I had an Advocate with the Father, and that I was fully reconciled to God by his blood."

Christopher Demuth spoke to this effect:

"My father was a pious man from his youth. He carefully instructed all his children. I was about fifteen when he died. A little before he died, having been all his lifetime under the Law, he received at once remission of sins, and the full witness of the Spirit. He called us to him and said, 'My dear children, let your whole trust be in the blood of Christ. Seek salvation in this, and in this alone, and he will shew you the same mercy he has to me. Yea, and he will shew it to many of your relations and acquaintance, when his time is come.'

"From this time till I was twenty-seven years old, I was more and more zealous in seeking Christ. I then removed into Silesia, and married. A year after I was much pressed in spirit, to return and visit my brethren in Moravia. I did so. We had the New Testament, our Moravian hymns, and two or three Lutheran books. We read, and sung, and prayed together, and were much strengthened. One day as we were together at my house, one knocked at the door: I opened it, and it was a Jesuit. He said, 'My dear Demuth, I know you are a good man, and one that instructs and exhorts your friends.

* This was utterly wrong.

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I must see what books you have.' And going into the inner room, he found the Testament and the rest together. He took them all away; nor did we dare to hinder him. The next day we were summoned before the Consistory, and after a long examination, ordered to appear at the church before the congregation on the following Sunday. There they read a long confession of faith, and afterwards bid us say, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' We did so, though not knowing what they meant. They then told us, 'We had abjured the Lutheran errors, and called the blessed Trinity to witness, that we assented to that confession of faith.' My heart sunk within me when I heard it. I went home, but could find no rest. I thought I had now denied my Saviour, and could expect no more mercy from him. I could not bear to stay in Moravia any longer, but immediately returned into Silesia. There I continued six years, but there too I was perpetually terrified with the thoughts of what I had done. I often inquired after my brethren whom I had left in Moravia. Some of them I heard were thrown into prison, and others escaped to a little village in Lusatia, called Hernhuth. I wished I could go to that place myself, and at last meeting with one who had the same desire, we agreed to go together. But our design being discovered, he was apprehended and thrown into prison. Expecting the same treatment, I earnestly prayed, 'That God would shew me a token for good.' Immediately my soul was filled with joy, and I was ready to go to prison or to death.

"Two days passed, and no man asked me any question; when doubting, what I ought to do, I went into a neighbouring wood, and going into a little cave, fell on my face and prayed, 'Lord, thou seest I am ready to do what thou wilt. If it be thy will I should be cast into prison, thy will be done. If it be thy will that I should leave my wife and children, I am ready. Only shew me thy will.' Immediately I heard a loud voice saying, '*Fort, fort, fort*' (Go on, go on) I rose joyful and satisfied; went home and told my wife, 'It was God's will I should now leave her; but that I hoped to return in a short time, and take her and my children with me.' I went out of the door, and in that moment was filled with peace, and joy, and comfort.

"We had above two hundred miles to go (thirty-five German) and neither I, nor my friend who went with me, had one *Kreutzer*.* But God provided things convenient for us, so that in all the way we wanted nothing.

"In this journey God gave me full assurance that my sins were forgiven. This was twelve years, and ever since, it has been confirmed more and more, by my receiving from him every day fresh supplies of strength and comfort.

"By comparing my experience with that of others, you may perceive, how different ways God leads different souls. But though a man should be led in a way different from that of all other men, yet if his eye be at all times fixed on his Saviour, if his constant aim be to

* A small coin of about a halfpenny value.

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do his will; if all his desires tend to him; if in all trials, he can draw strength from him; if he flee to him in all troubles, and in all temptations find salvation in his blood; in this there can be no delusion: And whosoever is thus minded, however or whenever it began, is surely reconciled to God through his Son."

Arvid Gradin (a Swede, born in Dalecarlia) spoke to this purpose:

"Before I was ten years old, I had a serious sense of religion, and great fervour in prayer. This was increased by my reading much in the New Testament; but the more I read, the more earnestly I cried out, 'Either these things are not true, or we are not Christians.' About sixteen my sense of religion began to decline, by my too great fondness for learning, especially for the Oriental tongues, wherein I was instructed by a private Preceptor, who likewise did all that in him lay to instruct me in true Divinity.

"At seventeen I went to the university of Upsal, and a year or two after was licensed to preach. But at twenty-two, meeting with Arndt's True Christianity, I found I myself was not a Christian. Immediately I left off preaching, and betook myself wholly to Philosophy. This stifled all my convictions for some years; but when I was about twenty-seven, they revived, and continued the year after, when I was desired to be domestic Tutor to the children of the Secretary of State. I now felt I was *carnal, sold under sin*, and continually struggled to burst the bonds, till (being about thirty-one years old) I was unawares entangled in much worldly business. This cooled me in my pursuit of holiness: Yet for a year and a half my heart was never at peace. Being then in a Bookseller's shop, I saw the account of the Church at Hernhuth. I did not think there could be any such place, and asked the bookseller, if that was a real account? His answer, 'That it was no more than the plain truth,' threw me into deep thought and fervent prayer, that God would bring me to that place. I went to the Secretary, and told him, 'I did not design to stay at Upsal, having a desire to travel.' He said, 'He had a desire his son should travel, and was glad of an opportunity to send him with me.' I was grieved, but knew not how to refuse any thing to my patron and benefactor. Accordingly we left Upsal together, and after a year spent in several parts of Germany, went through Holland into France, and so to Paris, where we spent another year. But I was more and more uneasy till I could be disengaged from my charge, that I might retire to Hernhuth. In our return from France, my pupil's elder brother returning from Italy, met us at Leipsig. I immediately wrote to his father, and having obtained his consent, delivered him into his hands.

"April 23, 1738. (N. S.) I came hither. Here I was as in another world. I desired nothing but to be cleansed inwardly and outwardly from sin, by the blood of Jesus Christ. I found all here laying the same foundation. Therefore, though I did not think with them in all points of doctrine, I waved these, and singly pursued reconciliation with God through Christ.

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"On the 22d of May last, I could think of nothing but, *He that believeth, hath everlasting life.* But I was afraid of deceiving myself, and continually prayed I might not build without a foundation. Yet I had a sweet, settled peace, and for five days this scripture was always in my thoughts. On the 28th, those words of our Lord were as strongly impressed upon me, *If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Ghost to them that ask him.* At the same time I was incessantly carried out, to ask, that he would give me the witness of his Spirit. On the 29th I had what I asked of him, viz. the πληροφορια πιστεως, which is,

"'*Requies in sanguine Christi. Firma fiducia in Deum, & persuasio de gratia divina; tranquillitas mentis summa, atque serenitas & pax; cum absentia omnis desiderii carnalis, & cessatione peccatorum etiam internorum. Verbo, Cor quod antea instar maris turbulenti agitabitur, in summa fuit requie, instar maris sereni & tranquilli.*

"'Repose in the blood of Christ. A firm confidence in God, and persuasion of his favour: Serene peace and steadfast tranquillity of mind, with a deliverance from every fleshly desire, and from every outward and inward sin. In a word, my heart which before was tossed like a troubled sea, was still and quiet, and in a sweet calm.'"

In the present discipline of the church of Hernhuth, all which is alterable at the discretion of the Superiors, may be observed,

I. The Officers of it.
II. The Division of the People.
III. The Conferences, Lectures, and Government of the Children.
IV. The order of Divine Service.

I. The Officers are, 1. The *Eldest* of the whole church; beside whom, there is an Eldest of every particular branch of it. There is also a distinct Eldest over the young men, and another over the boys; a female Eldest over the women in general, and another over the unmarried, and another over the girls. 2. The *Teachers*, who are four. 3. The *Helpers*, (or *Deacons*.) 4. The *Overseers*, (or *Censors*) eleven in number at Hernhuth. 5. The *Monitors*, who are eleven likewise. 6. The *Almoners*, eleven also. 7. The *Attenders* on the sick, seven in number. Lastly, the *Servants*, or Deacons of the lowest order.

II. The people of Hernhuth are divided, 1. Into five male classes, viz. the little children, the middle children, the big children, the young men, and the married. The females are divided in the same manner. 2. Into eleven classes, according to the houses where they live; and in each class is an Helper, an Overseer, a Monitor, an Almoner and a Servant. 3. Into about ninety Bands, each of which meets twice at least, but most of them three times a-week, To *confess their faults one to another, and pray for one another, that they may be healed.*

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III. The Rulers of the Church, *i. e.* The Elders, Teachers, Helpers, (all chosen by the congregation) have a conference every week, purely concerning the state of souls, and another concerning the institution of youth. Beside which they have one every day, concerning outward things relating to the Church.

The Overseers, the Monitors, the Almoners, the Attenders on the sick, the Servants, the School-masters, the young men, and the children, have likewise each a conference once a week relating to their several offices and duties.

Once a week also is a conference for strangers; at which any person may be present, and propose any question or doubt, which he desires to have resolved.

In Hernhuth is taught Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, English, History, and Geography.

There is a Latin, French, and English Lecture every day, as well as an Historical and Geographical one. On Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday is the Hebrew Lecture; the Greek on Tuesday and Thursday.

In the Orphan-House, the elder children rise at five, the smaller, between five and six. After a little private prayer they work till seven. Then they are at school till eight, the hour of prayer. At nine those who are capable of it learn Latin, at ten French. At eleven they walk. At twelve they dine all together, and walk till one. At one they work or learn Writing; at three Arithmetic; at four History, at five they work; at six sup and work; at seven, after a time spent in prayer, walk; at eight the younger children go to bed, the elder to the public service. When this is ended, they work again, till, at ten, they go to bed.

IV. Every morning at eight is singing and exposition of the Scripture; and commonly a short prayer.

At eight in the evening, there is commonly only mental prayer, joined with singing and expounding.

The faithful afterwards spend a quarter of an hour in prayer, and conclude with the kiss of peace.

On Sunday morning the service begins at six; at nine the public service at Bertholdsdorf. At one the eldest gives separate exhortations to all the members of the Church, divided into fourteen little classes for that purpose, spending about a quarter of an hour with each class. At four begins the evening service at Bertholdsdorf, closed by a conference in the Church. At eight is the usual service; after which the young men, singing praise round the town, conclude the day.

On the first Saturday in the month, the Lord's Supper is administered. From ten in the morning till two, the Eldest speaks with each communicant in private, concerning the state of his soul. At two they dine; then wash one another's feet, after which they sing and pray. About ten they receive in silence without any ceremony, and continue in silence till they part at twelve.

On the second Saturday is the solemn prayer-day for the children: The third is the day of general Intercession and Thanksgiving: And

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on the fourth is the great monthly conference of all the Superiors of the Church.

For the satisfaction of those who desire a more full account, I have added,

An Extract of the Constitution of the Church of the Moravian Brethren at Hernhuth, laid before the Theological Order at Wirtemberg, in the year 1733.

1. They have a *Senior*, or *Eldest*, who is to assist the Church by his counsel and prayers, and to determine what shall be done in matters of importance. Of him is required, that he be well experienced in the things of God, and witnessed to by all for holiness of conversation.

2. They have *Deacons*, or *Helpers*, who are in the private assemblies, to instruct: To take care that outward things be done decently and in order; and to see that every member of the Church grows in grace, and walks suitably to his holy calling.

3. The *Pastor* or *Teacher* is to be an overseer of the whole flock, and every person therein; to baptize the children; diligently to form their minds, and bring them up *in the nurture and admonition of the Lord:* When he finds in them a sincere love of the cross, then to receive them into the Church: To administer the Supper of the Lord: To join in marriage those who are already married to Christ: To reprove, admonish, quicken, comfort, as need requires: To declare the whole counsel of God: Taking heed at all times to speak as the oracles of God, and agreeably to the analogy of faith: To bury those who have died in the Lord, and to keep that safe which is committed to his charge, even the pure doctrine and apostolical discipline which we have received from our forefathers.

4. We have also another sort of *Deacons* who take care that nothing be wanting to the *Orphan-House*, the poor, the sick, and the strangers. Others again there are, who are peculiarly to take care of the sick: and others, of the poor. And two of these are intrusted with the public-stock, and keep accounts of all that is received or expended.

5. There are women who perform each of the above mentioned offices, among those of their own sex: For none of the men converse with them, beside the Eldest, the Teacher, and one, or sometimes two of the Deacons.

6. Towards magistrates, whether of a superior or inferior rank, we bear the greatest reverence. We cheerfully submit to their laws; and even when many of us have been spoiled of their goods, driven out of their houses and every way oppressed by them, yet they resisted them not, neither opening their mouths, nor lifting up their hand against them. In all things which do not immediately concern the inward, spiritual kingdom of Christ, we simply, and without contradicting, obey the higher powers. But with regard to conscience, the liberty of this we cannot suffer to be any way limited or infringed. And to this head we refer whatever directly and in itself tends to hinder the salvation of souls: Or, whatsoever things Christ and his

holy Apostles (who we know meddled not with outward worldly things) took charge of, and performed, as necessary for the constituting and well-ordering of his Church. In these things we acknowledge no Head but Christ; and are determined, God being our helper, to give up not only our goods, (as we did before) but life itself, rather than this liberty which God hath given us.

7. As it behoves all Christians, not to be *slothful in business*, but diligently to attend the works of their calling; there are persons chosen by the Church, to superintend all those who are employed in outward business. And by this means also, many things are prevented which might otherwise be an occasion of offence.

8. We have also *Censors* and *Monitors*. In those experience and perspicuity; in these wisdom and modesty are chiefly required. The *Censors* signify what they observe (and they observe the smallest things) either to the *Deacons* or *Monitors*. Some *Monitors* there are, whom all know to be such; others who are secretly appointed; and who, if need require, may freely admonish in the love of Christ, even the Rulers of the Church.

9. The Church is so divided, that first the husbands, then the wives, then the widows, then the maids, then the young men, then the boys, then the girls, and lastly the little children, are in so many distinct Classes; each of which is daily visited; the married men, by a married man, the wives by a wife, and so of the rest.* These larger are also (now) divided into near ninety smaller Classes or Bands, over each of which one presides who is of the greatest experience. All these Leaders meet the Senior every week, and lay open to him and to the Lord, whatsoever hinders or furthers the work of God, in the souls committed to their charge.

10. In the year 1727, four and twenty men, and as many women agreed, that each of them would spend an hour in every day in praying to God for his blessing on his people; and for this purpose both the men and women chose a place where any of their own sex who were in distress might be present with them. The same number of unmarried women, of unmarried men, of boys, and of girls, were afterwards, at their desire, added to them; who pour out their souls before God, not only for their own brethren, but also for other Churches, and persons that have desired to be mentioned in their prayers. And this perpetual intercession has never ceased day or night, since its first beginning.

11. And as the members of the Church are divided, according to their respective states and sexes: so they are also, with regard to their proficiency in the knowledge of God. Some are dead, some quickened by the Spirit of God: Of these, some again are untractable, some diligent, some zealous, burning with their first love; some babes, and some young men. Those who are still dead, are visited every day. And of the babes in Christ especial care is taken also that they may be daily inspected and assisted to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus.

* This work all the married Brethren and Sisters, as well as the unmarried, perform in their turns.

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12. In the Orphan-house, about seventy children are brought up, separate according to their sex. Beside which, several experienced persons are appointed to consult with the parents, touching the education of the other children. In teaching them Christianity, we make use of Luther's Catechism, and study the amending their wills as well as understanding; finding by experience, that when their will is moved they often learn more in a few hours, than otherwise in many months. Our little children we instruct chiefly by hymns; whereby we find the most important truths most successfully insinuated into their minds.

13. We highly reverence marriage, as greatly conducive to the kingdom of Christ. But neither our young men nor women enter into it till they assuredly know they are married to Christ. When any know it is the will of God that they should change their state, both the man and woman are placed for a time with some married persons, who instruct them how to behave, so that their married life may be pleasing to God. Then their design is laid before the whole Church, and after about fourteen days, they are solemnly joined, though not otherwise habited than they are at other times. If they make any entertainment, which is not always, they invite only a few intimate friends, by whose faithful admonitions they may be the better prepared to bear their cross and fight the good fight of faith. If any woman is with child, not only special mention is made of her in the public prayers, but she is also exhorted in private, wholly to give herself up into the hands of her faithful Creator. As soon as a child is born, prayer is made for it, and, if it may be, it is baptized in the presence of the whole Church. Before it is weaned, it is brought into the assembly on the Lord's-days.

14. Whoever, either of the male or female children, seek God with their whole heart, are not used to be much incited to come to the Lord's Supper, neither are they forbidden so to do, if they desire it. We think it enough to teach our children just conceptions of it, and the difference between this food of the soul and that milk which they every day receive of Christ. They then publicly declare the sentiments of their hearts concerning it. They are afterwards examined both in private by the Pastor, and also in public: and then, after an exhortation by the Senior, are by him, through laying on of hands, added to the Church and *confirmed*. The same method is used with those who renounce the Papal superstitions, or who are turned from the service of Satan to God; and that, if they desire it, although they are not young; yea, though they are well stricken in years.

15. Once or twice a month, either at Bertholsdorf, or, if it may be, at Hernhuth all the church receives the Lord's Supper. It cannot be expressed how greatly the power of God is then present among us. A general confession of sins is made by one of the brethren in the name of all. Then a few solid questions are asked; which when they have answered, the absolution or remission of sins is either pronounced to all in general, or confirmed to every particular person, by the laying on of hands. The Seniors first receive;

then the rest in order, without any regard had to worldly dignity, in this, any more than in any other of the solemn offices of religion. After receiving, all the men (and so the women) meet together to renew their covenant with God, to seek his face and to exhort one another to the patience of hope and the labour of love.

16. They have a peculiar esteem for lots, and accordingly use them both in public and private, to decide points of importance, when the reasons brought on each side, appear to be of equal weight. And they believe this to be then the only way of wholly setting aside their own will, of acquitting themselves of all blame, and clearly knowing what is the will of God.

17. At eight in the morning, and in the evening, we meet to pray and to praise God ,and to read and hear the Holy Scriptures: The time we usually spend in sleep, is from eleven at night till four in the morning. So that allowing three hours a day for taking the food both of our bodies and souls, there remain sixteen for work. And this space, those who are in health spend therein with all diligence and faithfulness.

18. Two men keep watch in the streets, as do two women in the women's apartment; that they may pour out their souls for those that sleep; and by their hymns raise the hearts of any who are awake to God.

19. For the further stirring up the gift which is in us, sometimes we have public, sometimes private Love-feasts: At which we take a moderate refreshment with gladness and singleness of heart, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

20. If any man among us, having been often admonished, and long forborne, persists in walking unworthy of his holy calling, he is no longer admitted to the Lord's Supper. If he still continues in his fault, hating to be reformed, the last step is, publicly, and often in the midst of many prayers and tears, to cast him out of our congregation. But great is our joy, if he then see the error of his ways, so that we may receive him among us again.

21. Most of our brethren and sisters, have in some part of their life, experienced holy mourning and sorrow of heart; and have afterwards been assured, that *there* was *no* more *condemnation for them, being passed from death unto life.* They are therefore far from fearing to die, or desiring to live on earth; knowing that to them to *die is gain*, and being confident that they are the care of him, whose are the *issues of life and death.* Wherefore they depart as out of one chamber into another. And after the soul has left its habitation, their remains are deposited in the earth, appointed for that purpose. And the survivors are greatly comforted, and rejoice over them, with a *joy the world knoweth not of.*

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AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL,

No. III.

FROM AUGUST 12, 1738, TO NOVEMBER 1, 1739.

IF THIS COUNSEL OR THIS WORK BE OF MAN, IT WILL COME TO NOUGHT; BUT IF IT BE OF GOD, YE CANNOT OVERTHROW IT; LEST HAPLY YE BE FOUND EVEN TO FIGHT AGAINST GOD,—ACTS V. 38, 39.

THE PREFACE.

1. *WHEN at first men began to lay to my charge things which I knew not, I often thought, "Had I but two or three intimate friends, who knew what my life and conversation were, they might easily speak what they had seen and heard, and all such aspersions would fall to the ground. But I perceived my mistake, as soon as I had two or three who were my friends indeed, not in name only. For a way was easily found to prevent their being of any such use as I once imagined they would be. This was done at a stroke, and that once for all, by giving them and me a New Name; a name, which however insignificant in itself, yet had this peculiar effect, utterly to disable me from removing whatever accusation might for the time to come be cast upon me, by invalidating all which those who knew me best were able to say in my behalf; nay, which any others could say. For how notorious is it, that if any man dare to open his mouth in my favour, it needs only be replied, "I suppose you are a* Methodist *too," and all he has said is to pass for nothing.*

2. *Hence, on the one hand, many who knew what my conversation was, were afraid to declare the truth, lest the same reproach should fall upon them; and those few who broke through this fear, were soon disabled from declaring it with effect, by being immediately ranked with him they defended. What impartial man then can refuse to say,* It is permitted to thee to answer for thyself? *Only do not add, "But thou* shalt not *persuade me, though thou*

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dost *persuade me: I am resolved to think as I did before."* *Not so, if you are a candid man.* *You have heard one side already. Hear the other; weigh both; allow for human weakness; and then judge as you desire to be judged.*

3. *What I design in the following Extract is, openly to declare to all mankind, what it is that the* Methodists *(so called) have done, and are doing now: Or rather, what it is that God hath done, and is still doing in our land. For it is not the work of man which hath lately appeared. All who calmly observe it, must say,* This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

4. *Such a work this hath been in many respects, as neither we nor our fathers had known. Not a few whose sins were of the most flagrant kind, drunkards, swearers, thieves, whoremongers, adulterers, have been brought* from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God. *Many of these were rooted in their wickedness, having long gloried in their shame, perhaps for a course of many years, yea even to hoary hairs. Many had not so much as a notional faith, being Jews, Arians, Deists, or Atheists. Nor has God only made bare his arm in these last days, in behalf of open publicans and sinners; but many* of the Pharisees *also* have believed on him, *of the* righteous that need no repentance: *and having* received the sentence of death in themselves, have then heard the voice that raiseth the dead: *Have been made partakers of an inward vital religion, even* righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

5. *The manner wherein God hath wrought this work is as strange as the work itself. In many souls it has generally, if not always, been wrought in one moment.* As the lightning shining from heaven, *so was* the coming of the Son of man, *either to bring peace or a sword; either to wound or to heal, either to convince of sin, or to give remission of sins in his blood. And the other circumstances attending it have been equally remote from what human wisdom would have expected. So true is that word,* My ways are not as your ways, nor my thoughts as your thoughts.

6. *These extraordinary circumstances seem to have been designed by God for the further manifestation of his work, to cause his power to be known, and to awaken the attention of a drowsy world. And yet even from these, some have drawn their grand objection against the whole work.* We never saw it, *say they,* on this fashion. *Therefore, the work is not of God. To prove which further, they have not only grossly misrepresented many circumstances that really were, but have added many that were not, often without any regard either to truth or probability. A bare recital of those facts which were* not done in a corner, *is the best answer to this sort of objections. To those which have been judged to be of more weight, I have occasionally given a more particular answer.*

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7. *Yet I know even this will by no means satisfy the far greater part of those who are now offended. And for a plain reason, because they* will never read it: *They are resolved to hear one side, and one only. I know also, that many who* do *read it, will be just of the same mind they were before; because they have fixed their judgment already, and* do not regard any thing which such a fellow can say. *Let them see to that. I have done my part. I have delivered mine own soul. Nay, I know that many will be greatly offended at this very account. It must be so from the very nature of the things which are therein related. And the best appellation I expect from them is, that of a fool, a madman, an enthusiast. All that in me lies is, to relate simple truth, in as inoffensive a manner as I can. Let God give it the effect which pleaseth him, and which is most for his glory!*

8. *May* He who hath the key of the House of David, who openeth and no man shutteth, *open* a great and effectual door *by whom it pleaseth Him, for his Everlasting Gospel! May He* send by whom He *will* send, *so it may* run and be glorified *more and more! May He* ride on, conquering and to conquer, *until* the fulness of the *Gentiles* be come in; *and* the earth be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea!

J. W.

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JOURNAL.

No. III.

FROM AUGUST 12, 1738, TO NOVEMBER 1, 1739.

SATURDAY, August 12, about seven in the evening, we came to Neu-Kirche, a town about twenty-four miles from Hernhuth. Mr. Schneider, the minister of it, who had desired us to take his house in our way, was not at home; but we found one Mr. Manætius there, the minister of a neighbouring town, who walked with us in the morning ten miles, to Hauswalde, where he lived. He told us, "That the Lutherans, as well as the Papists, were irreconcilable enemies to the Brethren of Hernhuth: that the generality of the Lutheran clergy were as bitter against them as the Jesuits themselves: that none of his neighbours durst go thither, unless by stealth, being sure of suffering for it, if discovered: that to prevent any of Hernhuth from coming to them, the Elector had forbid, under a severe penalty, any number of persons, exceeding three, to meet together on a religious account; and that he himself, for having a little society in his own parish, had been summoned to appear before the consistory at Dresden." Yea, let the *kings of the earth stand up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed! He that sitteth in Heaven shall laugh them to scorn: the Lord shall have them in derision.*

We left Hauswalde in the afternoon, and in the evening came to Dresden. But the officer at the gate would not suffer us to come in; so that we were obliged to go on to the next village: which leaving early in the morning, on Thursday, in the afternoon, we came to Leipsig.

We were now kept only an hour at the gate, and then conducted to Mr. Arnold's, who had invited us, when we were in the town before, to make his house our home. A few we found here too, who desire to *know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.* And from them we had letters to Halle, whither we came on Friday 18. But the King of Prussia's tall men, who kept the gates, would not suffer Mr. Brown to come in. Me they admitted, in honour of my profession, after I had waited about two hours: and one of them went with me to the Prince of Hesse, who, after a few questions, gave me leave to lodge in the city. Thence he shewed me to Mr. Gotschalck's lodgings, to whom I had letters from Leipsig. He read them, and said, "My brother, what you find here, you will use as your own. And if you want any thing else, tell us, and you shall have it."

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I told them, my companion was without the gate. They soon procured admittance for him. And we were indeed as at home; for I have hardly seen such little children as these, even at Hernhuth.

Saturday 19, I waited on Professor Francke, who behaved with the utmost humanity; and afterwards on Professor Knappe, to whom also I am indebted for his open, friendly behaviour. Between ten and eleven, seven of the brethren set out with us, one of whom went with us two days journey. It was the dusk of the evening on Sunday 20, when, wet and weary, we reached Jena.

Monday 21, We visited the schools there; the rise of which, as we were informed, was occasioned thus:

About the year 1704, Mr. Stoltius, a student at Jena, began to speak of *faith in Christ*; which he continued to do, until he took his master's degree, and read public lectures. About twelve or fifteen students were awakened, and joined with him in prayer, and building up one another. At this, after various calumnies spread abroad, and divers persecutions occasioned thereby, the consistory was offended, and issued out a commission to examine him. In consequence of the report made to the consistory by these commissioners, he was forbid to read any public lectures, or to hold any meetings with his friends. Not long after, an order was given, by which he was excluded from the Holy Communion. He was also to have been expelled the university: but this he prevented by a voluntary retirement.

Yet one of the commissioners, who had been sent by the Duke of Weymar, one of the lords of Jena, informed the Duke, that according to his judgment, Stoltius was an innocent, and holy man. On this the Duke sent for him to Weymar, and fixed him in a living there. There likewise he awakened many, and met with them to pray and read the Scriptures together. But it was not long that the city could bear him. For he boldly rebuked all vice, and that in all persons, neither sparing the courtiers, nor the Duke himself. Consequently, his enemies every where increased, and many persecutions followed. In fine, he was forbid to have any private meetings, and was to have been deposed from the ministry; when God calling him to himself, took him away from the evil to come.

Before Stoltius left Jena, Boddæus also began to preach the real Gospel, as did Christius soon after; whereby some awakening, continued till the year 1724. A few of the townsmen then agreed to maintain a student, to be a school-master for some poor children. They afterwards kept several school-masters: but about 1728, all of them going away, the school was broke up, and the children quite neglected. Professor Bodæus being informed of this, earnestly recommended the consideration of it to the students in his house; and about ten of them, among whom was Mr. Spangenberg, took upon themselves the care of those children. Their number soon increased, which gave great offence to the other school-masters in the town; and not long after, to the magistrates of the town, and to the senate of the university. The offence soon spread to the pastors, the professors, the consistory, and the princes who are lords of Jena. But it pleased God to move one of them, the prince of Eisenach, who

had the chief power there, to stop the open persecution, by forbidding either the senate or consistory to molest them. He likewise wholly exempted them from the jurisdiction of both, ordering that all complaints against them for the time to come should be cognizable only by himself. But during the persecution, the number of schools was increased from one to three, (one in each suburb of the city), the number of teachers to above thirty, and of children to above three hundred.

There are now thirty-one constant teachers, ten in each school, and three or four supernumeraries, to supply accidental defects. Four of the masters are appointed to punish, who are affixt to no one school. Each of the schools being divided into two classes, and taught five hours a day, every one of the thirty masters has one hour in a day to teach. All the masters have a conference about the schools every Monday. They have a second meeting on Thursday, chiefly for prayer; and a third every Saturday.

Once in half a year they meet to fill up the places of those masters who are gone away. And the number has never decreased; fresh ones still offering themselves, as the former leave the university.

The present method wherein they teach is this:

There are always two classes in each school. In the lower, children from six to ten or twelve years old are taught to read. They are then removed to the other class, in which are taught, the Holy Scriptures, arithmetic, and whatever else it may be useful for children to learn.

In the morning from eight to nine, they are all catechised, and instructed in the first principles of Christianity, either from Luther's smaller catechism, or from some texts of holy Scripture.

From nine to ten, the younger children are taught their letters and syllables; and the elder read the Bible. From ten to eleven, those in in the lower class learn and repeat some select verses of Holy Scripture, chiefly relating to the foundation of the faith. Meanwhile, those in the upper, learn arithmetic.

In the afternoon, from one to two, all the children are employed as from nine to ten in the morning. From two to three, the younger children learn and repeat Luther's smaller catechism, while the elder are taught to write.

Every Sunday there is a public catechising on some texts of Scripture; at which all persons who desire it may be present.

In the afternoon we left Jena, several of the brethren accompanying us out of town. At five having just passed through Weymar, we met Mr. Ingham going for Hernhuth. We all turned aside to a neighbouring village, where having spent a comfortable evening together, in the morning we commended each other to the Grace of God, and went on our several ways.

We breakfasted at Erfurt with Mr. Reinhart, spent the evening with some brethren at Saxe Gotha, and by long journeys came to Marienborn on Friday, August 25.

Monday 28, I took my leave of the Countess (the Count being gone to Jena), and setting out early the next morning, came about three in

the afternoon to Franckfort. From Mr. Bohler's we went to the society, where one of the brethren from Marienborn offered free redemption, through the blood of Christ, to sixty or seventy persons.

Wednesday 30, In the afternoon we came to Mentz, and agreed for our passage to Colin by water, for a florin per head; which was but half what we gave before, though, it seems, twice as much as we ought to have given.

Thursday 31, We spent half an hour in the great church, a huge heap of irregular building, full of altars, adorned, or loaded rather, with abundance of gold and silver. In going out we observed a paper on the door, which was of so extraordinary a nature, that I thought it would not be labour lost to transcribe it. The words were as follow:

"*Volkommener Ablass fur die arme Seelen im Feg-feur.*

"Seine Pabliche Heiligkeit, Clemens der 12te, haben in diesem jahr 1738, den 7 Augusti, die Pfarr Kirche des Sancti Christophori in Mentz gnadigstem privilegirt, dass ein jeder Priester, so wohl Secular als Regularischen stands, der am aller Seelen-tag, wie auch an einim jedem tag in derselben Oetav; so dann am zwien vom Ordinario tagen einer jeden woch das jahr hindurch, fur die seel eine Christglaubigen verstorbenen an zum Altar Mess lesen wird, jedesmahl eine Seel aus dem Feg-feur erlosen konne.

"*A full Release for the poor Souls in Purgatory.*

"His Papal Holiness, Clement the XIIth, hath this year 1738, on the seventh of August, most graciously privileged the cathedral church of St. Christopher in Mentz, so that every priest, as well secular as regular, who will read mass at an altar for the soul of a Christian departed, on any holiday, or on any day within the octave thereof, or on two extraordinary days, to be appointed by the ordinary, of any week in the year, may each time deliver a soul out of the fire of purgatory."

Now I desire to know, whether any Romanist of common sense, can either defend or approve of this?

At eight we took boat, and on Saturday, September 2, about eleven came to Colen, which we left at one; and between seven and eight reached a village, an hour short of Neus. Here we overtook a large number of Switzers, men, women, and children, singing, dancing, and making merry, being all going *to make their fortunes in Georgia.* Looking upon them as delivered into my hands by God, I plainly told them what manner of place it was. If they now leap into the fire with open eyes, their blood is on their own heads.

Monday 4, Before noon we came to Cleves, and to Nimwegen in the evening. The next night we lay at a little village near Tiel; which leaving early in the morning, we walked by the side of many pleasant orchards, and in the afternoon came to Ysselstein. We stayed only one night with the brethren, (in the new house, called Herndyke, an English mile from the town), and hasting forward, came the next afternoon to Dr. Koker's, at Rotterdam.

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I cannot but acknowledge the civility of this friendly man, all the time we staid in his house. In the morning, Friday 8, we went to the English episcopal church, which is a large, handsome, convenient building. The minister read prayers seriously and distinctly, to a small, well-behaved congregation. Being informed our ship was to sail the next day (Saturday), we took leave of our generous friend, and went to an inn close to the key, that we might be ready when called to go abroad. Having waited till past four in the afternoon, we stepped into the Jews' synagogue, which lies near the waterside. I do not wonder that so many Jews, especially those who have any reflection, utterly abjure all religion. My spirit was moved within me, at that horrid, senseless pageantry, that mockery of God, which they call public worship. Lord, do not Thou yet *cast off thy people! But in Abraham's seed let them also be blessed!*

The ship lingering still, I had time to exhort several English, whom we met with at our inn, to pursue inward religion; the renewal of their souls in righteousness and true holiness. In the morning, a daughter of affliction came to see me, who teaches a school at Rotterdam. She had been for some time under deep convictions; but could find none to instruct or comfort her. After much conversation, we joined in prayer, and her spirit a little revived. Between nine and ten we went on board. In the afternoon I read prayers, and preached in the great cabin. The wind being contrary, we did not get out of the river until Wednesday; nor to London until Saturday night.

Sunday, September 17, I began again to declare in my own country the glad tidings of salvation, preaching three times, and afterwards expounding the Holy Scripture to a large company in the Minories. On Monday, I rejoiced to meet with our little society, which now consisted of thirty-two persons. The next day I went to the condemned felons in Newgate, and offered them free salvation. In the evening, I went to a society in Bear-yard, and preached repentance and remission of sins. The next evening I spoke the truth in love at a society in Aldersgate-street. Some contradicted at first; but not long: so that nothing but love appeared at our parting.

Thursday 21, I went to a society in Gutter-lane; but I could not declare the mighty works of God there, as I did afterwards at the Savoy in all simplicity. And the Word did not return empty.

Finding abundance of people greatly exasperated by gross misrepresentations of the words I had spoken, I went to as many of them in private, as my time would permit. God gave me much love towards them all. Some were convinced they had been mistaken. And who knoweth but God will soon return to the rest, and leave a blessing behind him?

On Saturday 23, I was enabled to speak strong words both at Newgate and at Mr. E.'s society; and the next day at St. Anne's, and twice at St. John's, Clerkenwell; so that I fear they will bear me there no longer.

Tuesday 26, I declared the Gospel of Peace to a small company at Windsor. The next evening Mr. H. preached to the societies at

Bow; but not *the truth as it is in Jesus.* I was afraid lest *the lame* should *be turned out of the way:* But God answered the thoughts of my heart, and took away my fear, in a manner I did not expect, even by the words of Thomas Sternhold. They were these, sung immediately after the sermon:

"Thy mercy is above all things,
O God; it doth excel;
In trust whereof, as in thy wings,
The sons of men shall dwell.

Within thy house they shall be fed
With plenty at their will;
Of all delights they shall be sped,
And take thereof their fill.

Because the well of life most pure
Doth ever flow from thee;
And in thy light we are most sure
Eternal light to see.

From such as Thee desire to know
Let not thy grace depart;
Thy righteousness declare and show
To men of upright heart."

Saturday 30, One who had been a zealous opposer of *this way*, sent and desired to speak with me immediately. He had all the signs of settled despair, both in his countenance and behaviour. He said, "He had been inslaved to sin many years, especially to drunkenness: that he had long used all the means of Grace, had constantly gone to church, and sacrament, had read the Scriptures, and used much private prayer, and yet was nothing profited." I desired we might join in prayer. After a short space he rose, and his countenance was no longer sad. He said, "Now I know God loveth *me*, and has forgiven *my* sins. And sin shall not have dominion over me; for Christ hath set me free." And according to his faith it was unto him.

Sunday, October 1, I preached both morning and afternoon at St. George's in the East. On the following days I endeavoured to explain the way of salvation, to many who had misunderstood what had been preached concerning it.

Friday 6, I preached at St. Antholin's once more. In the afternoon I went to the Rev. Mr. Bedford, to tell him, between me and him alone, of the injury he had done, both to God and his brother, by preaching and printing that very weak sermon on Assurance, which was an *ignoratio elenchi* from beginning to end; seeing the assurance we preach is of quite another kind from that he writes against. We speak of, an assurance *of our present pardon;* not (as he does) *of our final perseverance.*

In the evening I began expounding at a little society in Wapping. On Sunday 8, I preached at the Savoy Chapel, I suppose the last time, on the parable, or history rather, of the Pharisee and Publican praying

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in the Temple. On Monday 9, I set out for Oxford. In walking, I read the truly surprising narrative of the conversions in and about the town of Northampton in New-England. Surely *this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!*

An extract from this I wrote to a friend, concerning the state of those who are *weak in faith.* His answer, which I received on Saturday 14, threw me into great perplexity, till after crying to God, I took up a Bible, which opened on these words; *And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, O that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast! And that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested.*

This, however, with a sentence in the Evening Lesson put me upon considering my own state more deeply. And what then occurred to me was as follows:

Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith. Now the surest test whereby we can examine ourselves whether we be indeed in the faith, is that given by St. Paul, *If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.*

First, His *judgments* are new: his judgment of *himself, of happiness, of holiness.*

He judges himself to be altogether fallen short of the glorious image of God. To have no good thing abiding in him; but all that is corrupt and abominable: In a word, to be wholly earthy, sensual, and devilish: a motley mixture of beast and devil.

Thus, by the grace of God in Christ, I judge of myself. Therefore I am, in this respect, a new creature.

Again, his judgment concerning happiness is new. He would as soon expect to dig it out of the earth, as to find it in riches, honour, pleasure (so called) or indeed in the enjoyment of any creature. He knows there can be no happiness on earth, but in the enjoyment of God, and in the foretaste of those *rivers of pleasure which flow at his right hand for evermore.*

Thus, by the grace of God in Christ, I judge of *happiness.* Therefore I am, in this respect, a new creature.

Yet again, his judgment concerning *holiness* is new. He no longer judges it to be an outward thing. To consist either, in doing no harm, in doing good, or in using the ordinances of God. He sees it is the life of God in the soul; the image of God fresh stamped on the heart. An entire renewal of the mind in every temper and thought, after the likeness of Him that created it.

Thus, by the grace of God in Christ, I judge of holiness. Therefore I am, in this respect, a new creature.

Secondly, His *designs* are new. It is the design of his life, not to heap up treasures upon earth, not to gain the praise of men, not to indulge the desires of the flesh, the desire of the eye, or the pride of life; but to regain the image of God; to have the life of God again planted in his soul; and to be renewed after his likeness, in righteousness and all true holiness.

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This, by the grace of God in Christ, is the design of my life. Therefore I am, in this respect, a new creature.

Thirdly, His *desires* are new, and indeed the whole train of his *passions* and *inclinations*. They are no longer fixed on earthly things; they are now set on the things of heaven. His love, and joy, and hope, his sorrow and fear, have all respect to things above. They all point heavenward. *Where his treasure is, there is his heart also.*

I dare not say I am a new creature in this respect. For other desires often *arise* in my heart, but they do not *reign*. I put them all under my feet through Christ which strengtheneth me. Therefore I believe he is *creating* me anew in this also, and that he has begun, though not finished his work.

Fourthly, His *conversation* is new. It is *always seasoned with salt, and fit to minister grace to the hearers.*

So is mine, by the Grace of God in Christ. Therefore, in this respect, I am a new creature.

Fifthly, His *actions* are new. The Tenor of his life singly points at the glory of God. All his substance and time are devoted thereto. *Whether he eats or drinks, or whatever he does,* it either springs from, or leads to the love of God and man.

Such, by the grace of God in Christ, is the tenor of my life. Therefore, in this respect, I am a new creature.

But St. Paul tells us elsewhere, that *the fruit of the Spirit is love, peace, joy, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance.* Now although, by the grace of God in Christ, I find a measure of some of these in myself, viz. of peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance: Yet others I find not. I cannot find in myself the love of God or of Christ. Hence my deadness and wanderings in public prayer. Hence it is that even in the Holy Communion, I have frequently no more than a cold attention.

Again, I have not that joy in the Holy Ghost: no settled lasting joy. Nor have I such a peace as excludes the possibility either of fear or doubt. When holy men have told me I had no faith, I have often doubted whether I had or not; and those doubts have made me very uneasy, till I was relieved by prayer and the Holy Scriptures.

Yet, upon the whole, although I have not yet that joy in the Holy Ghost, nor the full assurance of faith, nor the (proper) *witness of the Spirit with my spirit that I am a child of God,* much less am I, in the full and proper sense of the words, *in Christ a new creature;* I nevertheless trust that I have a measure of faith, and am *accepted in the Beloved:* I trust *the hand-writing that was against me is blotted out,* and that I am *reconciled to God* through his Son."

Sunday 15, I preached twice at the Castle, and afterwards expounded at three societies. Wednesday evening I came to London again, and on Friday met a society (of soldiers chiefly) at Westminster. On Sunday 22, I preached at Bloomsbury in the morning, and at Shadwell in the afternoon. Wednesday 25, I preached at Basingshaw Church; on Friday morning at St. Antholin's; on Sunday at Islington, and at London-wall. Strange doctrine to a polite audience!

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In the evening being troubled at what some said, of *the kingdom of God within us*, and doubtful of my own state, I called upon God, and received this answer from his word, *He himself also waited for the kingdom of God.* "But should not I wait in silence and retirement?" was the thought that immediately struck into my mind. I opened my Testament again, on those words, *Seest thou not how faith wrought together with his works? and by works was faith made perfect.*

Finding the same doubts return on Tuesday, I consulted the Oracles of God again, and found much comfort from those words, *They which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham.*

Friday, Nov. 3, I preached at St. Antholin's. Sunday 5, in the morning, at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate; in the afternoon at Islington, and in the evening to such a congregation as I never saw before, at St. Clement's in the Strand. As this was the first time of my preaching here, I suppose it is to be the last.

On Wednesday my brother and I went, at their earnest desire, to do the last good office to the condemned malefactors. It was the most glorious instance I ever saw of faith triumphing over sin and death. One observing the tears run fast down the cheeks of one of them in particular, while his eyes were steadily fixed upwards, a few moments before he died, asked, "How do you feel your heart now?" He calmly replied, "I feel a peace which I could not have believed to be possible. And I know it is the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

My brother took that occasion of declaring the Gospel of peace, to a large assembly of publicans and sinners. *O Lord God of my fathers* accept even *me* among them, and *cast me not out from among thy children!*

In the evening I proclaimed mercy to my fellow-sinners at Basingshaw-church; and the next morning at St. Antholin's. Friday 10, I set out, and Saturday 11, spent the evening with a little company at Oxford. I was grieved to find, *Prudence* had made them leave off singing psalms. I fear it will not stop here. God deliver me, and all that seek him in sincerity, from what the world calls *Christian Prudence!*

Sunday 12, I preached twice at the Castle. In the following week, I began more narrowly to enquire what the doctrine of the Church of England is, concerning the much controverted point of Justification by faith. And the sum of what I found in the Homilies, I extracted, and printed for the use of others.

Sunday 19, I only preached in the afternoon at the Castle. On Monday night I was greatly troubled in dreams, and about eleven o'clock waked in an unaccountable consternation, without being able to sleep again. About that time, (as I found in the morning) one who had designed to be my pupil, but was not, came into the porter's lodge, where several persons were sitting, with a pistol in his hand. He presented this, as in sport, first at one and then at another. He then attempted twice or thrice to shoot himself, but it would not go off. Upon his laying it down, one took it up and blew out the pri-

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ming. He was very angry, went and got fresh prime, came in again, sat down, beat the flint with his key; and about twelve, pulling off his hat and wig, said, "He would die like a gentleman," and shot himself through the head.

Thursday 23, Returning from preaching at the Castle, I met once more with my old companion in affliction, C. D. who stayed with me till Monday. His last conversation with me was as follows:

"In this you are better than you were at Savannah; you know that you were then quite wrong. But you are not right yet. You know that you were then blind. But you do not see now.

"I doubt not but God *will* bring you to the right foundation. But I have no hope for you, while you are on your present foundation. It is as different from the true, as the right hand from the left. You have all to begin anew.

"I have observed all your words and actions, and I see you are of the same spirit still. You have a simplicity; but it is a simplicity of your own. It is not the simplicity of Christ. You think you do not trust in your own works. But you do trust in your own works. You do not believe in Christ.

"You have a present freedom from sin. But it is only a temporary suspension of it, not a deliverance from it. And you have a peace. But it is not a true peace. If death were to approach, you would find all your fears return.

"But I am forbid to say any more. My heart sinks in me like a stone."

I was troubled. I begged of God an answer of peace, and opened on those words, *As many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them and mercy, and upon the* Israel *of* God. I was asking in the evening, that God would fulfil all his promises in my soul, when I opened my Testament on those words, *My hour is not yet come.*

Sunday, Dec. 3, I began reading prayers at Bocardo (the city prison) which had been long discontinued. In the afternoon I received a letter, earnestly desiring me, to publish my Account of Georgia: and another as earnestly dissuading me from it, "because it would bring much trouble upon me." I consulted God in his word and received two answers; the first Ezek. xxxiii. 11. 2—6. The other, *Thou therefore endure hardship as a good soldier of* Jesus Christ.

Tuesday, Dec. 5, I began reading prayers and preaching in Gloucester-Green Workhouse, and on Thursday, in that belonging to St. Thomas's parish. On both days I preached at the Castle. At St. Thomas's was a young woman, raving mad, screaming and tormenting herself continually. I had a strong desire to speak to her. The moment I began she was still. The tears ran down her cheeks all the time I was telling her, "Jesus of Nazareth is able and willing to deliver you." O where is faith upon earth? Why are these poor wretches left under the open bondage of Satan? Jesus, Master! Give Thou medicine to heal their sickness: and deliver those who are now also vexed with unclean spirits!

About this time, being desirous to know how the work of God went on among our brethren at London, I wrote to many of them concerning the state of their souls. One or two of their answers I have subjoined:

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"MY DEAR FRIEND, WHOM I LOVE IN THE TRUTH,

"I KNOW my Saviour's voice, and my heart burns with love and desire to follow him in the regeneration. I have no confidence in the flesh. I loath myself and love Him only. My dear Brother, my spirit even at this moment rejoices in God my Saviour, and the love which is shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, destroys all self-love, so that I could lay down my life for my brethren. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and have confidence towards God, that through his blood my sins are forgiven. He hath begotten me of his own will, and saves me from sin, so that it has no dominion over me. His Spirit bears witness with my spirit, that I am his child by adoption and grace. And this is not for works of righteousness which I have done. For I am his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works: so that all boasting is excluded. It is now about 18 years since Jesus took possession of my heart. He then opened my eyes and said unto me, *Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.* My dear friend, bear with my relating, after what manner I was born of God. It was an *instantaneous* act. My whole heart was filled with a Divine Power, drawing all the faculties of my soul after Christ, which continued three or four nights and days. It was as a mighty rushing wind, coming into the soul, enabling me from that moment to be more than conqueror, over those corruptions which before I was always a slave to. Since that time, the whole bent of my will hath been towards him day and night, even in my dreams. I know that I dwell in Christ, and Christ in me; I am bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. That you and all that wait for his appearing, may find the consolation of Israel, is the earnest prayer of,

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

W. F."

"MY MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER IN CHRIST,

"In the 20th year of my age, 1737, God was pleased to open my eyes, and to let me see that I did not live as became a child of God. I found my sins were great, though I was what they call a sober person, and that God kept an account of them all. However I thought, if I repented, and led a good life, God would accept me. And I so went on for about half a year, and had sometimes great joy. But last winter, I began to find, that whatever I did was nothing, and the enemy of souls laid so many things to my charge, that sometimes I despaired of heaven. I continued in great doubts and fears, until April 9, when I went out of town. Here for a time I was greatly transported, in meditating on and seeing the glorious works of God: but in about three weeks I was violently assaulted again. God then offered a Saviour to me, but my self-righteousness kept me from laying hold on Him.

"On Whitsunday I went to receive the blessed Sacrament, but with a heart as hard as a stone. Heavy laden I was indeed, when God was pleased to let me see a crucified Saviour. I saw there was a Fountain opened in his side for me to wash in and be clean. But, alas! I was afraid to venture, fearing I should be too presumptuous.

And I know, I at that time refused the atonement which I might then have had. Yet I received great comfort. But in about nine days time, my joy went out, as a lamp does for want of oil, and I fell into my old state. Yet I was not without hope; for ever after that time I could not despair of salvation: I had so clear a sight of the fountain opened in the side of our Lord. But still when I thought of death, or the day of judgment, it was a great terror to me. And yet I was afraid to venture to lay all my sins upon Christ.

"This was not all. But whenever I retired to prayer I had a violent pain in my head. This only seized me, when I began to pray earnestly, or to cry out aloud to Christ. But when I cried to Him against this also, He gave me ease. Well, I found God did love me, and did draw me to Christ. I hungered and thirsted after Him, but I was still afraid to go boldly to Christ, and to claim him as *my* Saviour.

"July 3, My dear sister came down to see me. She had received the atonement on St. Peter's day. I told her, I thought Christ died for *me*, but as to the assurance she mentioned, I could say nothing.

"July 5, She went. That night I went into the garden, and considering what she had told me, I saw Him by faith, whose eyes are as a flame of fire; Him who justifieth the ungodly. I told Him I was ungodly, and it was for *me* that He died. His blood did I plead with great faith, to blot out the hand-writing that was against me. I told my Saviour that he had promised to give rest, to all that were heavy-laden. This promise I claimed, and I saw Him by faith, stand condemned before God in my stead. I saw the fountain opened in His side. I found, as I hungered, he fed me: as my soul thirsted, He gave me out of that fountain to drink. And so strong was my faith, that if I had had all the sins of the whole world laid upon me, I knew and was sure one drop of His blood was sufficient to atone for all. Well, I clave unto Him, and He did wash me in his blood. He hath presented me to His Father and my Father, to his God and my God, a pure, spotless virgin, as if I had never committed any sin. It is on Jesus I stand, the Saviour of sinners. It is He that hath loved *me*, and given himself for me. I cleave unto Him, as my surety, and He is bound to pay God the debt. While I stand on this Rock, I am sure the gates of hell cannot prevail against me. It is by faith that I am justified, and have peace with God through Him. His blood has made reconciliation to God for me. It is by faith I have received the atonement. It is by faith that I have the Son of God and the Spirit of Christ dwelling in me. And what then shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord?

"You must think what a transport of joy I was then in, when I that was lost and undone, dropping into hell, felt a Redeemer come, who is *mighty to save, to save unto the uttermost*. Yet I did not receive the witness of the Spirit at that time. But in about half an hour, the devil came with great power to tempt me. However I minded him not, but went in and lay down pretty much composed in my mind. Now St. Paul says, *After ye believed, ye were sealed with the Spirit*

of promise. So it was with me. After I had believed on Him *that justifieth the ungodly,* I received that seal of the Spirit, which is the *earnest of our inheritance.*

"July 6, In the morning, being by myself, I found the work of the Spirit was very powerful upon me, although you know God does not deal with every soul in the same way. As my mother bore me with great pain, so did I feel great pain in my soul in being born of God. Indeed I thought the pains of death were upon me, and that my soul was then taking leave of the body. I thought I was going to him whom I saw with strong faith standing ready to receive me. In this violent agony I continued about four hours: and then I began to feel the *Spirit of* God *bearing witness with my spirit, that I was born of* God. *Because I was* a child of God, He *sent forth the Spirit of his Son into me, crying Abba, Father.* For that is the cry of every new born soul. O mighty, powerful, happy change! I who had nothing but devils ready to drag me to hell, now found I had angels to guard me to my reconciled Father, and my Judge, who just before stood ready to condemn me, was now become my righteousness. But I cannot express what God hath done for my soul. No; this is to be my everlasting employment, when I have put off this frail, sinful body; when I join with that great multitude which no man can number, in singing praises to the Lamb that loved us, and gave himself for us! O how powerful are the workings of the Almighty in a new-born soul! The love of God was shed abroad in my heart, and a flame kindled there, so that my body was almost torn asunder. I loved. The Spirit cried strong in my heart. I trembled. I sung. I joined my voice with those that excel in strength. My soul was got up into the holy mount. I had no thoughts of coming down again into the body. I who not long before had called to the rocks to fall on me, and the mountains to cover me, could now call for nothing else but *Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.* Then I could cry out with great boldness, There, O God, is my surety! There, O death, is thy plague! There, O grave, is thy destruction! There, O serpent, is the seed, that shall for ever bruise thy head. O I thought my head was a fountain of water! I was dissolved in love. *My beloved is mine, and I am His.* He has all charms. He has ravished my heart. He is my comforter, my friend, my all. He is now in his garden, feeding among the lillies. *O I am sick of love.* He is altogether lovely, *the chiefest among ten thousand.*"

Sunday 10, I administered the Lord's Supper at the Castle. At one I expounded at Mr. Fox's as usual. The great power of God was with us, and one who had been in despair several years, received a witness that she was a child of God.

Monday 11, Hearing Mr. Whitefield was arrived from Georgia, I hastened to London; and on Tuesday 12, God gave us once more to take sweet counsel together.

Friday 15, I preached at St. Antholin's.

Saturday 16, One who had examined himself by the reflections written, October 14, made the following observations on the state of his own soul:

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"1. I *judge* thus of myself. But I feel it not. Therefore there is in me still the old heart of stone.

"2. I judge thus of happiness. But I still hanker after creature-happiness. My soul is almost continually running out after one creature or another, and *imagining* how happy I should be in such or such a condition. I have more pleasure in eating and drinking, and in the company of those I love, than I have in God. I have a relish for earthly happiness. I have not a relish for heavenly. *I savour* (φρονω) *the things of men, not the things of God.* Therefore there is in me still the carnal heart, the φρονημα σαρκος. And the eyes of my understanding are not yet fully opened.

"II. 'This is the design of *my* life.' But a thousand little designs are daily stealing into my soul. This is my *ultimate* design: but *intermediate* designs are continually creeping in upon me; designs (though often disguised) of pleasing myself, of doing my own will; designs, wherein I do not eye God; at least, not Him singly.

"Therefore, my eye is not yet single; at least not always so.

"III. Are my desires new? Not all. Some are new, some old. My desires are like my designs. *My great* desire is, to have *Christ formed in my heart by faith.* But little desires are daily stealing into my soul. And so my great hopes and fears have respect to God. But a thousand little ones creep in between them.

"Again my desires, passions, and inclinations in general, are mixed: having something of Christ, and something of earth. I love you, for instance. But my love is only partly spiritual, and partly natural. Something of *my own* cleaves to that which is of God. Nor can I divide the earthly part from the heavenly."

Sunday 17, I preached in the afternoon at Islington: in the evening at St. Swithin's, for the last time. Sunday 24, I preached at Great St. Bartholomew's in the morning, and at Islington in the afternoon; where we had the Blessed Sacrament every day this week, and were comforted on every side.

Wednesday 27, I preached at Bashingshaw-church: Sunday 31, to many thousands, in St. George's, Spitalfields. And to yet a more crowded congregation at Whitechapel, in the afternoon, I declared those glad tidings (O that they would know the things which make for their peace!) *I will heal their backsliding: I will love them freely.*

Monday, January 1, 1739, Mr. Hall, Kinchin, Ingham, Whitefield, Hutchins, and my brother Charles, were present at our love-feast in Fetter-Lane, with about sixty of our brethren. About three in the morning, as we were continuing instant at prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of his Majesty, we broke out with one voice, *We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.*

Thursday 4, One who had had the form of godliness many years, wrote the following reflections:

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"My friends affirm *I am mad*, because I said *I was not a Christian a year ago.* I affirm, I am not a Christian now. Indeed what I might have been I know not, had I been faithful to the grace then given, when expecting nothing less, I received such a sense of the forgiveness of my sins, as until then I never knew. But that I am not a Christian at this day, I as assuredly know, as that Jesus is the Christ.

"For a Christian is one who has the fruits of the Spirit of Christ, which, to mention no more, are love, peace, joy. But these I have not. I have not any love of God. I do not love either the Father or the Son. Do you ask, How do I know, whether I love God? I answer by another question, How do you know, Whether you love me? Why, as you know whether you are hot or cold. You *feel* this moment, that you do or do not love me. And I *feel* this moment, I do not love God; which therefore I *know*, because I *feel* it. There is no word more proper, more clear, or more strong.

"And I know it also by St. John's plain rule, *If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.* For I love the world. I desire the things of the world, some or other of them, and have done all my life. I have always placed some part of my happiness in some or other of the things that are seen. Particularly in meat and drink, and in the company of those I loved. For many years I have been, yea, and still am, hankering after a happiness, in loving, and being loved by one or another. And in these I have from time to time taken more pleasure than in God.

"Again, joy in the Holy Ghost I have not. I have now and then some starts of joy in God: but it is not *that* joy. For it is not abiding. Neither is it greater than I have had on some worldly occasions. So that I can in no wise be said to *rejoice evermore;* much less to *rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.*

"Yet again; I have not *the peace of God; that* peace peculiarly so called. The peace I have may be accounted for on natural principles. I have health, strength, friends, a competent fortune, and a composed, cheerful temper. Who would not have a sort of peace in such circumstances? But I have none which can with any truth or propriety be called, *a peace which passeth all understanding.*

"From hence I conclude, (and let all the *saints of the world* hear, that wherein soever they boast, they may be found even as I) though I have given, and do give all my goods to feed the poor, I am not a Christian. Though I have endured hardship, though I have in all things denied myself and taken up my cross, I am not a Christian. My works are nothing, my sufferings are nothing; I have not the fruits of the Spirit of Christ. Though I have constantly used all the means of grace, for twenty years, I am not a Christian."

"Wednesday 17, I was with two persons, who, I doubt are properly enthusiasts. For, first, They think to attain the end without the means, which is enthusiasm, properly so called. Again, they think themselves inspired by God, and are not. But false, imaginary inspiration is enthusiasm. That theirs is only imaginary inspiration appears hence, It contradicts the law and the testimony.

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Sunday 21, We were greatly surprised in the evening, while I was expounding in the Minories. A well-dressed, middle aged woman, suddenly cried out as in the agonies of death. She continued so to do for some time, with all the signs of the sharpest anguish of spirit. When she was a little recovered, I desired her to call upon me the next day. She then told me, that about three years before, she was under strong convictions of sin, and in such a terror of mind, that she had no comfort in any thing, nor any rest, day or night: That she sent for the minister of her parish, and told him the distress she was in: upon which he told her husband she was stark mad, and advised him to send for a physician immediately. A physician was sent for accordingly, who ordered her to be blooded, blistered, and so on. But this did not heal her wounded spirit. So that she continued much as she was before; until the last night, He, whose words she at first found to *be sharper than any two-edged sword*, gave her a faint hope, that He would undertake her cause, and heal the soul which had sinned against Him.

Thursday 25, I baptized John Smith, (late an Anabaptist) and four other adults at Islington. Of the adults I have known to be baptized lately, only one was at that time born again, in the higher sense of the word; that is, found a thorough, inward change, by the love of God filling her heart. Most of them were only born again in a lower sense; *i. e.* received the remission of their sins. And some, as it has too plainly appeared, neither in one sense nor the other.

Sunday 28, I went, having been long importuned thereto, about five in the evening, with four or five of my friends to a friend's house where was one of those commonly called *French Prophets*. After a time, she came in. She seemed about four or five and twenty, of an agreeable speech and behaviour. She asked, why we came? I said, "To try the spirits, whether they be of God." Presently after she leaned back in her chair, and seemed to have strong workings in her breast, with deep sighings intermixed. Her head, and hands, and, by turns, every part of her body seemed also to be in a kind of convulsive motion. This continued about ten minutes, till, at six, she began to speak (though the workings, sighings, and contortions of her body, were so intermixed with her words, that she seldom spoke half a sentence together) with a clear strong voice, "Father, thy will be done, thy will be done. Thus saith the Lord, if of any of you that is a father, his child ask bread, will he give him a stone? if he ask a fish, will he give him a scorpion? Ask bread of me, my children, and I will give you bread. I will not, will not give you a scorpion. By this judge of what ye shall now hear."

She spoke much, all as in the person of God, and mostly in Scripture words, of the fulfilling of the prophecies, the coming of Christ now at hand, and spreading of the Gospel over all the earth. Then she exhorted us not to be in haste in judging her spirit, to be or not to be of God; but to wait upon God and he would teach us, if we conferred not with flesh and blood. She added, with many enforcements, that we must watch and pray, and take up our cross and *be still before God*.

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Two or three of our company were much affected, and believed she spoke by the spirit of God. But this was in no wise clear to me. The motion might be either hysterical or artificial. And the same words any person of a good understanding and well versed in the Scriptures might have spoken. But I let the matter alone: knowing this, that *if it be not of God it will come to nought.*

Sunday Feb. 4, I preached at St. Giles's, on *Whosoever believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.* How was the power of God present with us! I am content to preach here no more.

Friday 9, A note was given me at Wapping, in nearly these words:

"SIR,

"Your prayers are desired for a child that is lunatic and sore vexed day and night, that our Lord would be pleased to heal him, as he did those in the days of his flesh, and that he would give his parents faith and patience till his time is come."

Thursday 13, I received the following note:

"SIR,

"I return you hearty thanks for your prayers on Friday for my tortured son. He grows worse and worse. I hope the nearer deliverance. I beg your prayers still to our Redeemer, who will cure him, or give us patience to bear the rod, hoping it is dipped in the blood of the Lamb.

"Sir, he is taken with grievous weeping, his heart beating as if it would beat through his ribs. He swells ready to burst, sweats great drops, runs about beating and tearing himself. He bites and pinches me, so that I carry his marks always on me. He lays his hands on the fire, and sticks pins in his flesh. Thus he has been these five years. He is in his eleventh year, a wonder of affliction; I hope, of mercy also, and that I shall yet praise Him, who is my Redeemer and my God."

Saturday 17, A few of us prayed with him; and from that time, as his parents since informed us, he had more rest (although not a full deliverance) than he had had for two years before.

Sunday 18, I was desired to preach at Sir George Wheeler's chapel, in Spitalfields, morning and afternoon. I did so in the morning, but was not suffered to conclude my subject, as I had designed, in the afternoon: A good remembrance, that I should, if possible, declare at *every* time, the *whole* counsel of God.

Sunday 25, I preached in the morning to a numerous congregation, at St. Catherine's, near the Tower; at Islington in the afternoon. Many here were, as usual, deeply offended. But the counsel of the Lord it shall stand.

Friday, March 2, It was the advice of all our brethren that I should spend a few days at Oxford: whither I accordingly went on Satur-

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day 3. A few names I found here also who had not denied the faith, neither been ashamed of their Lord, even in the midst of a perverse generation. And every day we were together we had convincing proof, such as it had not before entered into our hearts to conceive, that *he is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God through him.*

One of the most surprising instances of his power which I ever remember to have seen, was on the Tuesday following; when I visited one who was above measure enraged at *this new way*, and zealous in opposing it. Finding argument to be of no other effect, than to inflame her more and more, I broke off the dispute, and desired we might join in prayer, which she so far consented to as to kneel down. In a few minutes she fell into an extreme agony, both of body and soul; and soon after cried out with the utmost earnestness, "Now I know, I am forgiven for Christ's sake." Many other words she uttered to the same effect, witnessing a hope full of immortality. And from that hour, God hath set her face as a flint, to declare the faith which before she persecuted.

Thursday 8, I called upon her, and a few of her neighbours, who were met together in the evening, among whom I found a gentleman of the same spirit she had been of, earnestly labouring to pervert the truth of the Gospel. To prevent his going on, as the less evil of the two, I entered directly into the controversy, touching both the cause and the fruits of justification: in the midst of the dispute, one who sat at a small distance felt as it were the piercing of a sword, and before she could be brought to another house, whither I was going, could not avoid crying out aloud, even in the street. But no sooner had we made our request known to God, than he sent her help from his holy place.

At my return from hence, I found Mr. Kinchin just come from Dummer, who earnestly desired me, instead of setting out for London the next morning, as I designed, to go to Dummer and supply his church on Sunday. On Friday morning, I set out, according to his desire, and in the evening came to Reading, where I found a young man who had in some measure *known the powers of the world to come.* I spent the evening with him and a few of his serious friends; and it pleased God much to strengthen and comfort them.

Saturday 10, In the afternoon I came to Dummer; and on Sunday morning had a large and attentive congregation. I was desired to expound in the evening at Basingstoke. The next day I returned to Reading, and thence on Tuesday to Oxford, where I found many more and more rejoicing in God their Saviour. Wednesday 14, I had an opportunity of preaching once again to the poor prisoners in the Castle. Thursday 15, I set out early in the morning, and in the afternoon came to London.

During my stay here, I was fully employed; between our own society, in Fetter-lane, and many others, where I was continually desired to expound: so that I had no thought of leaving London, when I received, after several others, a letter from Mr. Whitefield, and another from Mr. Seward, entreating me in the most pressing

manner to come to Bristol without delay. This I was not at all forward to do; and perhaps a little the less inclined to it (though I trust, I do not count my life dear unto myself, so I may finish my course with joy) because of the remarkable scriptures which offered as often as we inquired, touching the consequence of this removal; probably permitted for the trial of our faith. *Get thee up into this mountain—and die in the mount, whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people*, Deut. xxxii. 49. *And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days*, Deut. xxxiv. 8. *I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake*, Acts ix. 16. *And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentations over him*, Acts viii. 2.

Wednesday 28, My journey was proposed to our society in Fetter-lane. But my brother Charles would scarce bear the mention of it; till appealing to the Oracles of God, he received those words, as spoken to himself, and answered not again: *Son of man, behold I take from thee, the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: Yet shalt thou not mourn or weep, neither shall thy tears run down.* Our other brethren however continuing the dispute, without any probability of their coming to one conclusion, we at length all to decide it by lot. And by this it was determined, "I should go." Several afterwards desiring, we might open the bible, concerning the issue of this, we did so on the several portions of Scripture, which I shall set down, without any reflection upon them. *Now there was long war between the house of Saul and the house of David; but David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker*, 2 Sam. iii. 1. *When wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house upon his bed: Shall I not now require his blood at your hands, and take you away from the earth?* 2 Sam. iv. 11. *And Ahaz slept with his fathers and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem*, 2 Chron. xxix. 30.

Thursday, March 29, I left London, and in the evening expounded to a small company at Basingstoke. Saturday 31, in the evening I reached Bristol, and met Mr. Whitefield there. I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this *strange way* of preaching in the fields, of which he set me an example on Sunday: having been all my life, till very lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls *almost a sin*, if it had not been done *in a church*.

April 1, In the evening (Mr. Whitefield being gone), I begun expounding our Lord's sermon on the Mount, (one pretty remarkable precedent of *field-preaching*, I suppose *there were churches* at that time also), to a little society which was accustomed to meet once or twice a week in Nicholas-street.

Monday 2, At four in the afternoon, I submitted to *be more vile*, and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence, in a ground adjoining to the city, to about three thousand people. The Scripture on which I spoke was this, (Is it possible, any one should be ignorant, that it is fulfilled in every true minister of Christ?) *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, be-*

cause He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind: to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

At seven I began expounding the Acts of the Apostles, to a society meeting in Baldwin-street; and the next day, the Gospel of St. John, in the chapel at Newgate; where I also daily read the morning service of the church.

Wednesday 4, At Baptist Mills, (a sort of a suburb or village, about half a mile from Bristol), I offered the Grace of God to about fifteen hundred persons, from these words, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.*

In the evening, three women agreed to meet together weekly, with the same intention as those at London, viz. *To confess their faults one to another, and pray one for another, that they might be healed.* At eight, four young men agreed to meet, in pursuance of the same design. How dare any man deny this to be, as to the substance of it, a mean of grace, ordained by God? Unless he will affirm, with Luther in the fury of his Solifidianism, that St. James's epistle is *an epistle of straw?*

Thursday 5, At five in the evening I began at a society in Castle street, expounding the epistle to the Romans; and the next evening, at a society in Gloucester-lane, the first Epistle of St. John, on Saturday evening at Weavers-hall also I begun expounding the epistle to the Romans, and declared that Gospel to all, which is the *power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth*

Sunday 8, At seven in the morning, I preached to about a thousand persons at Bristol, and afterwards to about fifteen hundred, on the top of Hannam-mount in Kingswood. I called to them in the words of the evangelical prophet, *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; come and buy wine and milk without money and without price.* About five thousand were in the afternoon at Rose-green(on the other side of Kingswood); among whom I stood and cried, in the name of the Lord, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.*

Tuesday 10, I was desired to go to Bath; where I offered to about a thousand souls the free Grace of God to *heal their backslidings,* and in the morning to, I believe more than two thousand. I preached to about the same number at Baptist-mills, in the afternoon, on Christ, *made of God unto us, wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.*

Saturday 14, I preached at the Poor-house; three or four hundred were within, and more than twice that number without: to whom I explained those comfortable words, *When they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both.*

Sunday 15, I explained at seven, to five or six thousand persons, the story of the pharisee and the publican. About three thousand were present at Hannam-mount. I preached at Newgate, after dinner to a crowded congregation. Between five and six we went to

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Rose-green: it rained hard at Bristol, but not a drop fell upon us, while I declared to about five thousand, *Christ our wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.* I concluded the day by shewing at the society in Baldwin-street, that his *blood cleanseth us from all sin.*

Tuesday 17, At five in the afternoon, I was at a little society in the Back-lane. The room in which we were was propped beneath; but the weight of people made the floor give way, so that, in the beginning of the expounding, the post which propped it fell down with a great noise. But the floor sunk no further, so that after a little surprise at first, they quietly attended to the things, that were spoken.

Thence I went to Baldwin-street, and expounded, as it came in course, the fourth chapter of the Acts. We then called upon God to confirm his word. Immediately one that stood by, to our no small surprise, cried out aloud, with the utmost vehemence, even as in the agonies of death. But we continued in prayer, till *a new song was put in her mouth, a thanksgiving unto our God.* Soon after, two other persons (well known in this place, as labouring to live in all good conscience towards all men) were seized with strong pain, and constrained to *roar for the disquietness of their heart.* But it was not long before they likewise burst forth into praise to God their Saviour. The last who called upon God as out of the belly of hell, was I—— E——, a stranger in Bristol. And in a short space, he also was overwhelmed with joy and love, knowing that God had healed his backslidings. So many living witnesses hath God given, that *his hand is still stretched out to heal, and that signs and wonders are even now wrought, by His holy child Jesus.*

Wednesday 18, In the evening, L——a S——, (late a Quaker, but baptized the day before), R——a M——, and a few others, were admitted into the society. But R——a M——was scarcely able either to speak or look up. *The sorrows of death compassed her about, the pains of hell got hold upon her.* We poured out our complaints before God, and shewed him of her trouble. And he soon shewed, he is a God *that heareth prayer.* She felt in herself, that *being justified freely, she had peace with God, through Jesus Christ. She rejoiced in hope of the glory of God, and the love of God, was shed abroad in her heart.*

April 20, Being Good Friday, E——th R——n, T—— W——, and one or two others, first knew they had *redemption in the blood of Christ, the remission of* their *sins.*

Saturday 21, At Weavers-hall, a young man was suddenly seized with a violent trembling all over, and in a few minutes, *the sorrows of his heart being enlarged,* sunk down to the ground. But we ceased not calling upon God, until he raised him up full of *peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

On Easter-day, it being a thorough rain, I could only preach at Newgate at eight in the morning, and two in the afternoon; in a house near Hannam-mount at eleven; and in one near Rose-green at five. At the Society in the evening, many were cut to the heart, and many comforted.

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Monday 23, On a repeated invitation I went to Pensford, about five miles from Bristol. I sent to the minister, to ask leave to preach in the church; but having waited some time and received no answer, I called to many of the people who were gathered together in an open place, *If any man thirst let him come unto Me, and drink.* At four in the afternoon there were above three thousand, in a convenient place near Bristol; to whom I declared, *The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.*

I preached at Bath to about a thousand, on Tuesday morning; and at four in the afternoon to the poor colliers, at a place about the middle of Kingswood, called Two-Mile-hill. In the evening at Baldwin-street, a young man, after a sharp, though short agony, both of body and mind, found his soul filled with peace, *knowing in whom he had believed.*

Wednesday 24, To above two thousand at Baptist-mills, I explained that glorious scripture (describing the state of every true believer in Christ, every one who by faith is born of God), *Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again unto fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father.*

Thursday 25, While I was preaching at Newgate on these words, *He that believeth hath everlasting life,* I was insensibly led, without any previous design, to declare strongly and explicitly, That *God willeth all men to be* thus *saved;* and to pray that "If this were not the truth of God, He would not suffer the blind to go out of the way; but if it were, He would bear witness to his word." Immediately one, and another, and another, sunk to the earth: they dropped on every side as thunderstruck. One of them cried aloud: We besought God in her behalf, and he turned her heaviness into joy. A second being in the same agony, we called upon God for her also; and He spoke peace unto her soul. In the evening I was again pressed in spirit to declare, that *Christ gave himself a ransom for all.* And almost before we called upon him to set to his seal, he answered. One was so wounded by the sword of the Spirit, that you would have imagined she could not live a moment. But immediately his abundant kindness was shewed, and she loudly sang of his righteousness.

Friday 26, All Newgate rang with the cries of those whom the Word of God cut to the heart. Two of whom were in a moment filled with joy, to the astonishment of those that beheld them.

Sunday 28, I declared the *free* Grace of God to about four thousand people, from those words, *He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall He not with him also freely give us all things?* At that hour it was, that one who had long continued in sin, from a despair of finding mercy, received a full, clear sense of his pardoning love, and power to sin no more. I then went to Clifton (a mile from Bristol) at the Minister's desire, who was dangerously ill, and thence returned to a little plain, near Hannam-mount, where about three thousand were present. After dinner I went to Clifton again. The church was quite full at the prayers and

sermon, as was the church-yard at the burial which followed. From Clifton we went to Rose-green, where were, by computation, near seven thousand, and thence to Gloucester-lane society. After which was our first love-feast in Baldwin-street. O how has God renewed my strength! who used ten years ago to be so faint and weary, with preaching *twice* in *one* day!

Monday 29, We understood that many were offended at the cries of those on whom the power of God came: among whom was a physician, who was much afraid there might be fraud or imposture in the case. To-day, one whom he had known many years, was the first, while I was preaching in Newgate, who broke out into *strong cries and tears.* He could hardly believe his own eyes and ears. He went and stood close to her, and observed every symptom, until great drops of sweat ran down her face, and all her bones shook. He then knew not what to think, being clearly convinced it was not fraud, nor yet any natural disorder. But when both her soul and body were healed in a moment, he acknowledged the finger of God.

Tuesday, May 1, Many were offended again, and indeed much more than before. For at Baldwin-street my voice could scarce be heard, amidst the groanings of some, and the cries of others, calling aloud to *Him that is mighty to save.* I desired all that were sincere of heart, to beseech with me *the prince exalted for us,* that He would *proclaim deliverance to the captives.* And He soon shewed that He heard our voice. Many of those who had been long in darkness, saw the dawn of a great light: and ten persons, I afterwards found, then began to say in faith, *My Lord,* and *my God!*

A Quaker who stood by, was not a little displeased at *the dissimulation of those creatures,* and was biting his lips and knitting his brows, when he dropped down as thunderstruck. The agony he was in was even terrible to behold. We besought God not to lay folly to his charge. And he soon lifted up his head, and cried aloud, "Now I know thou art a prophet of the Lord."

Wednesday 2, At Newgate, another mourner was comforted. I was desired to step thence to a neighbouring house, to see a letter wrote against me, as *a deceiver of the people,* by teaching that God *willeth* all men *to be saved.* One who long had asserted the contrary was there, when a young woman came in, (who could say before, "I know that *my* Redeemer liveth"), all in tears, and in deep anguish of spirit. She said, "She had been reasoning with herself, how these things could be, until she was perplexed more and more; and she now found the Spirit of God was departed from her." We began to pray, and she cried out, "He is come! He is come! I again rejoice in God *my* Saviour." Just as we rose from giving thanks, another person reeled four or five steps, and then dropped down. We prayed with her, and left her strongly convinced of sin, and earnestly groaning for deliverance.

I did not mention one J——n H——n, a weaver, who was at Baldwin-street the night before. He was, I understood, a man of a regular life and conversation, one that constantly attended the public prayers and sacrament, and was zealous for the church, and against dissenters

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of every denomination. Being informed that *people fell into strange fits at the societies*, he came to see and judge for himself. But he was less satisfied than before; insomuch that he went about to his acquaintance, one after another, until one in the morning, and laboured above measure to convince them "it was a delusion of the devil." We were going home, when one met us in the street, and informed us, that J——n H——n was fallen raving mad. It seems he had set down to dinner, but had a mind first to end a sermon he had borrowed on "Salvation by Faith." In reading the last page, he changed colour, fell off his chair, and began screaming terribly, and beating himself against the ground. The neighbours were alarmed, and flocked together to the house. Between one and two I came in, and found him on the floor, the room being full of people, whom his wife would have kept without; but he cried aloud, "No; let them all come; let all the world see the just judgment of God." Two or three men were holding him as well as they could. He immediately fixed his eyes upon *me*, and stretching out his hand, cried, "Ay, this is he, who I said was a deceiver of the people. But God has overtaken me. I said, it was all a delusion. But this is no delusion." He then roared out, "O thou devil! Thou cursed devil! Yea, thou legion of devils! Thou canst not stay. Christ will cast thee out. I know his work is begun. Tear me to pieces, if thou wilt: but thou canst not hurt me." He then beat himself against the ground again; his breast heaving, at the same time, as in the pangs of death, and great drops of sweat trickling down his face. We all betook ourselves to prayer. His pangs ceased, and both his body and soul were set at liberty.

Thence I went to Baptist-mills, and declared *Him* whom *God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and remission of sins.* Returning to J——n H——n, we found his voice was lost, and his body weak as that of an infant. But his soul was in peace, full of love, and, *rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.*

The women of our society met at seven. During our prayer, one of them fell into a violent agony; but soon after began to cry out with confidence, *My Lord*, and *my God!* Saturday 5, I preached at the desire of an unknown correspondent, on those excellent words, (if well understood, as recommending faith, resignation, patience, meekness), *Be still, and know that I am God.*

Sunday 6, I preached in the morning to five or six thousand people, on, *Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven.* The same words on which I preached the next day, and on Wednesday, at Baptist-mills. On Hannam-mount I preached to about three thousand, on *The Scripture hath included all under sin.* At two at Clifton-church, on *Christ* our *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;* and about five, at Rose-green, on the *promise by faith of Jesus Christ which is given to them that believe.*

Monday 7, I was preparing to set out for Pensford, having now had leave to preach in the church, when I received the following note:

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"SIR,

"Our minister, having been informed, you are beside yourself, does not care you should preach in any of his churches."

I went however, and on Priest-down, about half a mile from Pensford, preached *Christ* our *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*

Tuesday 8, I went to Bath, but was not suffered to be in the meadow where I was before; which occasioned the offer of a much more convenient place, where I preached Christ to about a thousand souls.

Wednesday 9, We took possession of a piece of ground, near St. James's church-yard, in the Horse-fair, where it was designed to build a room, large enough to contain both the societies of Nicholas and Baldwin-street, and such of their acquaintance as might desire to be present with them, at such times as the Scripture was expounded. And on Saturday 12, the first stone was laid, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

I had not, at first, the least apprehension or design, of being personally engaged, either in the expense of this work, or in the direction of it; having appointed eleven feoffees, on whom I supposed these burthens would fall of course. But I quickly found my mistake; first with regard to the expense: for the whole undertaking must have stood still, had not I immediately taken upon myself the payment of all the workmen; so that, before I knew where I was, I had contracted a debt of more than a hundred and fifty pounds. And this I was to discharge how I could; the subscriptions of both societies not amounting to one quarter of the sum. And as to the direction of the work, I presently received letters from my friends in London, Mr. Whitefield in particular, backed with a message by one just come from thence, That neither he nor they would have any thing to do with the building, neither contribute any thing towards it, unless I would instantly discharge all feoffees, and do every thing in my own name. Many reasons they gave for this; but one was enough, viz. "That such feoffees always would have it in their power, to control me, and if I preached not as they liked, to turn me out of the room I had built." I accordingly yielded to their advice, and calling all the feoffees together, cancelled, no man opposing, the instrument made before, and took the whole management into my own hands. Money, it is true, I had not nor any human prospect or probability of procuring it. But I knew *the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof*, and in his name set out, nothing doubting.

In the evening, while I was declaring, that Jesus Christ had *given himself a ransom for all*, three persons almost at once, sunk down as dead, having all their sins set in array before them. But in a short time they were raised up, and knew that the *Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world*, had taken away their sins.

Sunday 13, I began expounding in the morning, the xiiith chap. of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. At Hannam I farther explained the promise given by faith; as I did also at Rose-green. At Clifton it pleased God to assist me greatly in speaking on those words,

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He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water which I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

My ordinary employment, in public, was now as follows: Every morning I read prayers and preached at Newgate. Every evening I expounded a portion of Scripture, at one or more of the societies. On Monday in the afternoon I preached abroad near Bristol; on Tuesday at Bath and Two-Mile-hill alternately; on Wednesday at Baptist-Mills; every other Thursday near Pensford; every other Friday in another part of Kingswood; on Saturday in the afternoon and Sunday morning, in the Bowling-green, which lies near the middle of the city; on Sunday at eleven near Hannam-mount; at two at Clifton; and at five on Rose-green. And hitherto, *as my day is, so my strength hath been.*

Tuesday 15, As I was expounding in the Back-lane, on the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, many who had before been righteous in their own eyes, abhorred themselves as in dust and ashes. But two, who seemed to be more deeply convinced than the rest, did not long sorrow as men without hope; but found in that hour that they had *an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous*; as did three others in Gloucester-lane the evening before, and three at Baldwin-street this evening. About ten, two who, after having seen a great light, had again reasoned themselves into darkness, came to us heavy laden; we cried to God, and they were again *filled with peace and joy in believing.*

Wednesday 16, While I was declaring at Baptist-Mills, *He was wounded for our transgressions*, a middle-aged man began violently beating his breast, and crying to him *by whose stripes we are healed.* During our prayer, God put a new song in his mouth. Some mocked, and others owned the hand of God; particularly a woman of Baptist-Mills, who was now convinced of her own want of an advocate with God, and went home full of anguish, but was in a few hours filled with joy, knowing he had *blotted out all her transgressions.*

The Scripture which came in turn at Newgate to-day, was the viith of St. John. The words which I chiefly insisted on, as applicable to every minister of Christ, who in any wise follows the steps of his Master, were these, *The world cannot hate you; but me it hateth, because I testify of it, that its deeds are evil. There was a murmuring, therefore, concerning him among the multitude; for some said, he is a good man; others said nay, but he deceiveth the people.* After sermon, I was informed the Sheriffs had ordered, I should preach here for the future but once a week. Yea, and this is once too often, if *he deceiveth the people;* but if otherwise, why not once a day?

Saturday 19, At Weaver's-hall, a woman first, and then a boy about fourteen years of age, was overwhelmed with sin, and sorrow, and fear. But we cried to God and their souls were delivered.

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Sunday 20, Seeing many of the rich at Clifton-church, my heart was much pained for them, and I was earnestly desirous that some, even of them, might *enter into the kingdom of heaven.* But full as I was, I knew not where to begin, in warning them to flee from the wrath to come, till my Testament opened on these words, *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance:* In applying which, my soul was so enlarged, that methought I could have cried out (in another sense than poor vain Archimedes), "Give me where to stand, and I will shake the earth." God's sending forth lightning with the rain, did not hinder about fifteen hundred from staying at Rose-green. Our scripture was, *It is the glorious God that maketh the thunder. The voice of the Lord is mighty in operation; the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice.* In the evening, he spoke to three whose souls were all storm and tempest, and immediately there was a great calm.

During this whole time, I was almost continually asked, either by those who purposely came to Bristol, to inquire concerning this strange work, or by my old or new correspondents, *How can these things be?* And innumerable cautions were given me, generally grounded on gross misrepresentations of things, "Not to regard visions or dreams; nor to fancy people had remission of sins, because of their cries or tears, or bare outward professions." To one who had many times wrote to me on this head, the sum of my answer was as follows:

"The question between us turns chiefly, if not wholly, on matter of fact. You deny that God does *now* work *these* effects; at least that he works them in *this* manner. I affirm both; because I have heard these things with my own ears, and seen them with my eyes, I have seen, as far as a thing of this kind can be seen, very many persons changed in a moment, from the spirit of fear, horror, despair, to the spirit of love, joy, and peace; and from sinful desire, till then, reigning over them, to a pure desire of doing the will of God. These are matters of fact, whereof I have been, and almost daily am, an eye or ear-witness. What I have to say, touching visions or dreams is this: I know several persons in whom this great change was wrought in a dream, or during a strong representation to the eye of their mind, of Christ either on the cross or in glory. This is the fact; let any judge of it as they please. And that such a change was *then* wrought, appears, not from their shedding tears only, or falling into fits, or crying out: These are not the fruits, as you seem to suppose, whereby I judge, but from the whole tenor of their life, *till then,* many ways wicked; *from that time* holy, just, and good.

"I will shew you him that was a lion *till then,* and is now a lamb; him that was a drunkard, and is now exemplarily sober; the whoremonger that was, who now abhors the very garment spotted by the flesh. These are my living arguments for what I assert, viz. *That God does now, as aforetime, give remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost, even to us and to our children: yea and that always suddenly, as far as I have known, and often in dreams or*

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in the visions of God. If it be not so, I am found a false witness before God. For these things I do, and by his grace will testify."

Perhaps it might be, because of the hardness of our hearts, unready to receive any thing, unless we see it with our eyes and hear it with our ears, that God, in tender condescension to our weakness, suffered so many outward signs at the very time when he wrought this inward change, to be continually seen and heard among us. But although they saw signs and wonders (for so I must term them), yet many would not believe. They could not indeed *deny* the facts; but they could *explain* them away. Some said, "These were purely *natural* effects; the people fainted away, only because of the heat and closeness of the rooms." And others were sure, "It was all a cheat; they might help it if they would. Else why were these things only in their private societies! why were they not done in the face of the sun?" To day, Monday 21, our Lord answered for himself; for while I was enforcing these words, *Be still, and know that I am God*, he began to make bare his arm, not in a close room, neither in private, but in the open air, and before more than two thousand witnesses. One and another and another was struck to the earth; exceedingly trembling at the presence of his power. Others cried, with a loud and bitter cry, *What must we do to be saved?* And in less than an hour, seven persons, wholly unknown to me till that time, were rejoicing and singing, and with all their might giving thanks to the God of their salvation.

In the evening, I was interrupted at Nicholas-street, almost as soon as I had begun to speak, by the cries of one who was *pricked at the heart*, and strongly groaned for pardon and peace. Yet I went on to declare what God had already done, in proof of that important truth, that he is *not willing any should perish but that all should come to repentance.* Another person dropped down close to one who was a strong asserter of the contrary doctrine. While he stood astonished at the sight, a little boy near him was seized in the same manner. A young man who stood behind, fixed his eyes on him, and sunk down himself as one dead; but soon began to roar out and beat himself against the ground, so that six men could scarcely hold him. His name was Thomas Maxfield. Except J—H——n, I never saw one so torn of the evil one. Mean while many others began to cry out to the *Saviour of all* that he would come and help them, insomuch that all the house, and indeed all the street, for some space, was in an uproar. But we continued in prayer; and before ten, the greater part found rest to their souls.

I was called from supper to one who feeling in herself such a conviction as she never had known before, had run out of the society in all haste, that she might not expose herself. But the hand of God followed her still, so that after going a few steps, she was forced to be carried home, and when she was there, grew worse and worse. She was in a violent agony when we came. We called upon God, and her soul found rest.

About twelve I was greatly importuned to go and visit one person more. She had only one struggle after I came, and was then filled

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with peace and joy. I think twenty-nine in all had their heaviness turned into joy this day.

Tuesday 22, I preached to about a thousand at Bath. There were several fine gay things among them, to whom especially I called, *Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!*

Saturday 26, One came to us in deep despair; but after an hour spent in prayer, went away in peace. The next day, having observed in many a zeal which did not suit with the sweetness and gentleness of love, I preached at Rose-green on those words, to the largest congregation I ever had there, I believe upwards of ten thousand souls,—*Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* At the society in the evening eleven were deeply convinced of sin, and soon after comforted.

Monday 28, I began preaching at Weaver's-hall, at eleven in the forenoon; where two persons were enabled to cry out in faith, *My Lord, and my God!* As were seven during the sermon in the afternoon, before several thousand witnesses; and ten in the evening at Baldwin-street; of whom two were children.

Tuesday 29, I was unknowingly engaged in conversation with a famous Infidel, a confirmer of the unfaithful in these parts. He appeared a little surprised, and said, he would pray to God to shew him the true way of worshipping him.

On Ascension-day in the morning, some of us went to King's-Weston-Hill, four or five miles from Bristol. Two gentlemen going by, sent up to us in sport, many persons from the neighbouring villages; to whom I therefore took occasion to explain those words, *Thou art ascended up on high, thou hast led captivity captive; and received gifts for men, yea even for the rebellious, that the Lord might dwell among them.*

Sunday, June 3, In the morning to about six thousand persons, in concluding the xiiith chap. of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, I described a truly charitable man. At Hannam I enforced these words, *That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.* And again in the afternoon at Rose-green, to I believe eight or nine thousand. In the evening, not being permitted to meet in Baldwin-street, we met in the shell of our new society-room. The scripture which came in course to be explained was, *Marvel not if the world hate you.* We sung

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on:

And God, even our own God, gave us his blessing.

Monday 4, Many came to me and earnestly advised me, "Not to preach abroad in the afternoon, because there was a combination of several persons, who threatened terrible things." This report being spread abroad brought many thither, of *the better sort of people* (so called) and added, I believe, more than a thousand, to the ordinary congregation. The scripture to which, not my choice, but the

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Providence of God directed me was, *Fear not thou, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.* The power of God came with his word: so that none scoffed, or interrupted, or opened his mouth.

Tuesday 5, There was great expectation at Bath, of what a noted man was to do to me there: And I was much entreated, "Not to preach; because no one knew what might happen." By this report I also gained a much larger audience, among whom were many of the rich and great. I told them plainly, *The Scripture* had *concluded* them *all under sin*, high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Many of them seemed to be not a little surprised, and were sinking a-pace into seriousness, when their champion appeared, and coming close to me, asked, "By what authority I did these things?" I replied, by the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the (now) Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid his hands upon me, and said, "Take thou authority to preach the Gospel." He said, "This is contrary to Act of Parliament. This is a Conventicle." I answered, "Sir, the Conventicles mentioned in that Act (as the preamble shews) are seditious meetings. But this is not such. Here is no shadow of sedition. Therefore it is not contrary to that Act." He replied, "I say it is. And beside, your preaching frightens people out of their wits." "Sir, did you ever hear me preach?" "No." "How then "can you judge of what you never heard?" "Sir, by common report. Common report is enough." "Give me leave, Sir, to ask, Is not your name Nash?" "My name is Nash." "Sir, I dare not judge of you by common report. I think it is not enough to judge by." Here he paused a while, and having recovered himself, asked, "I desire to know, what this people comes here for?" On which one replied, "Sir, leave him to me. Let an old woman answer him." "You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body. We take care of our souls, and for the food of our souls we come here." He replied not a word, but walked away.

As I returned, the street was full of people, hurrying to and fro, and speaking great words. But when any of them asked, "Which is he?" and I replied, "I am he," they were immediately silent. Several ladies following me into Mr. Merchant's house, the servant told me, "There were some wanted to speak with me." I went to them, and said, "I believe, ladies, the maid mistook: you only wanted to look at me." I added, "I do not expect that the rich and great should want either to speak with *me*, or to hear *me*, for I speak the plain truth; a thing *you* hear little of, and do not desire to hear." A few more words passed between us, and I retired.

Thursday 7, I preached at Priestdown, on, *What must we do to be saved?* In the midst of the prayer after sermon, two men, (hired, as we afterwards understood, for that purpose) began singing a ballad. After a few mild words (for I saw some that were angry) used without effect, we all began singing a psalm which put them utterly to silence. We then poured out our souls in prayer for them, and they

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appeared altogether confounded. O may this be a day much to be remembered by them, for the loving-kindness of the Lord!

Monday 11, I received a pressing letter from London (as I had several others before) to come thither as soon as possible: "Our brethren in Fetter Lane being in great confusion for want of my presence and advice." I therefore preached in the afternoon on those words, *I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.* After sermon, I commended them to the grace of God, in whom they had believed. Surely God hath yet a work to do in this place. I have not found such love, no not in England; nor so child-like, artless, teachable a temper, as he hath given to this people.

Yet, during this whole time, I had many thoughts, concerning the unusual manner of my ministering among them. But after frequently laying it before the Lord, and calmly weighing whatever objections I heard against it, I could not but adhere to what I had some time since written to a friend, who had freely spoken his sentiments concerning it. An extract of that letter I here subjoin; that the matter may be placed in a clear light.

"DEAR SIR,

"The best return I can make for the kind freedom you use, is to use the same to you. O may the God whom we serve, sanctify it to us both, and teach us the whole truth as it is in Jesus!

"You say, You cannot reconcile some parts of my behaviour with the character I have long supported.' No, nor ever will. Therefore I have disclaimed that character on every possible occasion. I told all in our ship, all at Savannah, all at Frederica, and that over and over, in express terms, 'I am not a christian: I only follow after, if I happily may attain it.' When they urged my works and self-denial, I answered short, *Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and my body to be burned, I am nothing.* For I have not charity. I do not love God with all my heart. If they added. 'Nay, but you could not preach as you do, if you were not a Christian:' I again confronted them with St. Paul, *Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am nothing.* Most earnestly therefore, both in public and private did I inculcate this, 'Be not ye shaken however I may fall: for the foundation standeth sure.'

"If you ask, 'On what principle then I acted?' It was this, 'A desire to be a Christian, and a conviction that whatever I judge conducive thereto, that I am bound to do; wherever I judge I can best answer this end, thither it is my duty to go.' On this principle I set out for America; on this, I visited the Moravian-church; and on the same, am I ready now (God being my helper) to go to Abyssinia or China, or whithersoever it shall please God by this conviction to call me.

"As to your advice, 'That I should settle in college,' I have no business there, having now no office, and no pupils. And whether the other branch of your proposal be expedient for me, viz. 'To accept of a cure of souls,' it will be time enough to consider, when one is offered to me.

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"But in the mean time, you think 'I ought to sit still; because otherwise I should invade another's office, if I interfered with other people's business and intermeddled with souls that did not belong to me.' You accordingly ask, 'How is it that I assemble Christians who are none of my charge, to sing psalms and pray and hear the Scriptures expounded: and think it hard to justify doing this in other men's parishes, upon Catholic principles?'

"Permit me to speak plainly. If by Catholic principles, you mean any other than Scriptural, they weigh nothing with *me:* I allow no other rule, whether of faith or practice, than the Holy Scriptures. But on scriptural principles, I do not think it hard, to justify whatever I do. God in Scripture commands me, according to my power, to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, confirm the virtuous. Man forbids me to do this, in another's parish; that is, in effect, to do it all; seeing I have now no parish of my own, nor probably ever shall. Whom then shall I hear? God or man? *If it be just to obey man rather than God, judge you. A dispensation of the Gospel is committed to me, and woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.* But where shall I preach it upon the principles you mention? Why, not in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America: not in any of the Christian parts, at least, of the habitable earth. For all these are, after a sort, divided into parishes. If it be said, 'Go back then to the Heathens from whence you came.' Nay, but neither could I now, on your principles, preach to them. For all the Heathens in Georgia belong to the parish either of Savannah or Frederica.

"Suffer me now, to tell you *my* principles in this matter. I look upon *all the world* as *my parish;* thus far I mean, that in whatever part of it I am, I judge it meet, right, and my bounden duty, to declare unto all, that are willing to hear, the glad tidings of salvation. This is the work which I know God has called me to. And sure I am, that his blessing attends it. Great encouragement have I therefore to be faithful, in fulfilling the work he hath given me to do. His servant I am, and as such am employed according to the plain direction of his word, *As I have opportunity of doing good unto all men.* And his providence clearly concurs with his word; which has disengaged me from all things else, that I might singly attend on this very thing,

"If you ask, 'How can this be? How can one do good, of whom *men say all manner of evil?*' I will put you in mind, though you once knew this, yea, and much established me in that great truth) the more evil men say of me for my Lord's sake, the more good will He do by me. That it is *for his sake,* I know and He knoweth, and the event agreeth thereto; for He mightily confirms the words I speak, by the Holy Ghost given unto those that hear them. O my friend, my heart is moved toward you. I fear, you have herein made shipwreck of the faith. I fear, *Satan transformed into an angel of light,* hath assaulted you, and prevailed also. I fear, that offspring of hell, *worldly* or *mystic prudence,* has drawn you away from the simplicity of the Gospel. How else could you ever conceive, that the being reviled and *hated of all men* should make

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us less fit for our Master's service? How else could you ever think, of *saving yourself and them that hear you*, without being *the filth and offscouring of the world?* To this hour is this scripture true. And I therein rejoice, yea, and *will* rejoice. Blessed be God, I enjoy the reproach of Christ! O may you also be vile, exceeding vile for his sake! God forbid that you should ever be other than *generally* scandalous. I had almost said, *universally*. If any man tell you, there is a new way of following Christ, *he is a liar and the truth is not in him.* *I am, &c.*"

Wednesday 13, In the morning I came to London, and after receiving the Holy Communion at Islington, I had once more an opportunity of seeing my mother, whom I had not seen since my return from Germany.

I cannot but mention an odd circumstance here. I had read her a paper in June last year, containing a short account of what had passed in my own soul, until within a few days of that time. She greatly approved it, and said, "She heartily blessed God, who had brought me to so just a way of thinking." While I was in Germany, a copy of that paper was sent, without my knowledge, to one of my relations. He sent an account of it to my mother; whom I found now under strange fears concerning me, being convinced by "an account taken from one of my own papers, that I had greatly erred from the faith." I could not conceive, what paper that should be; but on inquiry, found it was the same I had read to her myself.——How hard is it, to form a true judgment of any person or thing, from the account of a prejudiced relater! Yea though he be ever so honest a man: for he who gave this relation, was one of unquestionable veracity. And yet by his *sincere* account of a writing which lay before his eyes, was the truth so totally disguised, that my mother knew not the paper she had heard from beginning to end, nor I that I had myself written.

At six I warned the women at Fetter-lane (knowing how they had been lately shaken) *Not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits, whether they were of God.* Our brethren met at eight, when it pleased God to remove many misunderstandings and offences that had crept in among them: and to restore in good measure *the spirit of love and of a sound mind.*

Thursday 14, I went with Mr. Whitefield to Blackheath, where were, I believe, 12 or 14,000 people. He a little surprised me by desiring me to preach in his stead; which I did, though nature recoiled, on my favourite subject, *Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*

I was greatly moved with compassion for the rich that were there, to whom I made a particular application. Some of them seemed to attend, while others drove away their coaches, from so uncouth a preacher.

Friday 15, I had much talk with one who is called a Quaker. But he could not receive my saying. I was too strict for him, and talked of such a perfection as he could not think necessary: being persuaded there was no harm in costly apparel, provided it was plain and grave: nor in putting scarlet or gold upon our houses, so it were not upon our clothes.

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In the evening I went to a Society at Wapping, weary in body and faint in spirit. I intended to speak on Romans iii. 19, but could not tell how to open my mouth; and all the time we were singing, my mind was full of some place, I knew not where, in the Epistle to the Hebrews. I begged God to direct, and opened the book on Heb. x. 19, *Having therefore, brethren, boldness, to enter into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus; by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh.* ——*Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith; having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.* While I was earnestly inviting all sinners to *enter into the holiest by this new and living way*, many of those that heard, began to call upon God, with strong cries and tears. Some sunk down, and there remained no strength in them; others exceedingly trembled and quaked; some were torn with a kind of convulsive motion in every part of their bodies, and that so violently that often four or five persons could not hold one of them. I have seen many hysterical and many epileptic fits; but none of them were like these in many respects. I immediately prayed, "That God would not suffer those who were weak to be offended." But one woman was offended greatly; being sure "they might help it if they would, no one should persuade her to the contrary;" and was got three or four yards, when she also dropt down, in as violent an agony as the rest. Twenty-six of those who had been thus affected, (most of whom during the prayers which were made for them, were in a moment filled with peace and joy) promised to call upon me the next day. But only eighteen came; by talking closely with whom I found reason to believe, that some of them had gone home to their houses justified. The rest seemed to be patiently waiting for it.

Saturday 16, We met at Fetter-lane, to humble ourselves before God, and own he had justly withdrawn his Spirt from us for our manifold unfaithfulness. We acknowledged our having grieved Him by our divisions, *one saying, I am of* Paul, *another, I am of* Apollos: by our leaning again to our own works, and trusting in them, instead of Christ; by our resting in those little beginnings of sanctification, which it had pleased Him to work in our souls; and above all, by blaspheming his work among us, imputing it either to nature, to the force of imagination and animal spirits, or even to the delusion of the devil. In that hour, we found God with us as at the first. Some fell prostrate upon the ground. Others burst out, as with one consent, into loud praise and thanksgiving. And many openly testified, there had been no such day as this, since January the first preceeding.

Sunday 17, I preached at seven in Upper Moorfields, to (I believe) six or seven thousand people, on, *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.* In the afternoon I saw poor R—— T——, who had left our Society, and the Church. We did not dispute, but pray; and in a short space the scales fell off from his eyes. He gladly returned to the church, and was in the evening re-admitted into our Society.

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At five I preached on Kennington-common, to about fifteen thousand people, on those words, *Look unto Him, and be ye saved all the ends of the earth.*

Monday 18, I left London early in the morning, and the next evening reached Bristol, and preached, as I had appointed, if God should permit, to a numerous congregation. My text now also was, *Look unto him, and be ye saved all the ends of the earth.* Howel Harris called upon me an hour or two after. He said, he had been much dissuaded from either hearing or seeing me, by many who said all manner of evil of me. "But," said he, "as soon as I heard you preach, I quickly found what spirit you were of. And before you had done, I was so overpowered with joy and love, that I had much ado to walk home."

It is scarce credible, what advantage Satan had gained during my absence of only eight days. Disputes had crept into our little society, so that the love of many was already waxed cold. I shewed them the state they were in the next day, both at Newgate and at Baptist-Mills, from those words, *Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat.* And when we met in the evening, instead of reviving the dispute, we all betook ourselves to prayer. Our Lord was with us. Our divisions were healed. Misunderstandings vanished away. And all our hearts were sweetly drawn together, and united as at the first.

Friday 22, I called on one who did run well till he was hindered by some of those called French Prophets. *Wo unto the prophets, saith the Lord, who prophesy in my name, and I have not sent them.*

At Weaver's-Hall, I endeavoured to point them out, and earnestly exhorted all that followed after holiness, to avoid, as fire, all who do not speak according *to the law and the testimony.*

In the afternoon I preached at the Fish-ponds, but had no life or spirit in me; and was much in doubt whether God would not lay me aside, and send other labourers into his harvest. I came to the society full of this thought; and began in much weakness to explain, *Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God.* I told them, they were not to judge of the spirit whereby any one spoke, either by appearances, or by common report, or by their own inward feelings. No, nor by any dreams, visions, or revelations, supposed to be made to their souls, any more than by their tears, or any involuntary effects wrought upon their bodies. I warned them, all these were in themselves, of a doubtful, disputable nature; they *might* be from God, and they *might not*; and were therefore not simply to be relied on, any more than simply to be condemned, but to be tried by a farther rule, to be brought to the only certain test, the law and the testimony. While I was speaking, one before me dropped down as dead, and presently a second and a third. Five others sunk down in half an hour, most of whom were in violent agonies. *The pains as of hell came about them; the snares of death overtook them.* In their trouble we called upon the Lord, and he gave us an answer of peace. One indeed continued an hour in strong pain;

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and one or two more for three days. But the rest were greatly comforted in that hour, and went away rejoicing and praising God.

Saturday 23, I spoke severally with those who had been so troubled the night before. Some of them I found were only convinced of sin; others had indeed found rest to their souls. This evening another was seized with strong pangs; but in a short time her soul also was delivered.

Sunday 24, As I was riding to Rose-green, in a smooth plain part of the road, my horse suddenly pitched upon his head, and rolled over and over. I received no other hurt than a little bruise on one side, which for the present I felt not, but preached without pain to six or seven thousand people on that important direction, *Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God.* In the evening a girl of thirteen or fourteen, and four or five other persons, some of whom had felt the power of God before, were deeply convinced of sin, and with sighs and groans, which could not be uttered, called upon God for deliverance.

Monday 25, About ten in the morning, J—e C—r, as she was sitting at work, was suddenly seized with grievous terrors of mind, attended with strong trembling. Thus she continued all the afternoon; but at the society in the evening God turned her heaviness into joy. Five or six others were also cut to the heart this day; and soon after found *him whose hands make whole*; as did one likewise who had been mourning many months without any to comfort her.

Tuesday 26, I preached near the house we had a few days before began to build for a school, in the middle of Kingswood, under a little sycamore-tree, during a violent storm of rain, on these words, *As the rain cometh down from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud: So shall my word be that goeth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.*

Three persons felt terribly the wrath of God abiding on them, at the society this evening; but upon prayer made in their behalf, he was pleased soon to lift up the light of his countenance upon them.

Friday 29, I preached in a part of Kingswood where I never had before. The places in Kingswood at which I now usually preached were these: once a fortnight, a little above Connam, a village on the south-side of the wood; on Sunday morning, near Hannam-mount; once a fortnight, at the school-house, in the middle of Kingswood; on Sunday in the evening at Rose-green; and once a fortnight near the Fish-ponds, on the north side of the wood.

Saturday 30, At Weavers'-Hall, seven or eight persons were constrained to roar aloud, while the sword of the Spirit was *dividing asunder their souls and spirits, and joints and marrow.* But they were all relieved upon prayer, and sang *praises unto our God and unto the Lamb that liveth for ever and ever.*

I gave a particular account, from time to time, of the manner wherein God here carried on his work to those whom I believed to desire the increase of his kingdom, with whom I had an opportunity of

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corresponding. Part of the answer which I received sometime after from one of these I cannot but here subjoin:

"I desire to bless my Lord for the good and great news your letter bears, about the Lord's turning many souls *from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God;* and that such *a great and effectual door is opened* among you, as the *many adversaries* cannot shut. O may *he that hath the key of the house of David, that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth,* set the door of faith more and more open among you, till his house be filled, and till he gather the outcasts of Israel! And may that prayer for the adversaries be heard, *Fill their faces with shame that they may seek thy name, O Lord!*

"As to the outward manner you speak of, wherein most of them were affected who were cut to the heart by the sword of the Spirit, no wonder that this was at first surprising to you, since they are indeed so very rare, that have been thus pricked and wounded. Yet some of the instances you give, seem to be exemplified, in the outward manner wherein Paul and the jailor were at first affected: As also Peter's hearers, Acts ii. The last instance you gave, of some struggling as in the agonies of death, and in such a manner as that four or five strong men can hardly restrain a weak woman from hurting herself or others: this is to me somewhat more inexplicable: if it do not resemble the child spoken of, Mark ix. 26. and Luke ix. 42. Of whom it is said, that *while he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down and tore him.* Or what influence sudden and sharp awakenings may have upon the body I pretend not to explain. But I make no question, Satan, so far as he gets power, may exert himself on such occasions to hinder the good work in the persons who are thus touched with the sharp arrows of conviction, and partly to disparage the work of God, as if it tended to lead people to distraction. —However, the merciful issue of these conflicts in the conversion of the persons thus affected, is the main thing.

"When they are brought by the saving arm of God to receive Christ Jesus, to have joy and peace in believing, and then to walk in Him, and give evidence that the work is a saving work at length, whether more quickly or gradually accomplished, there is great matter of praise.——

"All the outward appearances of people's being affected among us, may be reduced to these two sorts; one is, hearing with a close, silent attention, with gravity and greediness, discovered by fixed looks, weeping eyes, and sorrowful or joyful countenances: another sort, is when they lift up their voice aloud, some more depressedly, and others more highly; and at times, the whole multitude in a flood of tears, all as it were crying out at once, until their voice be ready to drown the minister's, that he can scarce be heard for the weeping noise that surrounds him.—The influence on some of these, like a land-flood, dries up; we hear of no change wrought. But in others, it appears in the fruits of righteousness, and the tract of a holy conversation.—

"May the Lord strengthen you, to go on in his work! And in praying for the coming of his kingdom with you and us, and I hope

you shall not be forgotten among us, in our joint applications to the throne of grace.

"I am, reverend and dear Sir,

"Your very affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

"RALPH ERSKINE."

Sunday, July 1, I preached to about five thousand, on that favourite advice of the infidel in Ecclesiastes (so zealously enforced by his brethren now) *Be not righteous over much.* At Hannam and at Rosegreen I explained the latter part of the viith chapter of St. Luke: that verse especially, *When they had nothing to pay, He frankly forgave them both.*

A young woman sunk down at Rose-green, in a violent agony both of body and mind: as did five or six persons in the evening at the New Room, at whose cries many were greatly offended. The same offence was given in the morning by one at Weavers'-Hall, and by eight or nine others, at Gloucester-lane, in the evening. The first that was deeply touched was L— W—; whose mother had been not a little displeased a day or two before, when she was told, how her daughter had *exposed herself* before all the congregation: the mother herself was the next, who dropped down, and lost her senses in a moment; but went home with her daughter, full of joy, as did most of those who had been in pain.

Soon after the Society, I went to Mrs. T—'s, whose nearest relations were earnestly dissuading her, from being *righteous over-much;* and by the old motive, *Why shouldest thou destroy thyself?* She answered all they advanced with meekness and love, and continued steadfast and immovable. Endure hardship still, thou good soldier of Christ! Persecuted, but not forsaken: torn with inward, and encompassed with outward temptations: but yielding to none. O may patience have its perfect work!

Tuesday 3, I preached at Bath to the most attentive and serious audience I have ever seen there. On Wednesday I preached at Newgate on those words, *Because of the Pharisees, they durst not confess him.—For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God.* A message was delivered to me when I had done, from the Sheriffs, that I must preach there no more.

Friday 6, I pressed a serious Quaker to tell me, why he did not come to hear me as formerly? He said, "Because he found we were not led by the Spirit; for we fixed times of preaching before-hand; whereas we ought to do nothing unless we were sensibly moved thereto by the Holy Ghost." I asked, "Whether we ought not to do what God in Scripture commands, when we have opportunity? Whether the Providence of God thus concurring with his word was not a sufficient reason for our doing it, although we were not at that moment, sensibly moved thereto by the Holy Ghost?" He answered, "It was not a sufficient reason. This was to regard *the letter that killeth.*" God grant that I may so regard it all the days of my life.

IN the afternoon I was with Mr. Whitefield, just come from London, with whom I went to Baptist-Mills, where he preached concerning the Holy Ghost, *which all who believe are to receive;* not

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without a just, though severe, censure of those who preach as if there were no Holy Ghost.

Saturday 7, I had an opportunity to talk with him of those outward signs which had so often accompanied the inward work of God. I found his objections were chiefly grounded on gross misrepresentations of matter of fact. But the next day he had an opportunity of informing himself better. For no sooner had he begun, in the application of his sermon, to invite all sinners to believe in Christ, than four persons sunk down close to him, almost in the same moment. One of them lay without either sense or motion. A second trembled exceedingly. The third had strong convulsions all over his body, but made no noise unless by groans. The fourth, equally convulsed, called upon God with strong cries and tears. From this time, I trust, we shall all suffer God, to carry on his own work in the way that pleaseth him.

Thursday 13, I went to a gentleman who is much troubled with what they call *lowness of spirits*. Many such have I been with before; but in several of them it was no bodily distemper. They wanted something, they knew not what, and were therefore heavy, uneasy, and dissatisfied with every thing. The plain truth is, they wanted God, they wanted Christ, they wanted faith. And God convinced them of their want, in a way their physicians no more understood than themselves. Accordingly nothing availed till the Great Physician came. For in spite of all natural means, he who made them for himself, would not suffer them to rest till they rested in him.

On Friday in the afternoon I left Bristol with Mr. Whitefield, in the midst of heavy rain. But the clouds soon dispersed, so that we had a fair, calm evening, and a serious congregation at Thornbury.

In the morning we breakfasted with a Quaker, who had been brought up in the Church of England: but being under strong convictions of inward sin, and applying to several persons for advice, they all judged him to be under a disorder of body, and gave advice accordingly. Some Quakers with whom he met about the same time, told him it was the hand of God upon his soul; and advised him to seek another sort of relief than those miserable comforters had recommended. *Wo unto you, ye blind leaders of the blind!* How long will ye pervert the right ways of the Lord? Ye who tell the mourners in Zion, much religion hath made you mad! Ye who send them whom God hath wounded to the devil for cure; to company, idle books or diversions! Thus shall they perish in their iniquity; but their blood shall God require at your hands!

We had an attentive congregation at Gloucester, in the evening. In the morning, Mr. Whitefield being gone forward, I preached to about five thousand there, on, *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.* It rained violently at five in the evening; notwithstanding which, two or three thousand people stayed, to whom I expounded that glorious vision of Ezekiel, of the resurrection of the dry bones.

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On Monday 16, After preaching to two or three thousand on *What must I do to be saved?* I returned to Bristol, and preached to about three thousand, on those words of Job, *There the wicked cease from troubling; there the weary are at rest.*

Tuesday 17, I rode to Bradford, five miles from Bath, whither I had been long invited to come. I waited on the minister, and desired leave to preach in his church. He said, "It was not usual to preach on the week days: but if I could come thither on a Sunday, he should be glad of my assistance." Thence I went to a gentleman in the town, who had been present when I preached at Bath, and with the strongest marks of sincerity and affection, wished me good luck in the name of the Lord: But it was past. I found him now quite cold. He began disputing on several heads, and at last told me plainly, one of our college had informed him, "They always took me to be a little crack-brained at Oxford."

However some persons who were not of his mind, having pitched on a convenient place, called Bear-field or Buryfield, on the top of the hill under which the town lies: I there offered Christ to about a thousand people, for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. Thence I returned to Bath, and preached on, *What must I do to be saved?* to a larger audience than ever before. I was wondering the god of this world was so still: when at my return from the place of preaching, poor R—— M—— told me, he could not let me preach any more in his ground. I asked him, why? He said, "The people hurt his trees, and stole things out of his ground. And besides, added he, I have already by letting thee be here, merited the displeasure of my neighbours." O fear of man! who is above thee, but they who indeed *worship God in spirit and in truth?* Not even those who have one foot in the grave? Not even those who dwell in rooms of cedar; and who have heaped up gold as the dust, and silver as the sand of the sea!

Saturday 21, I began expounding a second time our Lord's sermon upon the Mount. In the morning, Sunday 22, as I was explaining, *blessed are the poor in spirit*, to about three thousand people, we had a fair opportunity of shewing all men, what manner of spirit we were of: For in the middle of the sermon, the press-gang came, and seized on one of the hearers; (ye learned in the law, what becomes of *Magna Charta*, and of *English liberty and property?* Are not these mere sounds, while, on any pretence, there is such a thing as a press-gang suffered in the land?) all the rest standing still, and none opening his mouth or lifting up his hand to resist them.

Monday 23, To guard young converts from fancying, that they had already attained or were already perfect, I preached on those words, *So is the kingdom of God, as when a man casteth seed into the ground—And riseth day and night, and the seed buddeth forth and springeth up he knoweth not how—first the blade, then the ear, then full corn in the ear.*

On several evenings this week, and particularly on Friday, many were deeply convinced; but none were delivered from that painful conviction, *The children came to the birth; but there was not*

strength to bring forth. I fear we have grieved the Spirit of the jealous God, by questioning his work; and that, therefore, he is withdrawn from us for a season. *But He will return, and abundantly pardon.*

Monday 30, Two more were in strong pain, both their souls and bodies being well nigh torn asunder! But though we cried unto God, there was no answer, neither did He as yet deliver them at all.

One of these had been remarkably zealous against those that cried out and made a noise, being sure that *any of them might help it if they would.* And the same opinion she was in still, until the moment she was struck through as with a sword, and fell trembling to the ground. She then cried aloud, though not articulately, her words being swallowed up. In this pain she continued twelve or fourteen hours, and then her soul was set at liberty. But her master (for she was a servant until that time, at a gentleman's in town) forbid her returning to him, saying, "He would have none in his house, who had received the Holy Ghost."

Tuesday 31, I preached at Bradford to above two thousand, many of whom were of the better rank, on *What must I do to be saved?* They all behaved with decency, and none went away until the service was ended. While I was preaching at Bath, in my return, some of the audience did not behave so well, being, I fear, a little too nearly concerned, when I came to the application of those words, *Not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised—whom all Asia and the world worship.*

Having "A Caution against Religious Delusion," put into my hands about this time, I thought it my duty to write to the author of it: which I accordingly did, in the following terms:

"REVEREND SIR,

"1. You charge me (for I am called a Methodist, and consequently included within your charge), with 'vain and confident boastings; rash, uncharitable censures, damning all who do not *feel* what *I feel*, not allowing men to be in a salvable state, unless they have experienced some *sudden* operation, which may be distinguished as the hand of God upon them, overpowering as it were the soul:' With denying men the use of God's creatures, which He hath appointed to be received with thanksgiving, and encouraging abstinence, prayer, and other religious exercises, to the neglect of the duties of our station.' O Sir, can you prove this charge upon me? The Lord shall judge in that day!

"2. I do indeed go out into the highways and hedges to call poor sinners to Christ. But not 'in a tumultuous manner;' not 'to the disturbance of the public peace, or the prejudice of families.' Neither herein do I break any law which I know; much less set at nought all rule and authority.' Nor can I be said to 'intrude into the labours' of those who do not labour at all; but suffer thousands of those for whom Christ died, *to perish for lack of knowledge.*

"3. They perish for want of knowing, that *we* as well as the heathens

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NOTE: *are alienated from the life of God: every one of us* by the corruption of our inmost nature, *is very far gone from original righteousness*; so far, that *every person born into the world deserveth God's wrath and damnation:* that we have by nature no power either to help ourselves, or even to call upon God to help us; all our tempers and works in our natural state, being only evil continually. So that *our* coming to Christ, as well as *their's, must infer a great and mighty change.* It must infer, not only an *outward change,* from stealing, lying, and all corrupt communication; but a thorough *change of heart*, an *inward* renewal in the spirit of our mind. Accordingly, *the old man* implies infinitely more than *outward evil conversation,* even *an evil heart of unbelief,* corrupted by pride, and a thousand deceitful lusts. Of consequence, the *new man* must imply infinitely more than *outward good conversation,* even a *good heart, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness:* a heart full of that faith, which, working by love, produces all holiness of conversation.

"4. The change from the former of these states to the latter, is what I call *the new birth.* But you say, 'I am not content with this plain and easy notion of it, but fill myself and others with fantastical conceits about it.' Alas, Sir, how can you prove this? And if you cannot prove it, what amends can you make, either to God, or to me, or to the world, for publicly asserting a gross falsehood?

"5. Perhaps you say, 'You can prove this of Mr. Whitefield?' What then? This is nothing to me. I am not accountable for *his* words. The Journal you quote I never saw, until it was in print. But indeed you wrong him as well as me: first, where you represent him as judging the notions of the Quakers *in general* (concerning being led by the Spirit) to be right and good; whereas he speaks only of those *particular men* with whom he was then conversing. And again, where you say, he *supposes* a person *believing in Christ,*—to be without any *saving knowledge* of him. He *supposes* no such thing; *to believe in Christ* was the very thing he *supposed* wanting: as understanding that term *believing* to imply, not only an assent to the articles of our creed, but also, *A trust and confidence of the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

"6. Now this, it is certain, a man may want, although he can truly say, 'I am chaste, I am sober, I am just in my dealings, I help my neighbour, and use the ordinances of God.' And however such a man may have behaved in these respects, he is not to think well of his own state, till he experiences something within himself, which he has not yet experienced, but which he may be before-hand assured he shall, *if the promises of God are true.* That *something* is *a living faith:* a sure trust and confidence in God, that by the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God. And from this will spring many other things, which until then he experienced not, as, the love of God shed abroad in his heart; the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and joy in the Holy Ghost, joy though not *unfelt*, yet *unspeakable*, and full of glory.

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"7. These are some of those *inward fruits of the Spirit*, which must be *felt*, wheresoever they are: and without these, I cannot learn from holy writ, that any man is *born of the Spirit*. I beseech you, Sir, by the mercies of God, that if as yet you *know nothing of such inward feelings*, if you do not *feel in yourself these mighty workings of the Spirit of Christ*, at least you would not contradict and blaspheme. When the Holy Ghost hath fervently kindled *your* love towards God, you will know these to be very *sensible* operations. *As you hear the wind, and feel it too, while it strikes upon your bodily organs*, you will know you are under the guidance of God's Spirit the same way, namely, by *feeling it in your soul*: by the present peace and joy, and love, which you feel within, as well as by its outward and more distant effects.

"I am, &c."

I have often wished, that all calm and impartial men would consider what is advanced by another writer, in a little discourse concerning enthusiasm or religious delusion, published about this time. His words are,

"A *minister* of our church, who may look upon it as his duty to warn his *parishioners*, or an *author* who may think it necessary to caution his readers against *such preachers*, or their doctrine (enthusiastic preachers, I suppose, such as he takes it for granted the Methodist preachers are), ought to very careful to act with a *Christian spirit*, and to advance nothing but with *temper*, *charity*, and *truth*. —Perhaps the following rules may be proper to be observed by them:

"1. Not to *blame* persons for doing that now, which Scripture records *holy men* of old to have practised, lest had they lived in those times, they should have condemned them also.

"2. Not to censure persons in *holy orders*, for teaching the same doctrines which are taught in the *Scriptures* and by *our church*; lest they should ignorantly *censure* what they profess to *defend*.

"3. Not to censure any professed *members* of our church, who live *good lives*, for resorting to *religious assemblies* in private houses, to perform in society, acts of *divine worship*; when the same seems to have been practised by the primitive Christians; and when, alas! there are so many parishes, where a person, *piously* disposed, has no opportunity of joining in the public service of our church, more than *one hour and a half* in a week.

"4. Not to *condemn* those who are constant attendants on the *communion* and *service* of our church, if they sometimes use *other prayers* in private assemblies: since the *best divines* of our church have composed and published many *prayers*, that have not the sanction of public authorities; which implies a general consent, that our church has not made provision for every private occasion.

"5. Not to establish the power of *working miracles* as the great criterion of a divine mission; when Scripture teaches us, that the agreement of doctrines with truth as taught in those Scriptures, is the only infallible rule.

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"6 Not to drive any away from our *church*, by opprobriously calling them *dissenters*, or treating them as such, so long as they keep to her *communion*.

"7. Not lightly to take up with *silly stories* that may be propagated, to the discredit of persons of a general *good character*.

"I do not lay down," says he, "these *negative rules*, so much for the sake of any persons whom the unobservance of them would immediately injure, as of our *church* and her professed *defenders*. For church-men, however *well-meaning*, would lay themselves open to censure, and might do her *irretrievable damage*, by a behaviour contrary to them."

Friday, August 3, I met with one who *did* run well, but Satan had hindered her. I was surprised at her ingenious acknowledgement of the fear of man. *O how hardly shall* even *they who have rich* acquaintance *enter into the kingdom of heaven!*

Sunday 5, Six persons at the New-room were deeply *convinced of sin:* three of whom were a little comforted by prayer; but not yet *convinced of righteousness.*

Having frequently been invited to Wells, particularly by Mr. ——, who begged me to make his house my home, on Thursday the 9th I went thither, and wrote him word the night before; upon which he presently went to one of his friends and desired a messenger might be sent to meet me, and beg me "to turn back, otherwise," said he, "we shall lose all our trade." But this consideration did not weigh with him, so that he invited me to his own house: and at eleven I preached in his ground, on, *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption*, to about two thousand persons. Some of them mocked at first, whom I reproved before all; and those of them who stayed were more serious. Several spoke to me after, who were, for the present, much affected. O let it not pass away as the morning dew!

Friday 10, I had the satisfaction of conversing with a Quaker, and afterwards with an Anabaptist, who, I trust, have had a large measure of the love of God shed abroad in their hearts. O may those, in every persuasion, who are of this spirit, increase a thousand-fold, how many soever they be!

Saturday 11, In the evening, two were seized with strong pangs, as were four the next evening, and the same number at Gloucester-lane on Monday, one of whom was greatly comforted.

Tuesday 14, I preached at Bradford to about three thousand, on *One thing is needful.* Returning through Bath, I preached to a small congregation suddenly gathered together at a little distance from the town (not being permitted to be in R—— M——'s ground any more), on *The just shall live by faith.* Three at the New-room, this evening, were cut to the heart. But their wound was not as yet healed.

Wednesday 15, I endeavoured to guard those who were in their first love, from falling into inordinate affection, by explaining those strange words at Baptist-mills, *Henceforth know we no man after the flesh.*

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Friday 17, Many of our society met, as we had appointed, at one in the afternoon, and agreed, "That all the members of our society should obey the church to which we belong, by observing *all Fridays in the year, as days of fasting or abstinence.*" We likewise agreed, that as many as had opportunity should then meet, to spend an hour together in prayer.

Wednesday 22, I was with many that were in heaviness: two of whom were soon filled with peace and joy. In the afternoon I endeavoured to guard the weak against what too often occasions heaviness, levity of temper or behaviour, from, *I said of laughter, it is mad, and of mirth, what doth it?*

Monday 27, For two hours I took up my cross in arguing with a zealous man, and labouring to convince him, "That I was not an enemy to the Church of England." He allowed, "I taught no other doctrines than those of the Church;" but could not forgive my teaching them *out of the church walls.* He allowed too (which none indeed can deny, who has either any regard to truth, or sense of shame), "That by this teaching many souls who, till that time, were perishing for lack of knowledge, have been, and are brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." But he added, "No one can tell, what *may be hereafter*; and *therefore* I say, these things ought not to be suffered."

Indeed, the report now current in Bristol was "That, I was a Papist, if not a Jesuit." Some added, "That I was born and bred at Rome;" which many cordially believed. O ye fools, when will ye understand, that the preaching *justification by faith alone*, the allowing no meritorious cause of justification, but the death and the righteousness of Christ, and no conditional or instrumental cause, but faith, is overturning Popery from the foundation? When will ye understand, that the most destructive of all those errors, which Rome, the mother of abominations, hath brought forth, compared to which, transubstantiation and a hundred more, are trifles light as air, is, *That we are justified by works*, or to expreas the same thing a little more decently, by faith *and* works. Now, do I preach *this?* I did for ten years: I was (fundamentally) a Papist, and knew it not. But I do now testify to all, (and it is the very point for asserting which I have to this day been called in question), "That no good works can be done before justification, none which have not in them the nature of sin."

I have often inquired, who are the authors of this report; and have generally found they were either bigotted dissenters, or (I speak without fear or favour) ministers of our own church. I have also frequently considered, what possible ground or motive they could have thus to speak: seeing few men in the world have had occasion so clearly and openly to declare their principles, as I have done, both by preaching, printing, and conversation, for several years last past. And I can no otherwise think, than that either they spoke thus (to put the most favourable construction upon it) from gross ignorance; they knew not what Popery was; they knew not what doctrines those are which the Papists teach: or they willfully spoke what they knew to be false, probably *thinking* thereby *to do God service.* Now, take

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this to yourselves, whosoever ye are, high or low, dissenters or churchmen, clergy or laity, who have advanced this shameless charge, and digest it how you can.

But how have ye not been afraid, if ye believe there is a God, and that He knoweth the secrets of your hearts, (I speak now to you preachers, more especially, of whatever denomination), to declare so gross, palpable a lie, in the name of the God of Truth? I cite you all, before the Judge of all the Earth, either publicly to prove your charge: or by publicly retracting it, to make the best amends you can, to God, to me, and to the world.

For the full satisfaction of those who have been abused by these shameless men, and almost brought to believe a lie, I will here add my serious judgment concerning the Church of Rome, written some time since to a priest of that communion:

"SIR,

"I RETURN you thanks both for the favour of your letter, and for your recommending my father's proposals to the Sorborne.

"I have neither time nor inclination for controversy with any: but least of all with the Romanists. And that both because I cannot trust any of their quotations, without consulting every sentence they quote in the originals; and because the originals themselves can very hardly be trusted, in any of the points controverted between them and us. I am no stranger to their skill in *mending* those authors, who did not at first speak home to their purpose; as also in *purging* them from those passages which contradicted their emendations. And as they have not wanted opportunity to do this, so doubtless they have carefully used it, with regard to a point that so nearly concerned them, as the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. I am not therefore surprised, if the works of St. Cyprian, as they are called, do strenuously maintain it: but I am, that they have not been better *corrected*; for they still contain passages that absolutely overthrow it. What gross negligence was it, to leave his seventy-fourth epistle (to Pompeianus) out of the *Index Expurgatorious*? wherein Pope Cyprian so flatly charges Pope Stephen, with *pride and obstinacy, and with being a defender of the cause of heretics, and that against Christians and the very church of God!* He that can reconcile this with his believing Stephen to be the infallible head of the church, may reconcile the Gospel with the Coran.

"Yet I can by no means approve the scurrility and contempt with which the Romanists have often been treated. I dare not rail at, or despise any man; much less those who profess to believe in the same master. But I pity them much; having the same assurance, that *Jesus is the Christ*, and that no Romanist can expect to be saved, according to the terms of his covenant. For thus saith our Lord, *Whosoever shall break one of the least of these commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of Heaven.* And *if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.* But all Romanists, as such, do both. Ergo——

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"The minor I prove, not from Protestant authors, or even from particular writers of their own communion, but from the public, authentic records of the church of Rome. Such are 'The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent.' And the edition I use was printed at Colen, and approved by authority.

"And first, All Romanists, as such, do break and teach men to break, one, and not the least, of those commandments: the words of which, concerning images, are these:

לא תשתחוה להם

Now שחה, as every smatterer in Hebrew knows, is *incurvare se*, * *Procumbere, honoris exhibendi causa*, and is accordingly rendered by the Seventy in this very place, by a Greek word of the very same import, προσκυνῶν. But the Council of Trent, (and consequently all Romanists, as such, all who allow the authority of that council), teaches, sect. 25, parag. 2, That it is † *Legitimus Imaginum Usus—eis honorem exhibere*, procumbendo coram eis.

"Secondly, all Romanists, as such, do add to those things which are written in the Book of Life. For in the bull of Pius IV., subjoined to those Canons and Decrees, I find all the additions following:

"1. Seven Sacraments; 2. Transubstantiation; 3. Communion in one kind only; 4. Purgatory, and praying for the dead therein; 5. Praying to saints; 6. Veneration of Reliques; 7. Worship of images; 8. Indulgences; 9. The priority and universality of the Roman church; 10. The supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. All these things, therefore, do the Romanists add to those which are written in the Book of Life. "I am, &c."

Tuesday 28, My mouth was opened, and my heart enlarged, strongly to declare to above two thousand people at Bradford, That *the kingdom of God* (within us) *is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost.* At Bath, I once more offered *Christ to justify the ungodly.* In the evening, I met my brother, just come from London. *The Lord hath* indeed *done great things for us already. Not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise.*

Wednesday 29, I rode with my brother to Wells, and preached on, *What must I do to be saved?* In the evening I summed up at the New-room, what I had said at many times, from the beginning, of faith, holiness, and good works, as the root, the tree, and the fruit, which God had joined, and man ought not to put asunder.

Friday, August 31, I left Bristol, and reached London about eight on Sunday morning. In the afternoon I heard a sermon wherein it was asserted, That our repentance was not sincere, but feigned and hypocritical, 1. If we relapsed into sin, *soon after* repenting: especially if, 2. We did not *avoid all occasions* of sin, or if, 3. We *relapsed frequently;* and most of all, if, 4. Our hearts were *hardened* thereby. O what a hypocrite have I been (if this be so) for near

* To bow down before any one, in token of honouring him.
† i. e. The proper use of images is, To honour them, by bowing down before them.

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twice ten years! But I know it is not so. I know every one *under the law*, is even as I was. Every one when he begins to see his fallen state, and to feel the wrath of God abiding on him, relapses into the sin that most easily besets him, soon after repenting of it. Sometimes he avoids, and at many other times cannot persuade himself to *avoid the occasions* of it. Hence his relapses are *frequent*, and of consequence his *heart is hardened* more and more. And yet all this time, he is *sincerely* striving against sin. He can say, *unfeignedly without hypocrisy, The thing which I do, I approve not; the evil which I would not, that I do.* *To will is* even then *present with* him; *but how to perform that which is good he finds not.* Nor can he, with all his *sincerity* avoid any one of these four marks of hypocrisy, till, *being justified by faith, he hath peace with God, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.*

This helpless state I took occasion to describe at Kennington, to eight or ten thousand people, from those words of the psalmist, *Innumerable troubles are come about me; my sins have taken such hold upon me, that I am not able to look up; yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head, and my heart hath failed me.*

Monday, Sept. 3, I talked largely with my mother, who told me, that till a short time since she had scarce heard such a thing mentioned as the having forgiveness of sins, or God's Spirit bearing witness with our spirit: much less did she imagine that this was the common privilege of all true believers. "Therefore (said she) I never durst ask for it myself. But two or three weeks ago, while my son Hall was pronouncing those words, in delivering the cup to me, *The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee;* The words struck through my heart, and I knew God for Christ's sake had forgiven *me* all *my* sins.

I asked whether her father, Dr. Annesley, had not the same faith? and whether she had not heard him preach it explicitly to others? She answered, "He had it himself, and declared a little before his death, that for more than forty years he had no darkness, no fear, no doubt at all, of his being *accepted in the Beloved.* But that, nevertheless, she did not remember to have heard him preach, no not once, explicitly upon it: whence she supposed he also looked upon it as the peculiar blessing of a few, not as promised to all the people of God."

Both at Mr. B—'s at six, and at Dowgate-hill at eight, were many more than the houses could contain. Several persons who were then convinced of sin, came to me the next morning. One came also, who had been mourning long, and earnestly desired us, to pray with her. We had scarce begun, when the enemy began to tear her, so that she screamed out as in the pangs of death. But his time was short; for within a quarter of an hour, she was full of the peace that passeth all understanding.

I afterwards called on Mrs. E——r, with whom was one lately come from Bristol, in deep anguish of spirit. We cried to God, and he soon declared his salvation, so that both their mouths were filled with his praise.

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Thence I went to a poor woman, who had been long in despair. I was glad to meet with Mrs. R—— there; the person mentioned in Mr. Whitefield's Journal, who, after three years' madness (so called) was so deeply convinced of sin at Beach-lane, and soon after rejoiced in God her Saviour.

Thursday 6, I was sent for by one who began to feel herself a sinner. But a fine lady unexpectedly coming in, there was scarce room for *me* to speak. The fourth person in the company was a poor unbred girl; who beginning to tell what God had done for her soul, the others looked one at another, as in amaze, but did not open their mouths. I then exhorted them not to cease from crying to God till they too could say as she did, "My beloved is mine, and I am his: I am as sure of it, as that I am alive. For his Spirit bears witness with my spirit that I am a child of God."

Sunday 9, I declared to about ten thousand in Moorfields, what they must do to be saved. My mother went with us about five to Kennington, where were supposed to be twenty thousand people. I again insisted on that foundation of all our hope, *Believe in the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved.* From Kennington I went to a society at Lambeth. The house being filled, the rest stood in the garden. The deep attention they shewed gave me a good hope that they will not all be forgetful hearers.

Thence I went to our society at Fetter-lane, and exhorted them to love one another. The want of love was a general complaint. We laid it open before our Lord. We soon found he had sent us an answer of peace. Evil surmisings vanished away. The flame kindled again as at the first, and our hearts were knit together.

Monday 10, I accepted a pressing invitation to go to Plaistow. At five in the evening I expounded there, and at eight again. But most of the hearers were very quiet and unconcerned. In the morning therefore I spoke stronger words. But it is only the voice of the Son of God, which is able to wake the dead.

Wednesday 12, In the evening at Fetter-lane I described the life of faith, and many who had fancied themselves strong therein, found they were no more than new-born babes. At eight I exhorted our brethren to keep close to the Church, and to all the ordinances of God, and to aim only at living *a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.*

Thursday 13, A serious clergyman desired to know in what points we differed from the Church of England? I answered, "To the best of my knowledge, in none: the doctrines we preach are the doctrines of the Church of England: indeed the fundamental doctrines of the Church, clearly laid down, both in her Prayers, Articles, and Homilies."

He asked, "In what points then do you differ from the other clergy of the Church of England?" I answered, "In none from that part of the clergy who adhere to the doctrines of the Church; but from that part of the clergy who dissent from the Church (though they own it not) I differ in the points following:

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First, They speak of justification, either as the same thing with sanctification, or as something consequent upon it. I believe justification to be wholly distinct from sanctification, and necessarily antecedent to it.

Secondly, They speak of our own holiness or good works as the cause of our justification; or, that *for the sake of which, on account of which*, we are justified before God. I believe, neither our own holiness nor good works are any part of the cause of our justification; but that the death and righteousness of Christ, are the whole and sole cause of it; or, that *for the sake of which, on account of which*, we are justified before God.

Thirdly, They speak of good works as a *condition* of justification, necessarily previous to it. I believe, no good work can be previous to justification, nor consequently a condition of it: but that we are justified (being till that hour ungodly, and therefore incapable of doing any good work) by faith alone; faith, without works; faith, though producing all, yet including no good works.

Fourthly, They speak of sanctification, or holiness, as if it were an outward thing; as if it consisted chiefly, if not wholly, in these two points: 1. The doing no harm; 2. The doing good, as it is called, *i. e.* The using the means of grace, and helping our neighbour. I believe it to be, an inward thing; namely, *The life of God in the soul of man; a participation of the Divine nature; the mind that was in Christ;* or, *the renewal of our heart after the image of him that created us.*

Lastly, They speak of the new birth as an outward thing, as if it were no more than baptism; or, at most, a change from outward wickedness to outward goodness; from vicious, to what is called a virtuous life. I believe it to be an inward thing; a change from inward wickedness to inward goodness; an entire change of our inmost nature from the image of the devil, wherein we are born, to the image of God; a change from the love of the creature to the love of the Creator, from earthly and sensual to heavenly and holy affections: in a word, a change from the tempers of the spirits of darkness, to those of the angels of God in heaven.

There is therefore a wide, essential, fundamental, irreconcilable difference between us: So that if they speak the truth as it is in Jesus, I am found a false witness before God. But if I teach the way of God in truth, they are blind leaders of the blind.

Sunday 16, I preached at Moor-fields to about ten thousand, and at Kennington-Common to, I believe, near twenty thousand, on those words of the calmer Jews to St. Paul, *We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that every where it is spoken against.* At both places I described the real difference between what is generally called Christianity, and the true Old Christianity, which, under the new name of Methodism, is now also every where spoken against.

Monday 17, I preached again at Plaistow, on *Blessed are those that mourn.* It pleased God to give us in that hour, two living instances of that piercing sense both of the guilt and power of sin, that

dread of the wrath of God, and that full conviction of man's inability either to remove the power, or atone for the guilt of sin (called by the world despair) in which properly consist that poverty of spirit and mourning which are the gate of Christian blessedness.

Tuesday 18, A young woman came to us at Islington, in such an agony as I have seldom seen. Her sorrow and fear were too big for utterance; so that after a few words, her strength as well as her heart failing, she sunk down to the ground. Only her sighs and groans shewed she was yet alive. We cried unto God in her behalf. We claimed the promises made to the weary and heavy-laden; and he did not cast out our prayer. She saw her Saviour, as it were crucified before her eyes. She laid hold on him by faith, and her spirit revived.

At Mr. B—'s at six, I was enabled earnestly to call all the weary and heavy laden: and at Mr. C——'s at eight, when many roared aloud; some of whom utterly refused to be comforted, till they should feel their souls at rest in the Blood of the Lamb, and have his love shed abroad in their hearts.

Thursday 20, Mrs. C—— being in deep heaviness, had desired me to meet her this afternoon. She had long earnestly desired to receive the Holy Communion, having an unaccountably strong persuasion, that God would manifest himself to her therein, and give rest to her soul; but her heaviness being now greatly increased, Mr. D——e gave her that fatal advice, "Not to communicate till she had living faith." This still added to her perplexity. Yet at length she resolved to obey God rather than man; and *he was made known unto her in the breaking of bread.* In that moment she felt her load removed, she knew she was accepted in the Beloved; and all the time I was expounding at Mr. B—'s, was full of that peace which cannot be uttered.

Friday 21, Another of Dr. Monro's patients came to desire my advice. I found no reason to believe she had been any otherwise mad than every one is, who is deeply convinced of sin. And I cannot doubt, but if she will trust in the living God, he will give medicine to heal her sickness.

Sunday 23, I declared to about ten thousand in Moorfields, with great enlargement of spirit, *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* At Kennington I enforced to about twenty thousand, that great truth, *One thing is needful.* Thence I went to Lambeth, and shewed (to the amazement, it seemed, of many who were present) how *he that is born of God doth not commit sin.*

Monday 24, I preached once more at Plaistow, and took my leave of the people of that place. In my return, a person galloping swiftly, rode full against me, and overthrew both man and horse: but without any hurt to either. Glory be to Him who saves both man and beast!

Tuesday 25, After dining with one of our brethren who was married this day, I went, as usual, to the society at St. James's, weary and weak in body. But God strengthened me for his own work; as He

did at six at Mr. B—'s; and at eight in Winchester-yard, where it was believed were present eleven or twelve hundred persons: to whom I declared, if they had nothing to pay, God would frankly forgive them all.

Thursday 27, I went in the afternoon to a Society at Deptford, and thence at six came to Turner's-hall: which holds, by computation, two thousand persons. The press both within and without was very great. In the beginning of the expounding, there being a large vault beneath, the main beam which supported the floor broke. The floor immediately sunk, which occasioned much noise and confusion among the people. But, two or three days before a man had filled the vault with hogsheads of tobacco. So that the floor, after sinking a foot or two, rested upon them, and I went on without interruption.

Friday 28, I met with a fresh proof, That *whatsoever ye shall ask, believing, ye shall receive.* A middle aged woman desired me to return thanks for her to God, who as many witnesses then present testified, was a day or two before really distracted, and as such tied down in her bed. But upon prayer being made for her, she was instantly relieved, and restored to a sound mind.

Monday October 1, I rode to Oxford; and found a few who had not yet forsaken the assembling themselves together. To whom I explained, that *holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.*

Tuesday 2, I went to many, who once heard the word with joy; but when the sun arose, the seed withered away. Yet some still desired to follow their Lord. But the world stood fawning or threatening between them. In the evening I shewed them the tender mercies of God, and his readiness still to receive them. The tears ran down many of their cheeks. O Thou lover of souls, seek and save that which is lost!

Wednesday 3, I had a little leisure to take a view of the shattered condition of things here. The poor prisoners both in the Castle and in the City prison, had now none that cared for their souls, none to instruct, advise, comfort, and build them up in the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus. None were left to visit the work-houses, where also we used to meet with the most moving objects of compassion. Our little school, were about twenty poor children, at a time, had been taught for many years, was on the point of being broke up: there being none now, either to support, or to attend it. And most of those in the town, who were once knit together, and strengthened one another's hands in God, were torn asunder and scattered abroad. *It is time for thee, O Lord, to lay to Thy hand!*

At eleven, a little company of us met to intreat God, for the remnant that was left. He immediately gave us a token for good. One who had been long in the gall of bitterness, full of wrath, strife, and envy, particularly against one whom she had once tenderly loved, rose up and shewed the change God had wrought in her soul, by falling upon her neck, and with many tears kissing her. The same spirit we found reviving in others also; so that we left them, not without hope, that the seed which had been sown even here, *shall take root downward, and bear fruit upward.*

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About six in the evening I came to Burford: and at seven preached to, it was judged, twelve or fifteen hundred people, on, *Christ made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.* Finding many *approved* of what they had heard, that they might not *rest in that approbation,* I explained, an hour or two after, the holiness of a Christian: and in the morning I shewed the way to this holiness, by giving both the false and the true answer to that important question, *What must I do to be saved?*

About three in the afternoon, I came to Mr. Benjamin Seward's, at Bengeworth, near Evesham. At five I expounded in his house, part of the xiiith chapter of the First of Corinthians, and at seven in the School-house, where I invited all who had nothing to pay, to come and accept of free forgiveness. In the morning I preached near Mr. Seward's house, to a small serious congregation, on those words, *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*

In the evening I reached Gloucester. Saturday 6, at five in the evening I explained to about a thousand people, the nature, the cause, and the condition or instrument of justification, from these words, *To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.*

Sunday 7, A few, I trust, out of two or three thousand, were awakened by the explanation of those words, *God hath not given unto you the spirit of bondage again to fear; but he hath given unto you the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.* About eleven I preached at Runwick, seven miles from Gloucester. The church was much crowded, though a thousand or upwards, stayed in the church-yard. In the afternoon I explained further the same words, *What must I do to be saved?* I believe some thousands were then present, more than had been in the morning. O what a harvest is here! When will it please our Lord, to send more labourers into his harvest?

Between five and six I called on all who were present (about three thousand) at Stanley, on a little green near the town, to accept of Christ, as their only *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* I was strengthened to speak as I never did before, and continued speaking near two hours: the darkness of the night, and a little lightning not lessening the number, but increasing the seriousness of the hearers. I concluded the day by expounding part of our Lord's sermon on the Mount, to a small serious company at Ebly.

Monday 8, About eight I reached Hampton-common, nine or ten miles from Gloucester. There were, it was computed, five or six thousand persons. I exhorted them all, to come unto God, as having nothing to pay. I could gladly have stayed longer with this loving people: but I was now straitened for time. After sermon I therefore hastened away, and in the evening came to Bristol.

Tuesday 9, My brother and I rode to Bradford. Finding there had been a general misrepresentation of his last sermon, as if he had asserted reprobation therein, whereby many were greatly offended, he was constrained to explain himself on that head, and to shew in plain and

strong words, that *God willeth all men to be saved.* Some were equally offended at this. But whether men will hear or whether they will forbear; we may not shun to declare unto them, all the counsel of God.

At our return in the evening not being permitted to meet at Weavers'-hall, we met in a large room on Temple-backs, where (having gone through the sermon on the Mount, and the Epistles of St. John) I began that of St. James, that those who had already learned the true nature of inward holiness, might be more fully instructed in outward holiness, without which also we cannot see the Lord.

Wednesday 10, Finding many to be in heaviness, whom I had left full of peace and joy, I exhorted them at Baptist-mills, to *look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.* We poured out our complaint before Him in the evening, and found that he was again with us of a truth. One came to us soon after I was gone home, who was still in grievous darkness. But we commended her cause to God, and he immediately restored the light of his countenance.

Thursday 11, We were comforted by the coming in of one, who was a notorious drunkard and a common swearer. But he is washed, and old things are passed away. *Such power belongeth unto God.* In the evening our Lord rose on many who were wounded, *with healing in his wings:* and others who until then were careless and at ease, felt the two edged sword that cometh out of his mouth.

One of these shewed the agony of her soul by crying aloud to God for help, to the great offence of many, who eagerly rebuked her that she should hold her peace. She contined in great torment all night, finding no rest either of soul or body. But while a few were praying for her in the morning, God delivered her out of her distress.

Friday 12, We had fresh occasions to observe the darkness which was fallen on many who had lately rejoiced in God. But He did not long hide his face from them. On Wednesday the spirit of many revived: on Thursday evening many more found Him in whom they had believed, to be *a present help in time of trouble.* And never do I remember the power of God to have been more eminently present than this morning: when a cloud of witnesses declared his *breaking the gates of brass, and smiting the bars of iron in sunder.*

Yet I could not but be under some concern, with regard to one or two persons, who were tormented in an unaccountable manner, and seemed to be indeed lunatic as well as sore vexed. But while I was musing, what would be the issue of these things, the answer I received from the word of God was, *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.*

Soon after, I was sent to one of those, who was so strangely torn by the devil, that I almost wondered her relations did not say, "Much religion hath made thee mad." We prayed God to bruise Satan under her feet. Immediately we had the petition we asked of Him. She cried out vehemently, "He is gone, he is gone!" And was filled with the spirit of love and of a sound mind. I have seen her many times since, strong in the Lord. When I asked abruptly, "What do you desire now?" She answered, "Heaven." I asked,

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"What is in your heart?" she replied, God,' I asked, "But how is your heart when any thing provokes you?" She said, "By the grace of God, I am not provoked at any thing. All the things of this world pass by me as shadows.." *Ye have seen the end of the Lord.* Is He not very pitiful and of tender mercy?

We had a refreshing meeting at one, with many of our society, who fail not to observe as health permits, the weekly fast of our church, and will do so by God's help, as long as they call themselves members of it. And would to God, all who contend for the rites and ceremonies of the church, perhaps with more zeal than meekness of wisdom, would first shew their own regard for her discipline, in this more important branch of it!

At four I preached near the Fish-ponds, at the desire of one who had long laboured under the apprehension of it, on the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost; that is, according to the plain scriptural account, *The openly and maliciously asserting, that the miracles of Christ were wrought by the power of the devil.*

Saturday 13, I was with one, who being in deep anguish of spirit, had been the day before to ask a clergyman's advice. He told her, "Her head was out of order, and she must go and take physic." In the evening we called upon God for medicine, to heal those that were *broken in heart.* And five who had long been in the shadow of death, *knew they were passed from death unto life.*

The sharp frost in the morning, Sunday 14, did not prevent about fifteen hundred, from being at Hannam, to whom I called, in the words of our gracious Master, *Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* In the evening we claimed and received the promise, for several who were *weary and heavy laden.*

Monday 15, Upon a pressing invitation, some time since received, I set out for Wales. About four in the afternoon, I preached on a little green, at the foot of the Devauden, a high hill, two or three miles beyond Chepstow, to three or four hundred plain people, on, *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* After sermon, one who I trust is an old disciple of Christ, willingly received us into his house: whither many following, I shewed them their need of a Saviour, from these words, *Blessed are the poor in spirit.* In the morning I described more fully the way to salvation, *Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved:* and then taking leave of my friendly host, before two, came to Abergavenny.

I felt in myself a strong aversion to preaching here. However, I went to Mr. W—— (the person in whose ground Mr. Whitefield preached) to desire the use of it. He said "With all his heart—— if the minister was not willing to let me have the use of the church:" after whose refusal (for I wrote a line to him immediately) he invited me to his house. About a thousand people stood patiently (though the frost was sharp, it being after sun set) while from Acts xxviii, 22, I simply described the plain, old religion of the Church of England, which is now almost every where spoken against, under the new name of Methodism. An hour after, I explained it a little more

fully, in a neighbouring house, shewing how God *hath exalted Jesus to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins.*

Wednesday 17, The frost was sharper than before. However five or six hundred people stayed, while I explained the nature of that salvation which is through faith, yea, faith alone: and the nature of that living faith, through which cometh this salvation, About noon I came to Usk, where I preached to a small company of poor people, on those words, *The Son of man is come, to save that which is lost.* One grey headed man wept and trembled exceedingly: and another who was there (I have since heard) as well as two or three who were at the Devauden, are gone quite distracted: that is, they mourn and refuse to be comforted, till they *have redemption through his blood.*

When I came to Ponty-pool in the afternoon, being unable to procure any more convenient place, I stood in the street, and cried aloud to five or six hundred attentive hearers, To *believe in the Lord Jesus, that they might be saved.* In the evening I shewed his willingness to save, all who desire to come unto God through Him. Many were melted into tears. It may be, that some will *bring forth fruit with patience.*

Thursday 18, I endeavoured to cut them off from all false supports and vain dependencies, by explaining and applying that fundamental truth, *To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.*

When we were at the Devauden on Monday, a poor woman who lived six miles off, came thither in great heaviness. She was deeply convinced of sin, and weary of it; but found no way to escape from it. She walked from thence to Abergavenny on Tuesday, and on Wednesday from Abergavenny to Usk. Thence in the afternoon she came to Ponty-pool; where between twelve and one in the morning, after a sharp contest in her soul, our Lord got unto himself the victory: and the love of God was shed abroad in her heart, testifying that her sins were forgiven her. She went on her way rejoicing to Cardiff, whither I came in the afternoon. And about five, (the minister not being willing I should preach in the church on a weekday) I preached in the Shire-hall, (a large convenient place) on *Believe and thou shalt be saved.* Several were there who laboured much to make a disturbance. But our Lord suffered them not. At seven I explained to a much more numerous audience, the blessedness of mourning and poverty of spirit. Deep attention sat on the faces of the hearers: many of whom, I trust, have believed our report.

Friday 19, I preached in the morning at Newport, on, *What must I do to be saved?* to the most insensible, ill-behaved people I have ever seen in Wales. One ancient man, during a great part of the sermon, cursed and swore almost incessantly: and towards the conclusion took up a great stone, which he many times attempted to throw. But that he could not do.——Such the champions! Such the arms against field-preaching!

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At four I preached at the Shire-hall of Cardiff again, where many gentry, I found, were present. Such freedom of speech I have seldom had, as was given me in explaining those words, *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* At six almost the whole town, I was informed, came together, to whom I explained the six last beatitudes, but my heart was so enlarged, I knew not how to give over, so that we continued there three hours. O may the seed they have received, have its fruits unto holiness, and in the end, everlasting life!

Saturday 20, I returned to Bristol. I have seen no part of England so pleasant for sixty or seventy miles together, as those parts of Wales I have been in. And most of the inhabitants are indeed ripe for the Gospel. I mean (if the expression appear strange) they are earnestly desirous of being instructed in it: and as utterly ignorant of it they are, as any Creek or Cherokee Indian. I do not mean they are ignorant of the name of Christ. Many of them can say both the Lord's Prayer and the Belief. Nay, and some, all the Catechism: but take them out of the road of what they have learned by rote, and they know no more (nine in ten of those with whom I conversed) either of Gospel salvation or of that faith, whereby alone we can be saved, than Chicali or Tomo Chachi. Now what spirit is he of, who had rather these poor creatures should perish for lack of knowledge, than that they should be saved, even by the exhortations of Howell Harris or an itinerant preacher?

Finding a slackness creeping in among them who had begun to run well, on Sunday 21, both in the morning and afternoon, I enforced these words, *As ye have received the Lord Jesus Christ, so walk ye in him.* In the evening I endeavoured to quicken them farther, by describing pure and undefiled religion: and the next day, to encourage them in pursuing it, by enforcing those words of our blessed master, *In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.*

Tuesday 23, In riding to Bradford, I read over Mr. Law's book on the New Birth: philosophical, speculative, precarious; Behmenish, void and vain!

O what a fall is there!

At eleven I preached at Bearfield to about three thousand, on the spirit of nature, of bondage, and of adoption.

Returning in the evening, I was exceedingly pressed to go back to a young woman in Kingswood. The fact I nakedly relate, and leave every man to his own judgment of it. I went. She was nineteen or twenty years old, but, it seems, could not write or read. I found her on the bed, two or three persons holding her. It was a terrible sight. Anguish, horror, and despair above all description, appeared in her pale face. The thousand distortions of her whole body shewed, how the dogs of hell were gnawing her heart. The shrieks intermixed were scarce to be endured. But her stony eyes could not weep. She screamed out, as soon as words could find their way, "I am damned,

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damned; lost for ever. Six days ago you might have helped me. But it is past. I am the devil's now. I have given myself unto him. His I am, Him I must serve. With him I must go to hell. I will be his. I will serve him. I will go with him to hell. I cannot be saved. I will not be saved. I must, I will, I will be damned." She then began praying to the devil. We began.

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!"

She immediately sunk down as asleep: but as soon as we left off, broke out again, with inexpressible vehemence.

"Stony hearts, break! I am a warning to you. Break, break, poor, stony hearts! Will not you break? What can be done more for stony hearts? I am damned, that you may be saved. Now break, now break, poor, stony hearts! You need not be damned, though I must." She then fixed her eyes on the corner of the ceiling and said, "There he is; ay, there he is, come, good devil, come. Take me away. You said, you would dash my brains out. Come, do it quickly. I am your's. I will be your's. Come just now. Take me away." We interrupted her by calling again upon God; on which she sunk down as before: and another young woman began to roar out aloud as she had done. My brother now came in, it being about nine o'clock. We continued in prayer till past eleven: when God in a moment spoke peace into the soul, first of the tormented, and then of the other. And they both joined in singing praise to Him, who had stilled the enemy and the avenger.

Wednesday 24, I preached at Baptist-mills on those words of St. Paul, speaking in the person of one under the law; (that is, still carnal, and sold under sin, though groaning for deliverance) *I know that in me dwelleth no good thing*. A poor woman told me afterwards, "I does hope as my husband wont hinder me any more. For I minded he did shiver every bone of him, and the tears ran down his cheeks like the rain." I warned our little society in the evening, to beware of levity, slackness in good works, and despising little things; which had caused many to fall again into bondage.

Thursday 25, I was sent for to one in Bristol, who was taken ill the evening before. This fact too I will simply relate, so far as I was an ear, or eye-witness of it. She lay on the ground, furiously gnashing her teeth, and after a while roared aloud. It was not easy for three or four persons to hold her, especially when the name of Jesus was named. We prayed: the violence of her symptoms ceased, though without a complete deliverance.

In the evening, being sent for to her again, I was unwilling, indeed afraid to go; thinking it would not avail, unless some who were strong in faith, were to wrestle with God for her. I opened my Testament on those words, *I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth*. I stood reproved, and went immediately. She began screaming before I came into the room; then broke out into a horrid laughter, mixed with blasphemy, grievous to hear. One who, from many circumstances, apprehended a preternatural agent to be concerned in this, "asking How didst thou dare to enter into a Christian?" was answered, "She is not a Christian; she is mine," *Q.* "Dost thou not trem-

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bite at the name of Jesus?" No words followed; but she shrunk back and trembled exceedingly. Q. "Art thou not increasing thy own damnation?" It was faintly answered, "Ay, ay:" Which was followed by fresh cursing and blaspheming.

My brother coming in, she cried out, "Preacher! field-preacher! I don't love field-preaching." This was repeated two hours together, with spitting and all the expressions of strong aversion.

We left her at twelve, but called again about noon, on Friday 26. And now it was that God shewed he heareth prayer. All her pangs ceased in a moment, She was filled with peace, and knew that the son of wickedness was departed from her.

Saturday 27, I was sent for to Kingswood again, to one of those who had been so ill before. A violent rain began just as I set out, so that I was thoroughly wet in a few minutes. Just at that time, the woman (then three miles off) cried out, "Yonder comes Wesley, galloping as fast as he can." When I was come, I was quite cold and dead, and fitter for sleep than prayer. She burst out into a horrid laughter, and said, "No power, no power; no faith, no faith. She is mine. Her soul is mine. Her soul is mine. I have her, and will not let her go."

We begged of God to increase our faith. Mean while her pangs increased more and more: so that one would have imagined, by the violence of the throes, her body must have been shattered to peices. One who was clearly convinced this was no natural disorder, said, "I think, Satan is let loose. I fear, he will not stop here;" and added, "I command thee, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to tell if thou hast commission to torment any other soul?" It was immediately answered, "I have: L—y C—r and S—h J——s." (Two who lived at some distance, and were then in perfect health.)

We betook ourselves to prayer again, and ceased not till she began about six o'clock, with a clear voice, and composed, cheerful look,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

Sunday 28, I preached once more at Bradford at one in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the violent rains, more I believe than 10,000 earnestly attended to what I spoke on those solemn words, *I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.*

Returning in the evening, I called at Mrs. J—s, in Kingswood. S—y J—s and L—y C—r where there. It was scarce a quarter of an hour, before L—y C—r fell into a strange agony, and presently, after, S—y J—s. The violent convulsons all over their bodies, were such as words cannot describe. Their cries and groans were too horrid to be borne; till one of them in a tone not to be expressed, said, "Where is your faith now? Come, go to prayers. I will pray with you. *Our Father which art in heaven,*" We took the advice, from whomsoever it came, and poured out our souls before God, and L—y C——r's agonies so increased, that it seemed she was in the pangs of death. But in a moment God spoke; she knew his voice, and both her body and soul where healed.

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We continued in prayer till near one, when S— J——s voice was also changed, and she began strongly to call upon God. This she did for the greatest part of the night. In the morning we renewed our prayers, while she was crying continually, "I burn, I burn; O what shall I do? I have a fire within me. I cannot bear it. Lord Jesus! Help!" Amen, Lord Jesus! When thy time is come.

Wednesday 31, I strongly enforced on those who imagine they believe and do not; *As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.* The power of God was in an unusual manner present at the meeting of the bands in the evening. Six or seven were deeply convinced of their unfaithfulness to God, and two filled again with his love. But poor M— W —— remained as one without hope. Her soul refused comfort. She could neither pray herself nor bear to hear us. At last she cried out, "Give me the book and I will sing." She began giving out line by line, but with such an accent as art could never reach.

"Why do these cares my soul divide,
If thou indeed hast set me free?
Why am I thus, if God hath died,
If God hath died, to purchase me?
Around me clouds of darkness roll;
In deepest night I still walk on:
Heavily moves my damned soul———"

Here we were obliged to interrupt her: We again betook ourselves to prayer, and her heart was eased, though not set at liberty.

Thursday Nov. 1. I set out and the next evening came to Reading, where a little company of us met in the evening, at which the zealous mob was so enraged, they were ready to tear the house down. Therefore I hope God has a work to do in this place. In thy time let it be fulfilled!

About this time, I received a letter from the author of those reflections which I mentioned July 31. An extract of which I have subjoined:

"REVEREND SIR,

"As I wrote the *Rules* and *Considerations* [in No. 25, of *Country Common-sense*] with an eye to Mr. Whitefield, yourself and your opposers, from a sincere desire to do some service to Christianity, according to the imperfect notions I had at that time of the real merits of the cause; I at the same time resolved to take any opportunity that should offer for my *better* information.

"On this principle it was that I made one of your audience, Oct. 23, at Bradford. And because I thought I could form the best judgment of you and your doctrines from your sermon, I resolved to hear that first: which was the reason that, although by accident, I was at the same house, and walked two miles with you, to the place you preached at, I spoke little or nothing to you. I must confess, Sir, that the discourse you made that day, wherein you pressed your hearers, in the closest manner, and with the authority of a true minister of the Gospel, not to stop at *faith only*, but to add to it *all vir-*

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tues, and to shew forth their *faith* by every kind of *good works*, convinced me of the great wrong done you by a public report, common in people's mouths, that you preach *faith* without works. For that is the only ground of *prejudice* which any true Christian can have; and is the sense in which your adversaries would take your words, when they censure them. For that we are *justified* by faith *only* is the doctrine of Jesus Christ, the doctrine of his apostles, and the doctrine of the Church of England. I am ashamed that, after having lived twenty-nine years since my baptism into this faith, I should speak of it in the lame, unfaithful, I may say false manner I have done in the paper above-mentioned! What mere *darkness* is man, when truth hideth her face from him!

"Man is by nature a sinner, the child of the devil, under God's wrath, in a state of damnation. The Son of God took pity on this our misery: he made himself man, he made himself sin for us: that is, he hath borne the punishment of our sin, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed. To receive this boundless mercy, this inestimable benefit, we must have faith in our benefactor, and through him in God.—But then, true faith is not a lifeless principle, as your adversaries seem to understand it. They and you mean quite another thing by faith. They mean, a bare believing, that Jesus is the Christ. You mean a living, growing, purifying principle, which is the root both of inward and outward holiness; both of purity and good works; without which no man can have faith, at least no other than a dead faith.

"This, Sir, you explained in your sermon at Bradford, Sunday, Oct. 28, to near ten thousand people, who all stood to hear you with awful silence and great attention. I have since reflected how much good the clergy might do, if, instead of shunning, they would come to hear and converse with you; and in their churches and parishes, would farther enforce those Catholic doctrines which you preach; and which I am glad to see have such a surprising good effect, on great numbers of souls.

"I think indeed, too many clergymen are culpable, in that they do not inform themselves better of Mr. Whitefield, yourself, and your doctrines, from your own mouths: I am persuaded, if they did this with a Christian spirit, the differences between you would soon be at an end. Nay, I think, those whose flocks resort so much to hear you, ought to do it out of their pastoral duty to them: that if you preach good doctrine, they may edify them on the impressions so visibly made by your sermons, or if evil, they may reclaim them from error.

"I shall conclude this letter with putting you in mind, in all your sermons, writings, and practices, nakedly to follow the naked Jesus: I mean, to preach the pure doctrine of the Gospel without respect of person or things. Many preachers, many reformers, many missionaries, have fallen by not observing this; by not having continually in mind, *Whoever shall break the least of these commandments, and teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven.*"

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THE PREFACE.

TO THE MORAVIAN CHURCH,

MORE ESPECIALLY THAT PART OF IT NOW OR LATELY RESIDING IN ENGLAND.

1. *I AM constrained, at length, to speak my present sentiments concerning you, according to the best light I have. And this, not only upon my own account, that if I judge amiss, I may receive better information; but for the sake of all those who either love or seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Many of these have been utterly at a loss how to judge: And the more so, because they could not but observe, as I have often done, with sorrow of heart, that scarce any have written concerning you (unless such as were extravagant in your commendation) who were not evidently prejudiced against you. Hence they either spoke falsely, laying to your charge things which you knew not; or at least, unkindly, putting the worst construction on things of a doubtful nature, and setting what perhaps was not strictly right, in the very worst light it would bear. Whereas (in my apprehension) none is capable of judging right, or assisting others to judge right concerning you, unless he can speak of you as he does of the friend, who is as his own soul.*

2. *Yet it is not wholly for their sake, but for your own also that I now write. It may be, the Father of Lights, the Giver of every good gift, may even by a mean instrument speak to your hearts. My continual desire and prayer to God is, that you may clearly see what is that good and perfect will of the Lord; and fully discern how to separate that which is precious among you from the vile.*

3. *I have delayed thus long, because I loved you, and was therefore unwilling to grieve you in any thing: and likewise because I was afraid of creating another obstacle to that union, which if I know my own heart in any degree, I desire above all things under heaven. But I dare no longer delay, lest my silence should be a snare to any others of the children of God; and lest you yourselves should be more confirmed in what I cannot reconcile to the Law and the Testimony. This would strengthen the bar which I long to remove. And were that once taken out of the way, I should rejoice to be a door-keeper in the house of God, a hewer of wood, or drawer of water among you. Surely I would follow you to the ends of the earth, or remain with you in the uttermost parts of the sea.*

4. *What unites my heart to you is, the excellency, in many respects, of the doctrine taught among you; your laying the true*

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Foundation, God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, *your declaring the free grace of God, the cause, and faith, the condition of Justification: Your bearing witness to those great fruits of faith*, righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; *and that sure mark thereof*, he that is born of God, doth not commit sin.

5. *I magnify the grace of God which is in many among you, enabling you to love him who hath first loved us; teaching you in whatever state you are, therewith to be content: causing you to trample under foot the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life: And above all, giving you to love one another, in a manner the world knoweth not of.*

6. *I praise God that he hath delivered and yet doth deliver you from those outward sins that overspread the face of the earth. No cursing, no light or false swearing, no profaning the name of God, is heard among you; no robbery or theft, no gluttony or drunkenness, no whoredom or adultery, no quarelling or brawling (those scandals of the Christian name) dre found within your gates; no diversions but such as become saints, as may be used in the name of the Lord Jesus. You regard not outward adorning, but rather desire the ornament of a serious, meek, and quiet spirit. You are not slothful in business, but labour to eat your own bread; and wisely manage the mammon of unrighteousness, that ye may have to give to others also, to feed the hungry, and cover the naked with a garment.*

7. *I love and esteem you for your excellent discipline, scarce inferior to that of the apostolic age; for your due subordination of officers, every one knowing and keeping his proper rank; for your exact division of the people under your charge, so that all may be fed with food convenient for them; for your care that all who are employed in the service of the Church should frequently and freely confer together; and, in consequence thereof, your exact and seasonable knowledge of the state of every member, and your ready distribution either of spiritual or temporal relief, as every man hath need.*

8. *Perhaps, then, some of you will say, "If you allow all this, what more can you desire?" The following extract will answer you at large, wherein I have first given a naked relation (among other things) of many facts and conversations that passed between us, in the same order of time as they occurred; and then summed up, what I cannot approve of yet, that it may be tried by the Word of God.*

9. *This I have endeavoured to do with a tender hand; relating no more than I believed absolutely needful; carefully avoiding all tart and unkind expressions, all that I could foresee would be disobliging to you, or any farther offensive than was implied in the very nature of the thing; labouring every where to speak consistently with that deep sense which is settled in my heart, That you are, (though I cannot call you Rabbi, infallible) yet far, far better and wiser than I.*

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10. *And if any of you will smite me friendly, and reprove me; if you will shew me wherein I have erred, either in the matter or manner of the following relation, or any part thereof; I will, by the grace of God, confess it before angels and men, in whatsoever way you shall require. Mean while do not cease to pray for,*

Your weak,

But still affectionate brother,

J. W.

JUNE 24, 1744.

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JOURNAL.

No. IV.

FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1739, TO SEPTEMBER 3, 1741.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1, 1739, I left Bristol, and on Saturday came to London. The first person I met with there was one whom I had left strong in faith, and zealous of good works. But she now told me, Mr. Molther had fully convinced her, she never had any faith at all: and had advised her, till she received faith, to be still, ceasing from outward works: which she had accordingly done, and did not doubt but in a short time she should find the advantage of it.

In the evening Mr. Bray also was highly commending the being still before the Lord. He likewise spoke largely of the great danger that attended the doing of outward works, and of the folly of people that keep running about to church and sacrament, "As I (said he) did till very lately."

Sunday, 4, Our Society met at seven in the morning, and continued silent till eight. One then spoke of looking unto Jesus, and exhorted us all, to lie still in his hand.

In the evening I met the women of our Society at Fetter-lane: where some of our brethren strongly intimated that none of them had any true faith; and then asserted, in plain terms, 1. That till they had true faith, they ought to be still; that is, as they explained themselves, to abstain from the means of grace, as they are called; the Lord's supper, in particular: 2. That the ordinances are not means of Grace, there being no other means than Christ.

Wednesday 7, Being greatly desirous to understand the ground of this matter, I had a long conference with Mr. Spangenberg. I agreed with all he said of the power of faith. I agreed, that *whosoever is*, by faith, *born of God, doth not commit sin*. But I could not agree, either, that none has any faith so long as he is liable to any doubt or fear: Or, that, till we have it we ought to abstain from the Lord's supper, or the other ordinances of God.

At eight, our society met at Fetter-lane. We sat an hour without speaking. The rest of the time was spent in dispute; one having proposed a question concerning the Lord's supper; which many warmly affirmed, none ought to receive till he had the full assurance of faith.

I observed every day, more and more, the advantage Satan had gained over us. Many of those who once *knew in whom they had believed*, were thrown into idle reasonings, and thereby filled with doubts and fears, from which they now found no way to escape. Many were induced to deny the gift of God, and affirm they never

had any faith at all; especially those who had fallen again into sin, and of consequence, into darkness. And almost all these had left off the means of grace, saying, They must now cease from their own works; they must now trust in Christ alone; They were poor sinners, and had nothing to do but lie at his feet.

Till Saturday, the 10th, I think, I did not meet with one woman of the society who had not been upon the point of casting away her confidence in God. I then indeed found one, who, when many, according to their custom, laboured to persuade her she had no faith, replied with a spirit they were not able to resist, "I know that the life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. And he has never left me one moment since the hour he was made known to me *in the breaking of bread.*"

What is to be inferred from this undeniable matter of fact, "One that had not faith, received it in the Lord's Supper?" Why, 1. That there are means of Grace, i. e. outward ordinances, whereby the inward grace of God, is ordinarily conveyed to man; whereby the faith that brings salvation is conveyed to them who before had it not; 2. That one of these means is the Lord's Supper; and, 3. That he who has not this faith, ought to wait for it, in the use both of this, and of the other means which God hath ordained.

Friday 9, I shewed how we are to *examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith;* and afterwards recommended to all, though especially to them that believed, true stillnes, that is, a patient waiting upon God, by lowliness, meekness, and resignation, in all the ways of his holy law, and the works of his commandments.

All this week I endeavoured also, by private conversation, *to comfort the feeble-minded,* and to bring back *the lame which* had been *turned out of the way,* if haply it might be healed.

Monday 12, I left London, and in the evening expounded at Wycombe the story of the pharisee and the publican. The next morning, a young gentleman overtook me on the road, and after a while, asked me, if I had seen Whitefield's Journals? I told him I had. "And what do you think of them," said he; "don't you think they are d—n'd cant, enthusiasm from end to end? I think so." I asked him, "Why do you think so?" He replied, "Why he talks so much about joy and stuff, and inward feelings. As I hope to be saved, I cannot tell what to make of it." I asked, "Did you ever feel the love of God in your heart? If not, how should you tell what to make of it? Whatever is spoken of the religion of the heart, and of the inward workings of the Spirit of God, *must* appear enthusiasm to those who have not felt them: that is, if they take upon them to judge of the things which they own they know not."

At four in the afternoon I came to Oxford, and, to a small company in the evening, explained the nature and extent of that salvation, wherewith *by grace we are saved through faith.* The next evening, I shewed what it is to believe; as well as, more largely, what are the fruits of true believing, from those words of the apostle, *This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*

Thursday 15, My brother and I set out for Tiverton. About ele-

ven I preached at Burford. On Saturday evening I explained at Bristol the nature and extent of Christian perfection; and at nine in the morning preached at Bath, on, *I know that in me dwelleth no good thing.*

In the afternoon I exhorted four or five thousand people at Bristol, neither to neglect, nor rest in, the means of grace. In the evening I endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down, by declaring, *He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoaking flax.*

Monday 19, I earnestly exhorted those who had believed, to beware of two opposite extremes; the one, the thinking, while they were in light and joy, that the work was ended, when it was but just begun; the other, the thinking, when they were in heaviness, that it was not begun, because they found it was not ended.

At eight I exhorted the society to wait upon God in all his ordinances, and in so doing to be still, and suffer God to carry on his whole work in their souls. In that hour he was pleased to restore his light to many that sat in darkness; two of whom, till then, thought he had quite *cast out their prayer, and turned his mercy from them.*

Tuesday 20, We set out, and on Wednesdy 21, in the afternoon, came to Tiverton. My poor sister was sorrowing almost as one without hope. Yet we could not but rejoice at hearing, from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence, God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. O may every one who opposes it, be thus convinced that this doctrine is of God!

Saturday 24, We accepted an invitation to Exeter, from one who came thence to comfort my sister in her affliction. And on Sunday 25, (Mr. D. having desired the pulpit which was readily granted both for the morning and afternoon) I preached at St. Mary's on, *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* Dr. W—— told me after sermon, "Sir, you must not preach in the afternoon. Not, "said he, "that you preach any false doctrine; I allow all that you have said is true. And it is the doctrine of the Church of England; but it is not guarded; it is dangerous; it may lead people into enthusiasm or despair."

I did not readily see where the stress of this objection (so frequently started) lay. But upon a little reflection, I saw it plain. The real state of the case is this: Religion is commonly thought to consist of three things; harmlessness, using the means of grace, and doing good, as it is called; that is, helping our neighbours, chiefly by giving alms. Accordingly, by a religious man is commonly meant, one that is honest, just, and fair in his dealings; that is constantly at church and sacrament; and that gives much alms, or, as it is usually termed, does much good.

Now, in explaining those words of the apostle, *The kingdom of God* (or true religion, the consequence of God's dwelling and reigning in the soul) *is not meat and drink,* I was necessarily led to shew, that religion does not properly consist in any or all of these three things; but that a man might both be harmless, use the means of

grace, and do much good, and yet have no true religion at all. And sure it is, had God then impressed this great truth on any who before were ignorant of it, that impression would have occasioned such heaviness in his soul as the world always terms *despair*.

Again, in explaining those words, *The kingdom of God* (or true religion) *is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*, I insisted, that every follower of Christ ought to expect and pray for that *peace of God which passeth all understanding*, that *rejoicing in hope of the glory* of God; which is even now *unspeakable and full of glory*; and above all, as being the very life and soul of religion, without which it is all dead show, *the love of God shed abroad in his heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto him*. But all this is "enthusiasm from end to end," to those who have the form of godliness but not the power.

I knew indeed there is a way of explaining these texts, so that they shall mean just nothing: so that they shall express far less of inward religion, than the writings of Plato or Hierocles. And whoever guards them thus, but God forbid I should do it, will undoubtedly avoid all danger of either driving people into this despair, or leading them into this enthusiasm.

Tuesday 27, I wrote Mr. D., according to his request, a short account of what had been done in Kingswood, and of our present undertaking there. The account was as follows:

"Few persons have lived long in the west of England who have not heard of the colliers of Kingswood, a people famous from the beginning hitherto for neither fearing God nor regarding man; so ignorant of the things of God, that they seemed but one remove from the beasts that perish; and therefore utterly without desire of instruction, as well as without the means of it.

"Many last winter used tauntingly to say of Mr. Whitefield, 'If he will convert Heathens, why does he not go to the colliers of Kingswood?' In spring he did so. And as there were thousands who resorted to no place of public worship, he went after them into their own *wilderness to seek and save that which was lost*. When he was called away, others went into *the highways and hedges to compel them to come in*. And, by the grace of God, their labour was not in vain. The scene is already changed. Kingswood does not now, as a year ago, resound with cursing and blasphemy. It is no more filled with drunkenness and uncleanness, and the idle diversions that naturally lead thereto. It is no longer full of wars and fightings, of clamour and bitterness, of wrath and envyings. Peace and love are there. Great numbers of the people are mild, gentle, and easy to be intreated. They *do not cry, neither strive*, and hardly is *their voice heard in the streets*: Or indeed in their own wood; unless when they are at their usual evening diversion, singing praise unto God their Saviour.

"That their children too might know the things which make for their peace, it was sometime since proposed to build a house in Kingswood; and after many foreseen and unforeseen difficulties, in June last the foundation was laid. The ground made choice of was in the

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middle of the wood, between the London and Bath roads, not far from that called Two-Mile-Hill, about three measured miles from Bristol.

"Here a large room was begun for the school, having four small rooms at either end, for the school-masters, and perhaps, if it should please God, some poor children to lodge in. Two persons are ready to teach, so soon as the house is fit to receive them, the shell of which is nearly finished; so that it is hoped the whole will be completed in spring, or early in the summer.

"It is true, although the masters require no pay, yet this undertaking is attended with great expense. But let him that *feedeth the young ravens* see to that. He hath the hearts of all men in his hand. If he put it into your heart, or into that of any of your friends, to assist in bringing this his work to perfection, in this world look for no recompense; but it shall be remembered in that day, when our Lord shall say, *Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.*"

Wednesday 28, We left Tiverton, and the next day reached Bristol. On Friday many of us joined in prayer for one that was grievously tormented. She raged more and more for about two hours, and then our Lord gave her rest.

Five were in the same agony in the evening. I ordered them to be removed to the door, that their cries might neither drown my voice nor interrupt the attention of the congregation. But after sermon, they were brought into the room again, where a few of us continued in prayer to God, (being determined not to go till we had an answer of peace) till nine the next morning. Before that time, three of them sang praise to God; and the others were eased, though not set at liberty.

Tuesday, Dec. 4, I was violently attacked by some who were exceedingly angry at those who cried out so, being sure, they said, it was all a cheat, and that any one might help crying out if he would. J. Bl. was one of those who were sure of this. About eight the next morning, while he was alone in his chamber, at private prayer, so horrible a dread overwhelmed him that he began crying out with all his might. All the family was alarmed. Several of them came running up into his chamber; but he cried out so much the more, till his breath was utterly spent. God then rebuked the adversary; and he is now less wise in his own conceit.

Thursday 6, I left Bristol, and (after preaching at Malmsbury and Burford in the way) on Saturday 8, came into my old room at Oxford, from which I went to Georgia. Here musing on the things which were past, and reflecting how many that came after me were preferred before me, I opened my Testament on those words (O may I never let them slip) *What shall we say then? That the Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness. But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, have not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were, by the works of the law.*

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Sunday 9, I expounded in the evening to a small, but deeply serious company, on, *There is one Mediator between God and man, even the man Christ Jesus;* and exhorted them earnestly to go straight to him, with all their miseries, follies, and sins.

Tuesday 11, I visited Mrs. P——t, one who, having long sought death in the error of her life, was brought back to the great Shepherd of her soul, the first time my brother preached faith in Oxford. In the midst of sickness and pain, and the deepest want, she was calmly rejoicing in God. By this faith may I be thus saved! so as in the midst of heaviness, through manifold temptations, without raiment or food, or health or friends, to *rejoice with joy unspeakable.*

Thursday 13, I had some hours conversation with a serious man, who offered many considerations to shew, "that there are no unholy men on earth; and that there are no holy men; but that, in reality, all men are alike, there being no inward difference between them."

I was at first in doubt what could lead a man of learning and sense into so wonderful an opinion. But that doubt was soon cleared. He had narrowly observed those whom the world calls good men, and could not but discern that the difference between them and others was merely external; their tempers, their desires, their springs of action were the same. He clearly saw, although one man was a thief, a common swearer, a drunkard, and another not; although this woman was a liar, a prostitute, a sabbath-breaker, and the other clear of these things; yet they were both lovers of pleasure, lovers of praise, lovers of the present world. He saw self-will was the sole spring of action in both, though exerting itself in different ways: and that the love of God no more filled and ruled the heart of the one than of the other. Hence, therefore, he inferred, "Well, if these persons are holy, there are none unholy upon earth; seeing thieves and prostitutes have as good a heart, as these saints of the world." And whereas some of these said, "Nay, but we have faith; we believe in and rely on Christ." It was easily replied, "Yea, and such a faith in Christ, such a reliance on him, to save them in their sins, have nine in ten of all the robbers and murderers, of whom ye yourselves say, 'Away with them from the earth.'"

In the afternoon, I was informed how many wise and learned men (who cannot, in terms, deny it, because our Articles and Homilies are not yet repealed) explain justification by faith. They say, 1. Justification is twofold; the first in this life, the second at the last day. 2. Both these are by faith alone; that is, by objective faith, or by the merits of Christ, which are the object of our faith. And this, they say, is all that St. Paul and the Church mean by, *We are justified by faith only.* But they add, 3, We are not justified by subjective faith alone; that is, by the faith, which is in us. But works also must be added to this faith, as a joint condition both of the first and second justification.

The sense of which hard words is plainly this:—God accepts us both here and hereafter, only for the sake of what Christ has done and suffered for us. This alone is the cause of our justification. But the condition thereof is, not faith alone, but faith and works together.

In flat opposition to this, I cannot but maintain (at least till I have a clearer light), 1. That the Justification which is spoken of by St. Paul to the Romans, and in our Articles is not two-fold. It is one, and no more. It is the present remission of our sins, or our first acceptance with God. 2. It is true, that the merits of Christ are the sole cause of this our justification. But it is not true, that this is all which St. Paul and our Church mean by our being justified *by faith only;* neither is it true; that either St. Paul or the Church mean by *faith*, the merits of Christ. But 3. By our being justified by faith only, both St. Paul and the Church mean, that the condition of our Justification is faith alone, and not good works: Inasmuch as "all works done before justification, have in them the nature of sin." Lastly, That faith, which is the sole condition of justification, is the faith which is in us, by the grace of God. It is a sure trust that a man hath; that Christ hath loved him and died for him.

During my short stay here, I received several unpleasing accounts of the state of things in London, a part of which I have subjoined:—

"Many of our sisters are shaken: J——y C—— says that she never had faith. Betty and Esther H—— are grieveously torn by reasoning; the former, I am told, is going to Germany.——On Wednesday night there are but few come to Fetter-lane till near nine o' clock. And then, after the names are called over, they presently depart. It appears plain, our brethren here have neither wisdom enough to guide, nor prudence enough to let it alone."

"Mr. B——n expounds much, and speaks so slightingly of the means of grace that many are much grieved to hear him; but others are greatly delighted with him. Ten or fourteen of them meet at our brother Clark's with Mr. Molther, and seem to consult about things as if they were the whole body. These make a mere jest of going to church, or to the sacrament. They have much confounded some of our sisters; and many of our brothers are much grieved."

In another letter, which I received a few days after this, were these words:

"*December* 14, 1739.

"This day I was told by one that does not belong to the bands, that the society would be divided.—I believe brother Hutton, Clark, Edmonds, and Bray, are determined to go on, according to Mr. Molther's directions, and to raise a Church, as they term it, and I suppose above half our brethren are on their side. But they are so very confused, they do not know how to go on; yet are unwilling to be taught, except by the Moravians.

"We long to see you; nay, even those would be glad to see you, who will not be directed by you. I believe indeed things would be much better if you would come to town."

Wednesday 19, I accordingly came to London, though with a heavy heart. Here I found every day the dreadful effects of our brethren's reasonings and disputing with each other. Scarce one in ten retained his first love; and most of the rest were in the utmost confusion, biting and devouring one another! I pray God, ye be not consumed one of another!

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Monday 24, After spending part of the night at Fetter-lane, I went to a smaller company, where also we exhorted one another with hymns and spiritual songs, and poured out our hearts to God in prayer. Towards morning, one of them was overwhelmed with joy and love, and could not help shewing it by strong cries and tears. At this another was much displeased, saying, "It was only nature, imagination, and animal spirits." O thou jealous God, lay not this sin to her charge! and let us not be wise above what is written!

Sunday 30, One came to me, by whom I used to profit much. But her conversation was now too high for me. It was far above, out of my sight. My soul is sick of this sublime divinity! Let me think and speak as a little child! Let my religion be plain, artless, simple! Meekness, temperance, patience, faith, and love, be these my highest gifts; and let the highest words wherein I teach them, be those I learn from the Book of God!

Monday 31, I had a long and particular conversation with Mr. Molther himself. I weighed all his words with the utmost care, desired him to explain what I did not understand; asked him again and again, "Do I not mistake what you say? Is this your meaning, or is it not?" So that I think, if God has given me any measure of understanding, I could not mistake him much. As soon as I came home, I besought God to assist me, and not suffer *the blind to go out of the way*. I then wrote down what I conceived to be the difference between us, in the following words:

As to faith, you believe,

1. There are no degrees of faith, and that no man has any degree of it, before all things in him are become new, before he has the full assurance of faith, the abiding witness of the Spirit, or the clear perception that Christ dwelleth in him.

2. Accordingly, you believe, there is no justifying faith, or state of justification short of this.

3. Therefore, you believe, our brother Hutton, Edmonds, and others, had no justifying faith before they saw you.

4. And, in general, that that gift of God, which many received since Peter Bohler came into England, viz. "A sure confidence of the love of God to them," was not justifying faith.

5. And that the joy and love attending it were from animal spirits, from nature or imagination; not joy in the Holy Ghost, and the real love of God shed abroad in their hearts.

Whereas I believe,

1. There are degrees in faith, and that a man may have some degree of it before all things in him are become new, before he has the full assurance of faith, the abiding witness of the Spirit, or the clear perception that Christ dwelleth in him.

2. Accordingly, I believe, there is a degree of justifying faith (and consequently, a state of justification) short of, and commonly antecedent to, this.

3. And I believe our brother Hutton, with many others, had justifying faith long before they saw you.

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4. And, in general, that that gift of God, which many received since Peter Bohler came into England, viz. "A sure confidence of the love of God to them," was justifying faith.

5. And that the joy and love attending it were not from animal spirits, from nature, or imagination; but a measure of joy in the Holy Ghost, and of the love of God shed abroad in their hearts.

As to the way to faith, you believe, that the way to attain it is to wait for Christ, and be still, *i. e.* not to use (what we term) the means of grace; not to go to church; not to communicate; not to fast; not to use so much private prayer; not to read the Scripture;—(Because you believe, these are not means of grace, *i. e.* do not ordinarily convey God's grace to unbelievers; and that it is impossible for a man to use them, without trusting in them:)—Not to do temporal good; nor to attempt doing spiritual good; because you believe no fruit of the Spirit is given by those who have it not themselves; and that those who have not faith, are utterly blind, and therefore unable to guide other souls.

Whereas I believe, the way to attain it is, to wait for Christ and be still, in using all the means of grace. Therefore, I believe it right, for him who knows he has not faith, (*i. e.* that conquering faith) to go to church, to communicate, to fast, to use as much private prayer as he can, and to read the Scripture;—(Because I believe these are means of grace, *i. e.* do ordinarily convey God's grace to unbelievers: and that it is possible, for a man to use them, without trusting in them:)—To do all the temporal good he can, and to endeavour after doing spiritual good: Because I know many fruits of the Spirit are given by those who have them not themselves. And that those who have not faith, or but in the lowest degree, may have more light from God, more wisdom for the guiding of other souls, than many that are strong in faith.

As to the manner of propagating the Faith, you believe, as I have also heard others affirm, that we may, on some accounts, use guile; by saying what we know will deceive the hearers, or lead them to think the thing which is not; by describing things a little beyond the truth, in order to their coming up to it; by speaking as if we meant what we do not.

But I believe, that we may not use guile on any account whatsoever; that we may not, on any account, say what we know will, and design should, deceive the hearers; that we may not describe things one jot beyond the truth, whether they come up to it or not; and that we may not speak, on any pretence, as if we meant what indeed we do not.

Lastly, as to the fruits of your thus propagating the Faith in England, you believe, much good has been done by it; many unsettled from a false foundation; many brought into true stillness, in order to their coming to the true foundation; some grounded thereon, who were wrong before, but are right now. On the contrary, I believe that very little good, but much hurt has been done by it; many, who were beginning to build holiness and good works on the true foundation of faith in Jesus, being now wholly unsettled and lost in vain

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reasonings and doubtful disputations; many others being brought into a false, unscriptural stillness; so that they are not likely to come to any true foundation; and many, being grounded on a faith which is without works, so that they, who were right before, are wrong now.

Tuesday, January 1, I endeavoured to explain to our brethren, the true, christian, scriptural stillness, by largely unfolding those solemn words, *Be still, and know that I am God.*

Wednesday 2, I earnestly besought them all to stand in the old paths; and no longer to subvert one another's souls, by idle controversies and strife of words. They all seemed convinced. We then cried to God to heal all our backslidings. And he sent forth such a spirit of peace and love as we had not known for many months before.

Thursday 3, I left London, and the next evening came to Oxford, where I spent the two following days in looking over the letters which I had received for the sixteen or eighteen years last past. How few traces of inward religion are here! I found but one among all my correspondents, who declared (what I well remember at that time I knew not how to understand), that "God had shed abroad his love in his heart, and given him the peace that passeth all understanding." But, who believed his report? Should I conceal a sad truth? Or declare it, for the profit of others? He was expelled out of his society as a madman, and being disowned by his friends, and despised and forsaken of all men, lived obscure and unknown for a few months, and then went to him whom his soul loved.

Monday 7, I left Oxford. In the evening I preached at Burford; the next evening at Malmsbury; and on Wednesday 9, I once more described the exceeding great and precious promises at Bristol.

Saturday 12, I explained the former part of Heb. vi. and many were *renewed again to repentance.*

Sunday 13, While the sacrament was administering at the house of a person that was sick in Kingswood, a woman who had been before much tempted of the devil, sunk down as one dead. One could not perceive, by any motion of her breast, that she breathed, and her pulse was very hardly discernible. A strange sort of dissimulation this! I would wish those who think it so, only to stop their own breath and pulse one hour; and I will then subscribe to their opinion.

Monday 14, I began expounding the scriptures in order, at the New Room at six in the morning; by which mean many more attend the college prayers, which immediately follow, than ever before. In the afternoon I preached at Downend, four miles from Bristol, on, *God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son:* Tuesday 15, at Sison, five miles from Bristol, on, *the blood which cleanseth us from all sin.* After preaching, I visited a young man dangerously ill, who, a day or two after, cried out aloud, "Lord Jesus, thou knowest that I love thee! And I have thee, and will never let thee go," and died immediately.

Thursday 17, I preached at Kendalshire, six miles from Bristol, on, *Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin.*

Sunday 20, My heart was enlarged at Kingswood in declaring, *Ye are saved through faith.* And the woman who had been so

torn of the devil last week, was now made partaker of this salvation; being above measure filled with the love of God, and with all peace and joy in believing.

Monday 21, I preached at Hannam, four miles from Bristol. In the evening I made a collection in our congregation for the relief of the poor, without Lawford's-gate; who having no work, because of the severe frost, and no assistance from the parish wherein they lived, were reduced to the last extremity. I made another collection on Thursday, and a third on Sunday; by which we were enabled to feed a hundred, sometimes a hundred and fifty a day, of those whom we found to need it most.

Tuesday 22, I preached at Bridge-gate, six miles from Bristol: Thursday 24, at Westerleigh, eight miles from thence; in the evening, at the New-Room, I expounded Exod. xiv. And we found that God's arm is not shortened, and rejoiced before him with reverence. I was a little surprised, in going out of the room, at one who catched hold of me, and said abruptly, "I must speak with you, and will. I have sinned against light and against love. I have sinned beyond forgiveness. I have been cursing you in my heart, and blaspheming God ever since I came hither. I am damned. I know it. I feel it. I am in hell. I have hell in my heart." I desired two or three who had confidence in God to join in crying to him on her behalf. Immediately that horrible dread was taken away, and she began to see some dawnings of hope.

Friday 25, Another was with me, who, after having tasted the heavenly gift, was fallen into the depth of despair. But it was not long before God heard the prayer, and restored to her the light of his countenance.

One came to me in the evening to know, if a man could not be saved without the faith of assurance? I answered, "1. I cannot approve of your terms; because they are not scriptural. I find no such phrase as either, *faith of assurance*, or, *faith of adherance*, in the Bible. Besides, you speak as if there were *two faiths* in one Lord; whereas St. Paul tells us, there is but *one faith* in one Lord. 2. By, *Ye are saved by faith*, I understand, Ye are saved from your inward and outward sins. 3. I never yet knew one soul thus saved without, what you call, the faith of assurance; I mean, a sure confidence, that by the merits of Christ he was reconciled to the favour of God.

Saturday 26, I was strongly convinced, that if we asked of God, he would give light to all those that were in darkness. About noon we had a proof of it; one that was weary and heavy laden, upon prayer made for her, soon finding rest to her soul. In the afternoon we had a second proof; another mourner being speedily comforted, M—y D——n was a third, who about five o'clock began again to rejoice in God her Saviour; as did M—y H——y about the same hour, after a long night of doubts and fears.

Thursday 31, I went to one in Kingswood who was dangerously ill, as was supposed, past recovery. But she was strong in the Lord, longing to be dissolved and to be with Christ. Some of her words were: "I was long striving to come to my Saviour, and I then

thought he was afar off. But now I know he was nigh me all that time; I know his arms were round me; for his arms are like the rainbow, they go round heaven and earth."

I had now determined, if it should please God, to spend some time in Bristol. But, quite contrary to my expectation, I was called away in a manner I could not resist. A young man, who had no thoughts of religion, had come to Bristol a few months before. One of his acquaintance brought him to me. He approved of what he heard, and for a while behaved well. But soon after his seriousness wore off. He returned to London, and fell in with his old acquaintance. By some of these he was induced to commit a robbery on the highway; for which he was apprehended, tried, and condemned. He had now a strong desire to speak with me: and some of his words, in a letter to his friend, were, "I adjure him by the living God, that he come and see me before I go hence."

Friday, Feb. 1, I set out, and on Sunday 3, declared the grace of God at Newbury, from those words of the prophet, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.* And though the Church was full of (chiefly) genteel, well-dressed people, they behaved as if they knew God was there.

Monday 4, I came to Reading, and met with a few still hungering and thirsting after righteousness. A few more I found at Windsor in the evening. The next afternoon I reached London.

Wednesday 6, I went to the poor young man who lay under sentence of death. Of a truth God has begun a good work in his soul. O may it be brought to perfection.

I think it was the next time I was there, that the ordinary of Newgate came to me, and, with much vehemence, told me, he "was sorry I should turn dissenter from the Church of England." I told him, "If it was so, I did not know it:" At which he seemed a little surprised, and offered at something by way of proof, but which needed not a reply.

Our 19th article defines a true church, "A congregation of faithful men, wherein the pure word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered." According to this account, the Church of England is, that body of faithful people, or holy believers, in England, among whom the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered. Who then are the worst dissenters from this church? 1. Unholy men of all kinds, swearers, sabbath-breakers, drunkards, fighters, whoremongers, liars, revilers, evil-speakers; the passionate, the gay, the lovers of money, the lovers of dress, or of praise, the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God: All these are dissenters of the highest sort, continually striking at the root of the Church; and themselves belonging in truth to no church, but to the synagogue of Satan. 2. Men unsound in the faith, those who deny the Scriptures of Truth; those who deny the Lord that bought them; those who deny justification by faith alone, or the present salvation which is by faith: These also are dissenters of a very high kind; for they likewise strike at the foundation, and were their principles universally to obtain, there could be no true church upon earth:

Lastly, those who unduly administer the sacraments; who (to instance but in one point) administer the Lord's Supper to such as have neither the power nor the form of godliness. These too are gross dissenters from the Church of England, and should not cast the first stone at others.

Tuesday 12, The young man who was to die the next day, gave me a paper, part of which was as follows:

"As I am to answer to the God of justice and truth, before whom I am to appear naked to-morrow,

"I came to Bristol with a design to go abroad, either as a surgeon, or in any other capacity that was suiting. It was there that I unfortunately saw Mr. Ramsey. He told me, after one or two interviews, that he was in the service of Mr. John Wesley; and that he would introduce me to him, which he did. I cannot but say, I was always fond of the doctrine that I heard from him. However, unhappily I consented with Mr. Ramsey; and I believe, between us, we might take more than *thirty pounds* out of the money collected for building the school in Kingswood.

"I acknowledge the justice of God in overtaking me for my sacrilege, in taking that money which was devoted to God. But He, I trust, has forgiven me this and all my sins, washing them away in the blood of the Lamb.

Feb. 12, 1739-40. GWILLAM SNOWDE."

I knew not, in the morning, whether to rejoice or grieve, when they informed me, he was reprieved for six weeks: and afterwards, that he was ordered for transportation. But known unto God are all his works!

Wednesday 20, I explained at Deptford the nature of Christian faith and salvation. Many seemed to receive the word with joy. Others complained, *Thou bringest strange things to our ears:* though some of them had not patience to hear what this new doctrine was.

Thursday 21, I had a long conference with those whom I esteem very highly in love. But I could not yet understand them in one point, "Christian openness and plainness of speech." They pleaded for such a reservedness and closeness of conversation, as I could in no wise reconcile with St. Paul's direction, *By manifestation of the truth to commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.* Yet I scarce knew what to think, considering they had the practice of the whole Moravian church on their side; until I opened my Testament on these words, *What is that to thee? Follow thou me.*

Tuesday 26, Complaint was made again, (as indeed had been done before, and that not once or twice only), That many of our brethren, not content with leaving off the ordinances of God themselves, were continually troubling those that did not, and disputing with them, whether they would or not. The same complaint was made the next night also, at the meeting of the society. I then plainly set before

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them the things they had done, expostulated the case with them, and earnestly besought them, "not to trouble or perplex the minds of their brethren any more; but at least to *excuse* those, who still waited for God, in the ways of his own appointment."

Saturday, March 1, Many that were in heaviness being met together, we cried to God to comfort their souls. One of these soon found, that God heareth prayer. She had before been under the physician's hands; her relations taking it for granted she was *beside herself*. But the great Physician alone knew to heal her sickness.

Monday 3, I rode by Windsor to Reading, where I had left two or three, full of peace and love. But I now found some from London had been here, grievously troubling these souls also, labouring to persuade them, 1. That they had *no faith* at all, because they sometimes felt doubt or fear. And, 2, That they ought to *be still;* not to go to church, not to communicate, not to search the Scriptures: "Because (say they) you cannot do any of these things without trusting in them."

After confirming their souls, we left Reading, and on Wednesday 5, came to Bristol. It was easy to observe here, in how different a manner God works now, from what He did last spring. He then poured along, like a rapid flood, overwhelming all before Him. Whereas now,

"He deigns his influence to infuse
"Secret, refreshing as the silent dews."

Convictions sink deeper and deeper. Love and joy are more calm, even, and steady. And God, in many, is laying the axe to the root of the tree, who can have no rest in their spirits, till they are fully renewed in the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness.

Wednesday 12, I found a little time, having been much importuned, to spend with the soldier in Bridewell, who was under sentence of death. This I continued to do once a day; whereby there was also an opportunity of declaring the Gospel of peace to several desolate ones, that were confined in the same place.

Tuesday 25, The morning exposition began at five, as I hope it will always for the time to come. Thursday 27, I had an interview with Joseph Chandler, a young Quaker, who had sometimes spoke in their Meeting; with whom I had never exchanged a word before, as indeed I knew him not either by face or name. But some had been at the pains of carrying him, as from me, a formal challenge to dispute; and had afterwards told him, "That I had declared in the open society, I challenged Joseph Chandler to dispute. And he promised to come; but broke his word." Joseph immediately sent to know from my own mouth if these things were so? If those who probably count themselves better Christians, had but done like this honest Quaker, how many idle tales, which they now potently believe, would, like this, have vanished into air!

Saturday 29, I spent another hour with one I had twice conversed with before, and with much the same effect. He asked, "Wherein the doctrine I preached differed from the doctrine preached by other ministers of the Church?" I told him, "I hope, not at all from that which is preached by many other ministers. But from that which is

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preached by some, it differs thus: I preach the doctrine of the Church, and they do not." After he had long and zealously laboured to prove, that "all ministers preached as I did, and there was no difference of doctrine at all," I was obliged to leave him abruptly; and should indeed have feared that my time had been spent to small purpose, but for one piece of history which I then learned, viz. "That he had gone to the Bishop, before his Lordship left Bristol, and informed him, that I said in the public congregation, 'I had a conference with the Bishop and twelve clergymen, and had put them all to silence." Was his Lordship so informed? And *could* he believe even this? O Joseph Chandler, Joseph Chandler!

I think it was about this time that the soldier was executed. For some time I had visited him every day. But when *the love of God was shed abroad in his heart*, I told him, "Do not expect to see me any more. He who has now begun a good work in your soul, will, I doubt not, preserve you to the end. But I believe Satan will separate us for a season" Accordingly, the next day I was informed, that the commanding officer had given strict orders, "Neither Mr. Wesley, nor any of his people should be admitted. For *they were all atheists.*" But did that man *die* like an atheist? Let my last end be like his!

Tuesday, April 1, While I was expounding the former part of the 23d chapter of the Acts, (How wonderfully suited to the occasion, though not by my choice!), the floods began to lift up their voice. Some or other of the children of Belial had laboured to disturb us several nights before. But now it seemed as if all the hosts of the aliens were come together with one consent. Not only the court and the alleys, but all the street, upwards and downwards, was filled with people, shouting, cursing, and swearing, and ready to swallow the ground with fierceness and rage. The Mayor sent an order, that they should disperse. But they set him at nought. The chief constable came next in person, who was till then sufficiently prejudiced against us. But they insulted him also in so gross a manner, as I believe fully opened his eyes. At length, the Mayor sent several of his officers, who took the ringleaders into custody, and did not go until all the rest were dispersed. Surely he hath been to us *the minister of God for good.*

Wednesday 2, The rioters were brought up to the court, the quarter-sessions being held that day. They began to excuse themselves, by saying many things of *me.* But the Mayor cut them all short, saying "What Mr. Wesley is, is nothing to you. I will keep the peace: I will have no rioting in this city."

Calling at Newgate in the afternoon, I was informed, "That the poor wretches under sentence of death, were earnestly desirous to speak with me; but that it could not be; Alderman Beacher having just then sent an express order, that they should not." I cite Alderman Beacher to answer for these souls, at the judgment-seat of Christ.

Thursday 3, I went into the room weak and faint. The Scripture that came in course was, *After the way that you call heresy, so worship I the God of my Fathers.* I know not whether God hath been so with us, from the beginning hitherto. He proclaimed, as it were,

a general deliverance to the captives. The chains fell off: they arose and followed Him. The cries of desire, joy, and love, were on every side; fear, sorrow, and doubt, fled away. Verily, Thou hast *sent a gracious rain upon thine inheritance, and refreshed it when it was weary.*

On Good-Friday I was much comforted by Mr. T——'s sermon at All-Saints, which was according to the truth of the Gospel; as well as by the affectionate seriousness wherewith he delivered the holy bread to a very large congregation. May the good Lord fill him with all the life of love, and with all *spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus.*

At five, preaching on John xix. 34, *A soldier pierced his side, and there came forth blood and water*, I was enabled to speak strong words, both concerning the atoning blood, and the living, sanctifying water. Many were deeply convinced of their want of both; and others filled with strong consolation.

Monday 7, At the pressing instance of Howel Harris, I again set out for Wales. In the evening I preached *repentance and remission of sins*, at Lanvachas, three miles from the New Passage. Tuesday 8, I preached at Ponty-Pool, on, *By grace ye are saved through faith:* and in the evening at Leanhithel, three miles from thence, on, *I know that in me dwelleth no good thing.*

Wednesday 9, After reading prayers in Llanhithel church, I preached on those words, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.* In the afternoon, Howel Harris told me, how earnestly many had laboured to prejudice him against me; especially those who had gleaned up all the idle stories at Bristol, and retailed them in their own country. And yet these are good Christians! These whisperers, tale-bearers, backbiters, evil-speakers! Just such Christians as murderers or adulterers. *Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*

In the evening I expounded at Cardiff the story of the Pharisee and Publican. The next day, Thursday 10, after preaching thrice, I rode to Watford, five miles from Cardiff, where a few of us joined together in prayer, and in provoking one another to love and to good works.

Friday 11, I preached in Lantarnum Church, on, *By grace ye are saved through faith.* In the afternoon I preached at Penpeul, near Ponty-Pool. A few were cut to the heart, particularly Mrs. A——d, who had some time before given me up for a Papist, Mr. E——s, the Curate, having averred me to be such, upon his personal knowledge, at her house in Ponty-Pool. I afterwards called, *O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.* And there was a shaking indeed. Three or four came to me, in such mourning as I had hardly ever seen; as did a poor drunkard between eleven and twelve, who was convinced by the word spoken on Tuesday.

Saturday 12, After preaching at Lanvachas in the way, in the afternoon I came to Bristol, and heard the melancholy news, "That ——, one of the chief of those who came to make the disturbance on the 1st of this month, had hanged himself. He was cut down, it seems, alive, but died in less than an hour: A second of them had been for some

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days in strong pain, and had many times sent, to desire our prayers. A third came to me himself, and confessed, he was hired that night, and made drunk on purpose: But when he came to the door, he knew not what was the matter, he could not stir, nor open his mouth."

Monday 14, I was explaining the *Liberty* we have, *to enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus*, when one cried out, as in an agony, "Thou art a hypocrite, a devil, an enemy to the Church. This is false doctrine. It is not the doctrine of the Church. It is damnable doctrine. It is the doctrine of devils." I did not perceive that any were hurt thereby; but rather strengthened, by having such an opportunity of confirming their love toward him, and returning good for evil.

Tuesday 15, I received the following note:

"Sir, This is to let you understand, That the man which made the noise last night, is named John Beon. He now goes by the name of John Darsy. He is a Romish Priest. We have people enough here in Bristol that know him."

Saturday 19, I received a letter from Mr. Simpson, and another from William Oxlee, informing me, that our poor Brethren at Fetter-lane were again in great confusion; and earnestly desiring, that if it were possible, I would come to London without delay.

Monday 21, I set out, and the next evening reached London. Wednesday 23, I went to Mr. Simpson. He told me, "All the confusion was owing to my brother, who would preach up the ordinances: Whereas believers, said he, are not subject to ordinances: and unbelievers have nothing to do with them. They ought to be still: otherwise they will be unbelievers all the days of their life."

After a fruitless dispute of about two hours, I returned home with a heavy heart. Mr. Molther was taken ill this day. I believe it was the hand of God that was upon him. In the evening, our society met; but cold, weary, heartless, dead. I found nothing of brotherly love among them now, but a harsh, dry, heavy, stupid spirit. For two hours, they looked one at another, when they looked up at all, as if one half of them were afraid of the other; yea, as if a voice were sounding in their ears, *Take ye heed every one of his neighbour: Trust ye not in any brother. For every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbour will walk with slanders.*

I think, not so few as thirty persons spoke to me in these two days, who had been strongly solicited, 1. To deny what God had done for their souls, to own they never had living faith: 2. To be *still*, till they had it, to leave off all the means of grace; not to go to Church, not to communicate, not to search the Scripture, not to use private prayer, at least, not *so much*, or not *vocally*, or not at any *stated times*.

Friday 25, My brother and I went to Mr. Molther again, and spent two hours in conversation with him. He now also explicitly affirmed, 1. That there are *no degrees* in faith; that none has any faith who has ever any doubt or fear, and that none is justified, till he has a clean heart, with the perpetual indwelling of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost: And, 2. That every one who has not this, ought, till he has it, to be

still: that is, as he explained it, not to use the ordinances, or means of grace, so called. He also expressly asserted, 1. That to those who have a clean heart, the ordinances are not matter of duty. They are not commanded to use them: They are free; they may use them, or they may not: 2. That those who have not a clean heart, ought not to use them, particularly not to communicate: Because God neither commands nor designs they should, (commanding them to none, designing them only for believers) and because they are not means of grace; there being no such thing as means of grace, but Christ only."

Ten or twelve persons spoke to me this day also, and many more the day following, who had been greatly troubled by this new gospel, and thrown into the utmost heaviness. And indeed wherever I went, I found more and more proofs of the grievous confusion it had occasioned; many coming to me day by day, who were once full of peace and love, but were now again plunged into doubts and fears, and were driven even to their wit's end.

I was now utterly at a loss what course to take, finding no rest for the sole of my foot. These vain janglings pursued me wherever I went, and were always sounding in my ears. Wednesday 30, I went to my friend (that was!) Mr. St————, at Islington. But he also immediately entered upon the subject, telling me, "Now he was fully assured, that no one has any degree of faith, till he is perfect as God is perfect." I asked, "Have *you* then no degree of faith? He said, "No; for I have not a clean heart." I turned and asked his servant, "Esther, Have you a clean heart?" she said, "No; my heart is desperately wicked. But I have no doubt or fear. I know my Saviour loves me. And I love Him. I feel it every moment." I then plainly told her master, "Here is an end of your reasoning. This is the state the existence of which you deny."

Thence I went to the little society here, which had stood untainted from the beginning. But the plague was now spread to them also. One of them who had been long full of joy in believing, now denied she had any faith at all, and said, "Till she had, she would communicate no more." Another, who said, "She had the faith that overcometh the world," added, "She had not communicated for some weeks, and it was all one to her whether she did or not; for a believer was not subject to ordinances."

In the evening, one of the first things started at Fetter-lane, was, the question concerning the ordinances. But I intreated, we might not be always disputing; but rather give ourselves unto prayer.

I endeavoured all this time, both by explaining in public those scriptures which had been misunderstood, and by private conversation, to bring back those who had been led out of the way; and having now delivered my own soul, on Friday, May 2, I left London; and lying at Hungerford that night, the next evening came to Bristol.

Sunday 4, I preached in the morning at the School, and in the afternoon at Rose-green, on *I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*

Monday 5, I expounded those words, *I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you:* And described the

state of those who have forgiveness of sins, but have not yet a clean heart,

Wednesday 7, I prayed with a poor helpless sinner, who had been all his life-time subject to bondage. But our Lord now proclaimed deliverance to the captive, and he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. All the next day his mouth was filled with praise, and on Friday he fell asleep.

Thursday 8, I was greatly refreshed by conversing with several, who were indeed as little children, not artful, not wise in their own eyes, not doting on *controversy and strife of words*, but truly *determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified.*

Friday 9, I was a little surprised at some, who were buffetted of Satan in an unusual manner, by such a spirit of laughter as they could in no wise resist, though it was pain and grief unto them. I could scarce have believed the account they gave me, had I not known the same thing ten or eleven years ago. Part of Sunday my brother and I then used to spend in walking in the meadows and singing psalms. But one day, just as we were beginning to sing, he burst out into a loud laughter. I asked him, "If he was distracted?" and began to be very angry, and presently after to laugh as loud as he. Nor could we possibly refrain, though we were ready to tear ourselves in peices, but we were forced to go home without singing another line.

Tuesday 13, In the evening I went to Upton, a little town five or six miles from Bristol, and offered to all those who had ears to hear, *Repentance and remission of sins.* The devil knew his kingdom shook, and therefore stirred up his servants, to ring bells, and make all the noise they could. But my voice prevailed, so that most of those that were present, heard *the word which is able to save their souls.*

Wednesday 14, I visited one of our colliers, who was ill of the small pox. His soul was full of peace, and a day or two after, returned to God that gave it.

Saturday 17, I found more and more undeniable proofs, that the Christian state is a continual warfare, and that we have need every moment to *watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation.* Outward trials indeed were now removed, a *peace was in all our borders.* But so much the more did inward trials abound; and *if one member suffered, all the members suffered with it.* So strong a sympathy did I never observe before: whatever considerable temptation fell on any one, unaccountably spreading itself to the rest, so that exceeding few were able to escape it.

Sunday 18, I endeavoured to explain those important words of St. Peter, *Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as if some strange thing happened unto you.* Μη ξενιζεσθε τη εν υμιν πυρωσει προς πειρασμον υμιν γινομενη: Literally, *Marvel not at the burning in you, which is for your trial.*

Wednesday 21, In the evening, such a spirit of laughter was among us, that many were much offended. But the attention of all was soon fixed on poor L—a S——, whom we all knew to be no dissembler One so violently and variously torn of the evil one did I never see be-

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fore. Sometimes she laughed till almost strangled; then broke out into cursing and blaspheming; then stamped and struggled with incredible strength, so that, four or five could scarce hold her. Then cried out, "O eternity, eternity! O that I had no soul! O that I had never been born!" At last she faintly called on Christ to help her. And the violence of her pangs ceased.

Most of our brethren and sisters were now fully convinced that those who were under this strange temptation could not help it. Only E——th B—— and Anne H——n were of another mind; being still sure any one might help laughing if she would. This they declared to many on Thursday; but on Friday 28, God suffered Satan to teach them better. Both of them were suddenly seized in the same manner as the rest, and laughed whether they would or not, almost without ceasing. Thus they continued for two days, a spectacle to all; and were then, upon prayer made for them, delivered in a moment.

Monday 26, S——a Ha——g, after she had calmly rejoiced several days, in the midst of violent pain, found at once a return of ease, and health, and strength; and arose and went to her common business.

Sunday, June 1, I explained *the rest which remaineth for the people of God*, in the morning, at Kingswood School, and in the evening, at Rose-green, to six or seven thousand people. I afterwards exhorted our Society, the time being come that I was to leave them for a season, *to pray always*, that they might not faint in their minds, though they were *wrestling not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places.*

Monday 2, I left Bristol, and rode by Avon and Malmsbury (where I preached in the evening) to Oxford. Two or three, even here, had not yet been persuaded to cast away their confidence: one of whom was still full of her first love, which she had received at the Lord's table.

Thursday 5, I came to London; where, finding a general temptation prevail of leaving off good works in order to an increase of faith, I began, on Friday 6, to expound the Epistle of St. James, the great antidote against this poison. I then went to Mr. S—— once again, to try if we could yet come to any agreement;—But, O, what an interview was there! He seriously told me, he was going to sell his living, only the purchaser did not seem quite willing to come up to his price. He would fain have proved to me the lawfulness of doing this; and in order thereto he averred roundly, 1. That no honest man can officiate as a minister in the Church of England. 2. That no man can, with a good conscience, join in the prayers of the Church; because, said he, they are all full of horrid lies.

Monday 9, A woman came to me from Deptford, sent, as she said, from God. I gave her a hearing; and she spoke great wisdom and true. But I remembered, *Judge nothing before the time.*

Wednesday 11, I went with Mr. Ingham to Islington, purposely to talk with Mr. Meither. But they said he was so ill, he could not be spoken to. In the evening I went to Fetter-lane, and plainly told our poor, confused, shattered Society wherein they had erred

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from the faith. It was as I feared: they could not receive my saying. However, I am clear from the blood of these men.

Friday 13, A great part of our Society joined with us in prayer, and kept, I trust, an acceptable fast unto the Lord.

Wednesday 18, My brother set out for Bristol. At six I preached in Marybone-fields (much against my will, but I believe it was the will of God), *Repentance and remission of sins.* All were quiet, and the far greater part of the hearers seemed deeply attentive. Thence I went to our own Society of Fetter-lane; before whom Mr. Ingham, being to leave London on the morrow, bore a noble testimony for the ordinances of God, and the reality of weak faith. But the short answer was, "You are blind, and speak of the things you know not."

Thursday 19, We discovered another snare of the devil. The woman of Deptford had spoke plain to Mr. Humphreys, ordering him not to preach, to leave off doing good, and in a word, to be still. We talked largely with her, and she was humbled in the dust, under a deep sense of the advantage Satan had gained over her. In the evening, Mr. Acourt complained that Mr. Nowers had hindered his going into our Society. Mr. Nowers answered, "It was by Mr. C. Wesley's order." "What," said Mr. A——, "do you refuse admitting a person into your Society, only because he differs from you in opinion?" I answered, "No. But what opinion do you mean?" He said, "That of election: I hold a certain number is elected from eternity; and these must and shall be saved; and the rest of mankind, must and shall be damned; and many of your Society hold the same." I replied, "I never asked whether they hold it or not. Only let them not trouble others by disputing about it. He said, "Nay, but I will dispute about it." "What, wherever you come?" "Yes, wherever I come." "Why then would you come among us, who you know are of another mind?" "Because you are all wrong, and I am resolved to set you all right." "I fear your coming with this view, would neither profit you nor us." He concluded,—"Then I will go and tell all the world, that you and your brother are false prophets. And I tell you in one fortnight you will all be in confusion."

Friday 20, I mentioned this to our Society, and without entering into the controversy, besought all of them who were weak in the Faith, not to *receive one another to doubtful disputations;* but simply to follow after holiness, and the things that make for peace.

Sunday 22, Finding there was no time to delay, without utterly destroying the cause of God, I began to execute what I had long designed, to strike at the root of the grand delusion. Accordingly, from those words of Jeremiah, *Stand ye in the way, ask for the old paths;* I took occasion to give a plain account, both of the work which God had begun among us, and of the manner wherein the enemy had sown his tares among the good seed, to this effect:—

"After we had wandered many years in the new path of Salvation by faith and works; about two years ago it pleased God to show us the old way, of salvation by faith only. And many soon tasted of this salvation; being justified freely, having peace with God, rejoic-

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ing in hope of the glory of God, and having his love shed abroad in their hearts. These now ran the way of his commandments; they performed all their duty to God and man; they walked in all the ordinances of the Lord; and through these means which he had appointed for that end, received daily grace to help in time of need, and went on *from faith to faith.*

"But eight or nine months ago, certain men arose, speaking contrary to the doctrines we had received. They affirmed, 'That we were all in a wrong way still! that we had no faith at all; that faith admits of no degrees, and consequently weak faith is no faith; that none is justified till he has a clean heart, and is incapable of any doubt or fear.'"

"They affirmed also, 'That there is no commandment in the New Testament, but to believe; that no other duty lies upon us; and that, when a man does believe, he is not bound or obliged to do any thing which is commanded there: in particular, that he is not subject to ordinances; that is, as they explained it, is not bound or obliged to pray, to communicate, to read or hear the Scriptures; but may or may not use any of these things, being in no bondage, according as he finds his heart free to it.'

"They farther affirmed, 'That a believer cannot use any of these as a means of grace; that indeed there is no such thing as any mean of grace, this expression having no foundation in Scripture; and that an unbeliever, or one who has not a clean heart, ought not to use them at all; ought not to pray, or search the Scriptures, or communicate, but to be still, *i. e.* leave off these works of the law. And then he will surely receive faith, which, till he is still, he cannot have.'"

All these assertions I propose to consider. The first was, That weak faith is no faith.

By weak faith, I understand, 1. That which is mixed with fear, particularly, of not enduring to the end. 2. That which is mixed with doubt, whether we have not deceived ourselves, and whether our sins be indeed forgiven? 3. That which has not yet purified the heart, at least not from all its idols. And thus weak I find the faith of almost all believers to be, within a short time after they have first peace with God.

Yet that *weak* faith is faith, appears, 1. From St. Paul, *Him that is weak in the faith, receive.* 2. From St. John, speaking of believers who were *little children*, as well as of *young men* and *fathers.* 3. From our Lord's own words, *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith: O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt.——I have prayed for thee (Peter) that thy faith fail thee not.* Therefore, he then had faith, yet so weak was that faith, that not only doubt and fear, but gross sin in the same night prevailed over him.

Nevertheless he was clean, by the word Christ had spoken to him, *i. e.* justified, though it is plain he had not a clean heart.

Therefore, there are degrees in faith; and weak faith, may yet be true faith.

Monday 23, I considered the second assertion, That there is but one commandment in the New Testament, *viz.* To believe; that no

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other duty lies upon us; and that a believer is not obliged to do any thing as commanded.

How gross, palpable a contradiction is this, to the whole tenor of the New Testament! every part of which is full of commandments, from St. Matthew to the Revelation! But it is enough to observe, 1, That this bold affirmation is shamelessly contrary to our Lord's own words, *Whosoever shall break one of the least of these commandments, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven;* for nothing can be more evident, than that he here speaks of more than one, of several commandments, which every soul, believer or not, is obliged to keep as commanded. 2. That this whole scheme is overturned from top to bottom, by that other sentence of our Lord, *When ye have done all that is commanded you, say, We—have done no more than it was our duty to do.* 3. That although to do what God commands is a believer's privilege, that does not affect the question. He does it nevertheless as his bounden duty, and as a command of God. 4. That this is the surest evidence of his believing, according to our Lord's own words, *If ye love me,* (which cannot be unless ye believe) *keep my commandments.* 5. That to desire to do what God commands, but not as a command, is to affect, not freedom, but independency. Such independency as St. Paul had not; for though *the Son had made him free,* yet was he not without law to God, but *under the law to Christ:* Such as the holy angels have not; for they *fulfil his commandments,* and hearken to the voice of his words: Yea, such as Christ himself had not; for *as the Father had given him commandment, so he spake.*

Tuesday 24, The substance of my exposition in the morning, on, *Why yet are ye subject to ordinances?* was,

From hence it has been inferred, That Christians are not subject to the ordinances of Christ; that believers need not and unbelievers may not use them; that those are not obliged, and these are not permitted so to do; that those do not sin when they abstain from them; but these do sin when they do not abstain.

But with how little reason this has been inferred, will sufficiently appear to all who consider,

1. That the ordinances here spoken of by St. Paul are evidently Jewish ordinances; such as, *Touch not, taste not, handle not;* and those mentioned a few verses before, concerning *meats, and drinks, and new moons, and Sabbaths.* 2. That consequently this has no reference to the ordinances of Christ; such as prayer, communicating, and searching the Scriptures. 3. That Christ himself spake, that men ought always to pray; and commands, *not to forsake the assembling ourselves together;* to *search the Scriptures;* and to eat bread and drink wine, *in remembrance of him.* 4. That the commands of Christ oblige all who are called by his name, whether (in strictness) believers or unbelievers; Seeing *whosoever breaketh the least of these commandments, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven.*

In the evening I preached on, *Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward.*

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Ye who have known and felt your sins forgiven, cast not away your confidence, 1. Though your joy should die away, your love wax cold, and your peace itself be roughly assaulted: Though, 2. You should find doubt or fear, or strong and uninterrupted temptation: Yea, though, 3. You should find a body of sin still in you, and thrusting sore at you that you might fall.

The first case may be only a fulfilling of your Lord's words, *Yet a little while and ye shall not see me.* But I *will come unto you again, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.*

Your being in strong temptation, yea, though it should rise so high, as to throw you into an agony, or to make you fear that God had forgotten you, is no more a proof that you are not a believer, than our Lord's agony, and his crying, *My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?* was a proof that he was not the Son of God.

Your finding sin remaining in you still, is no proof that you are not a believer. Sin does remain in one that is justified, though it has not dominion over him. For he has not a clean heart at first, neither are *all things as yet become new.* But fear not, though you have an evil heart. Yet a little while and you shall be endued with power from on high, whereby you may *purify yourselves, even as he is pure,* and be *holy, as he which hath called you is holy.*

Wednesday 25, From those words, *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God,* I took occasion to speak of the ordinances of God, as they are means of grace.

Although this expression of our Church, *means of grace,* be not found in Scripture, yet if the sense of it undeniably is, to cavil at the term, is a mere strife of words.

But the sense of it undeniably is found in Scripture. For God hath in Scripture ordained prayer, reading, or hearing, and the receiving the Lord's supper, as the ordinary means of conveying his grace to man. And first, prayer: For thus saith the Lord, *Ask and it shall be given you. If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God.* Here God plainly ordains prayer, as the means of receiving whatsoever grace we want: particularly that wisdom from above, which is the chief fruit of the grace of God.

Here likewise God commands all to pray who desire to receive any grace from him. Here is no restriction as to believers or unbelievers; but least of all, as to unbelievers; for such doubtless were most of those to whom he said, *Ask and it shall be given you.*

We know, indeed, that the prayer of an unbeliever is full of sin. Yet let him remember that which is written of one who could not then believe, for he had not so much as heard the gospel: *Cornelius, thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.*

Thursday 26, I shewed, concerning the Holy Scriptures, 1. That to search, *i. e.* read and hear them, is a a command of God. 2. That this command is given to all, believers or unbelievers. 3. That this is commanded or ordained as a means of grace, a means of conveying the grace of God to all, whether unbelievers, such as those to whom

he first gave this command, and those to whom *faith cometh by hearing*, or believers, who by experience know, that *all Scripture is profitable*, or a means to this end, *that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished to all good works.*

Friday 27, I preached on, *Do this in remembrance of me.*

In the ancient Church, every one who was baptized communicated daily. So in the Acts we read, they *all continued daily in the breaking of bread, and in prayer.*

But in later times, many have affirmed that the Lord's supper is not a converting, but a confirming ordinance.

And among us it has been diligently taught, that none but those who are converted, who have received the Holy Ghost, who are believers in the full sense, ought to communicate.

But experience shows the gross falsehood of that assertion, that the Lord's supper is not a converting ordinance. Ye are the witnesses. For many now present know, the very beginning of your conversion to God, perhaps, in some, the first deep conviction, was wrought at the Lord's supper. Now, one single instance of this kind overthrows the whole assertion.

The falsehood of the other assertion appears both from Scripture-precept and example. Our Lord commanded those very men who were then unconverted, who had not yet received the Holy Ghost, who, in the full sense of the word, were not believers, to *do this in remembrance of him.* Here the precept is clear. And to these he delivered the elements with his own hands. Here is example, equally indisputable.

Saturday 28, I shewed at large, 1. That the Lord's supper was ordained by God to be a mean of conveying to men, either preventing, or justifying, or sanctifying grace, according to their several necessities. 2. That the persons for whom it was ordained, are all those who know and feel that they want the grace of God, either to restrain them from sin, or to shew their sins forgiven, or to *renew their souls in the image of God.* 3. That inasmuch as we come to his table, not to give him any thing, but to receive whatsoever he sees best for us, there is no previous preparation indispensably necessary; but a desire to receive whatsoever he pleases to give. And, 4. That no fitness is required at the time of communicating, but a sense of our state, of our utter sinfulness and helplessness: every one who knows he is fit for hell, being just fit to come to Christ, in this, as well as all other ways of his appointment.

Sunday 29, I preached in the morning at Moorfields, and in the evening at Kennington, on Titus iii. 8. and endeavoured at both to explain and enforce the Apostle's direction, that those *who have believed, be careful to maintain good works.* The works I particularly mentioned were, praying, communicating, searching the Scriptures, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, assisting the stranger, and visiting or relieving those that are sick or in prison. Several of our brethren of Fetter-lane being met in the evening, Mr. Simpson told them I had been preaching up the works of the law, "Which," added Mr. V——, "we believers are no more bound to obey, than

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the subjects of the king of England are bound to obey the laws of the king of France."

Wednesday, July 2, I went to the Society. But I found their hearts were quite estranged.

Friday 4, I met a little handful of them, who still stand in the old paths. But how long they may stand, God knoweth, the rest being continually pressing upon them.

Wednesday 9, I came to an explanation once more with them all together; but with no effect at all.

Tuesday 15, We had yet another conference at large; but in vain, for all continued in their own opinions.

Wednesday 16, One desired me to look into an old book and give her my Judgment of it; particularly of what was added at the latter end. This I found was, *The Mystic Divinity of Dionysius*, and several extracts nearly allied thereto, full of the same super-essential darkness. I borrowed the book, and going in the evening to Fetter-lane, read one of those extracts, to this effect:

"The Scriptures are good. Prayer is good. Communicating is good. Relieving our neignbour is good. But to one who is not born of God, none of these are good, but all very evil. For him to read the Scriptures, or to pray, or to communicate, or to do any outward work, is deadly poison. First let him be born of God. Till then, let him not do any of these things; for if he does, he destroys himself."

After reading this twice or thrice over, as distinctly as I could, I asked, "My brethren, is this right, or is it wrong?" Mr. Bell answered immediately, "It is right; it is all right. It is the truth; and to this we must all come, or we never can come to Christ." Mr. Bray said, "I believe our brother Bell did not hear what you read, or did not rightly understand." But Mr. Bell replied short, "Yes, I heard every word; and I understand it well. I say, it is the truth: the very truth: it is the inward truth."

Many then laboured to prove, that my brother and I laid too much stress upon the ordinances. To put which matter beyond dispute, "I," said Mr. Bowes, "used the ordinances twenty years, yet I found not Christ. But I left them off, only for a few weeks, and I found him then. And I am now as close united to him as my arm is to my body."

One asked, whether they would suffer Mr. Wesley to preach at Fetter-lane? After a short debate, it was answered, "No. This place is taken for the Germans." Some asked, whether the Germans had converted any soul in England? whether they had not done us much hurt, instead of good, raising a division of which we could see no end? and whether God did not many times use Mr. Wesley for the healing our divisions, when we were all in confusion? Several roundly replied, "Confusion! What do you mean? We were never in any confusion at all." I said, "Brother Edmonds, you ought not to say so: because I have your letters now in my hands." Mr. Edmonds replied, "That is not the first time I have put darkness for light and light for darkness."

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We continued in useless debate till about eleven. I then gave them up to God.

Friday 18, A few of us joined with my mother in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving; and then consulted how to proceed with regard to our poor brethren of Fetter-lane: We all saw the thing was now come to a crisis, and were therefore unanimously agreed what to do.

Sunday 20, At Mr. Seward's earnest request, I preached once more in Moorfields, on the work of faith, and the patience of hope, and the labour of love. A zealous man was so kind as to free us from most of the noisy, careless hearers (or spectators rather) by reading, meanwhile, at a small distance, a chapter in the *Whole Duty of Man*. I wish neither he nor they may ever read a worse book; though I could tell them of a better,—The Bible.

In the evening, I went with Mr. Seward to the love-feast in Fetter-lane. At the conclusion of which, having said nothing till then, I read a paper, the substance whereof was as follows:—

"About nine months ago, certain of you began to speak contrary to the doctrine we had till then received:—The sum of what you asserted is this:—

1. That there is no such thing as weak faith; that there is no justifying faith, where there is ever any doubt or fear, or where there is not, in the full sense, a new and clean heart.

2. That a man ought not to use those ordinances of God, which our Church terms means of grace, before he has such a faith as excludes all doubt and fear, and implies a new, a clean heart.

"You have often affirmed, that to search the Scriptures, to pray, or to communicate, before we have this faith, is to seek salvation by works; and that till these works are laid aside no man can receive faith.

"I believe these assertions to be flatly contrary to the Word of God. I have warned you hereof again and again, and besought you to turn back to the Law and the Testimony. I have borne with you long, hoping you would turn. But as I find you more and more confirmed in the error of your ways, nothing now remains, but that I should give you up to God. You that are of the same judgment, follow me."

I then, without saying any thing more, withdrew, as did eighteen or nineteen of the Society.

Tuesday 22, Mr. Chapman, just come from Germany, gave me a letter from one of our (once) brethren there: Wherein after denying the gift of God, which he received in England, he advised my brother and me, no longer to take upon us to teach and instruct poor souls; but to deliver them up to the care of the Moravians, who alone were able to instruct them. "You," said he, "only instruct them in such errors that they will be damned at last;" and added, "St. Peter justly describes you, who *have eyes full of adultery, and cannot cease from sin;* and take upon you to guide unstable souls, and lead them in the way of damnation."

Wednesday 23, Our little company met at the Foundery, instead of Fetter-lane. About twenty-five of our brethren God hath given

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us already, all of whom think and speak the same thing; seven or eight and forty likewise, of the fifty women that were in band, desired to cast in their lot with us.

Friday, Aug. 1, I described that *rest which remaineth for the people of God.*

Sunday 3, At St. Luke's, our parish Church, was such a sight as I believe was never seen there before: several hundred communicants, from whose very faces one might judge that they indeed sought him that was crucified.

Monday 4, I dined with one who told me in all simplicity, "Sir, I thought last week, there could be no such rest as you describe; none in this world, wherein we should be so free as not to desire ease in pain. But God has taught me better. For on Friday and Saturday, when I was in the strongest pain, I never once had one moment's desire of ease; but only, that the will of God might be done."

In the evening many were gathered together at Long-Lane, on purpose to make a disturbance, having procured a woman to begin, well known in those parts, as neither fearing God nor regarding man. The instant she broke out, I turned full upon her, and declared the love our Lord had for her soul. We then prayed, that He would confirm the word of his grace. She was struck to the heart, and shame covered her face. From her I turned to the rest, who melted away like water, and were as men that had no strength. But surely some of them shall find, who is their Rock and their strong Salvation.

Saturday 9, Instead of the letters I had lately received, I read a few of those formerly received from our poor Brethren, who have since denied the work of God, and vilely cast away their shield. O who shall stand when the jealous God shall visit for these things?

Sunday 10, From Gal. vi. 3, I earnestly warned all who had tasted the grace of God, 1. Not to think they were justified, before they had a clear assurance, that God had forgiven their sins, bringing with it a calm peace, the love of God, and dominion over all sin. 2. Not to think themselves any thing, after they had this, but to press forward for the prize of their high calling, even a clean heart, thoroughly renewed after the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness.

Monday 11, Forty or fifty of those who were seeking salvation, desired leave to spend the night together, at the Society-Room, in prayer and giving thanks. Before ten I left them and lay down. But I could have no quiet rest, being quite uneasy in my sleep, as I found others were too, that were asleep in other parts of the house. Between two and three in the morning I was waked, and desired to come down stairs. I immediately heard such a confused noise, as if a number of men were all putting to the sword. It increased when I came into the room and began to pray. One whom I particularly observed to be roaring aloud for pain, was J—— W——, who had been always till then very sure, that "none cried out but hypocrites:" So had Mrs. S——ms also. But she too now cried to God with a loud and bitter cry. It was not long, before God heard from his holy place. He spake, and all our souls were comforted. He bruised Satan under our feet, and sorrow and sighing fled away.

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Saturday 16, I called on one, who being at Long-Lane, on Monday the 4th instant, was exceeding angry at those that "pretended to be in fits," particularly at one who dropped down just by her. She was just going "to kick her out of the way," when she dropped down herself, and continued in violent agonies for an hour. Being afraid, when she came to herself, that her mother would judge of her as she herself had done of others, she resolved to hide it from her. But the moment she came into the house she dropped down, in as violent an agony as before. I left her weary and heavy laden, under a deep sense of the just judgment of God.

Sunday 17, I enforced that necessary caution, *Let him that standeth*, (ὁ δοκῶν ἑστάναι, where δοκῶν seems expletive, as it is in many other places) *take heed lest he fall.* Let him that is full of joy and love, take heed lest he fall into pride: He that is in calm peace, lest he fall into desire; and he that is in heaviness through manifold temptations, lest he fall into anger or impatience. I afterwards heard a sermon, setting forth the *duty of getting a good estate*, and *keeping a good reputation.* Is it possible to deny, (supposing the Bible to be true) that such a preacher is *a blind leader of the blind?*

Tuesday 19, I was desired to go and pray with one, who had sent for me several times before, lying in the New-Prison, under sentence of death, which was to be executed in a few days. I went; but the gaoler said, "Mr. Wilson, the curate of the parish, had ordered I should not see him."

Wednesday 20, I offered remission of sins, to a small serious congregation near Deptford. Toward the end a company of persons came in, drest in habits fit for their work, and laboured greatly either to provoke, or divert the attention of the hearers. But no man answering them a word, they were soon weary and went away.

Thursday 21, I was deeply considering those points wherein our German brethren affirm we err from the faith, and reflecting how much holier some of them were than I, or any people I had yet known. But I was cut short in the midst by those words of St. Paul, 1 Tim. v. 21, *I charge thee, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels; that thou observe these things, without preferring one before another, doing nothing by partiality.*

Friday 22, I was desired to pray with an old hardened sinner, supposed to be at the point of death. He knew not me, nor ever had heard me preach. I spoke much, but he opened not his mouth. But no sooner did I name the Saviour of sinners, than he burst out, "The Saviour of sinners indeed! I know it; for he has saved me; he told me so on Sunday morning. And he said, I should not die yet, till I had heard his children preach his Gospel, and had told my old companions in sin that he is ready to save them too."

Saturday 23, A gentlewoman (one Mrs. C——) desired to speak with me, and related a strange story: On Saturday the 16th instant, as she informed me, one Mrs. G——, of Northampton, deeply convinced of sin, and therefore an abomination to her husband, was by him put into Bedlam. On Tuesday she slipped out of the gate with some other company; and, after awhile, not knowing whither to go,

sat down at Mrs. C.'s door. Mrs. C. knowing nothing of her, advised her the next day to go to Bedlam again; and went with her, where she was then chained down, and treated in the usual manner. This is the justice of men! A poor highwayman is hanged, and Mr. G. esteemed a very honest man!

Thursday 28, I desired one, who had seen affliction herself, to go and visit Mrs. G. in Bedlam, where it pleased God greatly to knit their hearts together, and with his comforts to refresh their souls.

Disputes being now at an end, and all things quiet and calm, on Monday, September 1, I left London, and the next evening found my brother at Bristol, swiftly recovering from his fever. At seven, it pleased God to apply those words to the hearts of many backsliders, *How shall I give thee up Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me: My repentings are kindled together*, Hos. xi. 8.

Wednesday 3, I met with one who, having been lifted up with the abundance of joy which God had given her, had fallen into such blasphemies and vain imaginations, as are not common to men. In the afternoon I found another instance, nearly, I fear, of the same kind: One who, after much of the love of God shed abroad in her heart, was become wise, far above what is written, and set her *private revelations* (so called) on the self-same foot with the written word. She zealously maintained, 1. That Christ had died for angels as well as men. 2. That none of the angels kept their first estate, but all sinned, less or more. 3. That by the death of Christ three things were effected: One part of the fallen spirits were elected, and immediately confirmed in holiness and happiness, who are now the holy angels: another part of them having more deeply sinned, were reprobated, who are now devils: and the third part, allowed a farther trial, and in order thereto, sent down from heaven, and imprisoned in bodies of flesh and blood, who are now human souls. In the evening I earnestly besought them all to keep clear of vain speculations, and seek only for the plain, practical truth, which is after godliness.

Thursday 4, A remarkable cause was tried. Some time since, several men made a great disturbance, during the evening sermon here, behaving rudely to the women, and striking the men who spake not to them. A constable standing by, pulled out his staff and commanded them to keep the peace. Upon this, one of them swore he would be revenged; and going immediately to a justice, made oath that he (the constable) had picked his pocket, who was accordingly bound over to the next sessions. At these, not only the same man, but two of his companions swore the same thing. But there being eighteen or twenty witnesses on the other side, the jury easily saw through the whole proceeding, and without going out at all, or any demur, brought in the prisoner, *Not guilty*.

Friday 5, our Lord brought home many of his banished ones. In the evening we cried mightily unto him, that brotherly love might continue and increase. And it was according to our faith.

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Saturday 6, I met the Bands in Kingswood, and warned them with all authority to beware of being wise above that which is written, and to desire to know nothing but Christ crucified.

Monday 8, We set out early in the morning, and the next evening came to London.

Wednesday 10, I visited one that was in violent pain, and consumed away with pining sickness; but in every thing giving thanks, and greatly rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. From her, we went to another dangerously ill of the small-pox, but desiring neither life nor ease, but only the holy will of God. If these are unbelievers (as some of the *still brethren* have lately told them) I am content to be an unbeliever all my days.

Thursday 11, I visited a poor woman, who, lying ill between her two sick children, without either physic or food convenient for her, was mightily praising God her Saviour; and testifying, as often as she could speak, her desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ.

Sunday 14, as I returned home in the evening, I had no sooner stepped out of the coach, than the mob, who were gathered in great numbers about my door, quite closed me in. I rejoiced, and blessed God, knowing this was the time I had long been looking for; and immediately spake to those that were next me of righteousness and judgment to come. At first, not many heard, the noise round about us being exceeding great. But the silence spread farther and farther, till I had a quiet, attentive congregation. And when I left them they all shewed much love, and dismissed me with a blessing.

Tuesday 16, Many more, who came in among us as lions, in a short space became as lambs; the tears trickling apace down their cheeks, who at first most loudly contradicted and blasphemed. I wonder the devil has not wisdom enough to discern that he is destroying his own kingdom. I believe he has never yet at any one time, caused this open opposition to the truth of God, without losing one or more of his servants, who were found of God while they sought him not.

Wednesday 17, A poor woman gave me an account of what, I think, ought never to be forgotten:—It was four years, she said, since her son Peter Shaw, then nineteen or twenty years old, by hearing a sermon of Mr. Wh——y's, fell into great uneasiness. She thought he was ill, and would have sent for a physician; but he said, "No, no; send for Mr. Wh——." He was sent for, and came, and after asking a few questions, told her, "The boy is mad. Get a coach, and carry him to Dr. M——. Use my name. I have sent several such to him." Accordingly, she got a coach, and went with him immediately to Dr. M——'s house. When the Doctor came in, the young man rose and said, "Sir, Mr. Wh—— has sent me to you." The Doctor asked, "Is Mr. Wh—— your minister?" and bid him put out his tongue. Then, without asking any questions, he told his mother, "Choose your apothecary and I will prescribe." According to his prescriptions, they the next day blooded him largely, confined him to a dark room, and put a strong blister on each of his arms, with another over all his head. But still he was as mad as before, praying or singing, or giving thanks continually: Of which, having laboured to cure him for

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six weeks in vain, though he was now so weak he could not stand alone, his mother dismissed the doctor and apothecary, and let him be *beside himself* in peace.

Thursday 18, The Prince of the air made another attempt in defence of his tottering kingdom. A great number of men, having got into the middle of the place, began to speak big, swelling words, so that my voice could hardly be heard, while I was reading the 11th chapter of the Acts. But immediately after, the hammer of the Word brake the rocks in pieces: all quietly heard the glad tidings of salvation, and some, I trust, not in vain.

Monday 22, Wanting a little time for retirement, which it was almost impossible for me to have in London, I went to Mr. Piers's, at Bexley, where, in the mornings and evenings, I expounded the Sermon on the Mount; and had leisure during the rest of the day, for business of other kinds. On Saturday 27, I returned.

Sunday 28, I began expounding the same scripture at London. In the afternoon I described, to a numerous congregation at Kennington, the life of God in the soul. One person who stood on the mount made a little noise at first; but a gentleman, whom I knew not, walked up to him, and without saying one word to him, mildly took him by the hand and led him down. From that time he was quiet till he went away.

When I came home, I found an innumerable mob round the door, who opened all their throats the moment they saw me. I desired my friends to go into the house, and then walking into the midst of the people, proclaimed the name of the Lord, gracious and merciful, and repenting him of the evil. They stood staring one at another. I told them they could not flee from the face of this great God; and therefore besought them, that we might all join together in crying to him for mercy. To this they readily agreed: I then commended them to his grace, and went undisturbed to the little company within.

Tuesday 30, As I was expounding the 12th of the Acts, a young man, with some others, rushed in, cursing and swearing vehemently, and so disturbed all near him, that after a time they put him out. I observed it, and called to let him come in, that our Lord might bid his chains fall off. As soon as the sermon was over, he came and declared before us all, that he was a smuggler, then going on that work, as his disguise and the great bag he had with him shewed. But he said, he must never do this more; for he was now resolved to have the Lord for his God.

Sunday, Oct. 5, I explained the difference between being called a Christian, and being so. And God over-ruled the madness of the people; so that after I had spoken a few words they were quiet and attentive to the end.

Monday 6, While I was preaching at Islington, and rebuking sharply those that had made shipwreck of the faith, a woman dropped down, struck as was supposed with death, having the use of all her limbs quite taken from her. But she knew the next day she should not die, but live, and declare the loving-kindness of the Lord.

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Tuesday 14, I met with a person who was to be pitied indeed. He was once a zealous Papist, but being convinced he was wrong, cast off Popery and Christianity together. He told me at once, "Sir, I scorn to deceive you, or any man living. Do not tell me of your Bible; I value it not; I do not believe a word of it." I asked,—"Do you believe there is a God? And what do you believe concerning him?" He replied, "I know there is a God, and I believe him to be the Soul of all, the *Anima Mundi*: If he be not rather, as I sometimes think is more probable, the Το πν, the whole compages of body and spirit, every where diffused. But farther than this, I know not. All is dark; my thought is lost. Whence I come, I know not; nor what, or why I am; nor whither I am going. But this I know: I am unhappy; I am weary of life; I wish it were at an end." I told him I would pray to the God in whom I believed, to shew him more light before he went hence; and to convince him how much advantage every way a believer in Christ has over an infidel.

Sunday 19, I found one who was a fresh instance of that strange truth, *the servants of God suffer nothing*: his body was well nigh torn asunder with pain. But God made all his bed in his sickness. So that he was continually giving thanks to God, and making his boast of his praise.

At five, I besought all that were present to *be followers of God, as dear children, and to walk in love as Christ also loved us, and gave himself for us.* Many who were gathered together for that purpose, endeavoured by shouting to drown my voice; but I turned upon them immediately, and offered them deliverance from their hard master. The Word sunk deep into them, and they opened not their mouths. Satan, thy kingdom hath suffered loss. Thou fool! how long wilt thou contend with him that is mightier than thou?

Monday 20, I began declaring that Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation, in the midst of the publicans and sinners, at Short's Gardens, Drury-lane.

Wednesday 22, I spent an hour with Mr. S—. O what πιθανολογια, persuasiveness of speech is here! Surely all the deceivableness of unrighteousness. Who can escape, except God be with him?

Thursday 23, I was informed of an awful providence:— A poor wretch, who was here last week, cursing and blaspheming, and labouring with all his might to hinder the Word of God, had afterwards boasted to many, that he would come again on Sunday, and no man should stop his mouth then. But on Friday God laid his hand upon him, and on Sunday he was buried.

Yet on Sunday the 25th, while I was enforcing that great question, with an eye to the spiritual resurrection, *Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?* The many-headed beast began to roar again. I again proclaimed deliverance to the captives. And their deep attention shewed that the word sent to them did not return empty.

Monday 27, The surprising news of poor Mr. S——d's death was confirmed. Surely God will maintain his own cause. Righteous art thou, O Lord!

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Saturday, Nov. 1, While I was preaching at Long-Lane, the storm was so exceeding high, that the house we were in shook continually. But so much the more did many rejoice in him whom the winds and the seas obey, finding they were ready to obey his call, if he should then require their souls of them.

Monday 3, We distributed, as every one had need, among the numerous poor of our Society, the clothes of several kinds, which many who could spare them had brought for that purpose.

Monday 10, Early in the morning I set out, and the next evening came to Bristol.

I found my brother (to supply whose absence I came) had been in Wales for some days. The next morning I inquired particularly into the state of the little flock. In the afternoon we met together, to pour out our souls before God, and beseech him to bring back into the way those who had erred from his commandments.

I spent the rest of the week in speaking with as many as I could, either comforting the feeble-minded, or confirming the wavering, or endeavouring to find and save that which was lost.

Sunday 16, After communicating at St. James's, our parish Church, with a numerous congregation, I visited several of the sick. Most of them were ill of the spotted fever: which, they informed me, had been extremely mortal, few persons recovering from it. But God had said, *Hitherto shalt thou come.* I believe, there was not one with whom we were, but recovered.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited many more, partly of those that were sick or weak, partly of the lame that had been turned out of the way; having a confidence in God, that he would yet return unto every one of these, and leave a blessing behind him.

Thursday 20, My brother returned from Wales. So, early on Friday 21, I left Bristol, and on Saturday, in the afternoon, came safe to London.

Tuesday 25, After several methods proposed for employing those who were out of business, we determined to make a trial of one, which several of our Brethren recommended to us. Our aim was, with as little expense as possible, to keep them at once from want and from idleness, in order to which we took twelve of the poorest, and a teacher, into the society room, where they were employed for four months, till spring came on, in carding and spinning of cotton. And the design answered, they were employed, and maintained, with very little more than the produce of their own labour.

Friday 28, A gentleman came to me full of good-will, to exhort me, "not to leave the church; or which was the same thing, in his account, to use extemporary prayer, which, said he, I will prove to a demonstration to be no prayer at all. For you cannot do two things at once. But thinking how to pray, and praying, are two things. *Ergo*, you cannot both think and pray at once." Now, may it not be proved by the self-same demonstration, that praying by a form is no prayer at all? *e. g.* "You cannot do two things at once. But reading and praying are two things. *Ergo*, you cannot both read and pray at once." *Q. E. D.*

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In the afternoon, I was with one of our sisters, who, for two days, was believed to be in the agonies of death, being then in travail with her first child. "But the pain, she declared, was as nothing to her; her soul being filled all that time with joy unspeakable."

Monday, Dec. 1, Finding many of our brethren and sisters offended at each other, I appointed the several accusers to come and speak face to face with the accused. Some of them came almost every day this week. And most of the offences vanished away. Where any doubt remained, I could only advise them each to look to his own heart; and to suspend their judgments of each other, until God should bring to light the hidden things of darkness.

Friday 12, Having received many unpleasing accounts concerning our little Society in Kingswood, I left London, and after some difficulty and danger, by reason of much ice in the road, on Saturday evening came to my brother at Bristol, who confirmed to me what I did not desire to hear.

Sunday 14, I went to Kingswood, intending, if it should please God, to spend some time there, if haply I might be an instrument in his hand, of repairing the breaches which had been made: that we might again, with one heart and one mouth, glorify the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Monday 15, I began expounding, both in the morning and evening, our Lord's Sermon upon the Mount. In the day-time, I laboured to heal the jealousies and misunderstandings which had arisen, warning every man, and exhorting every man, "See that ye fall not out by the way."

Tuesday 16, In the afternoon I preached on, *Let patience have her perfect work.* The next evening Mr. Cennick came back from a little journey into Wiltshire. I was greatly surprised, when I went to receive him, as usual, with open arms, to observe him quite cold, so that a stranger would have judged he had scarce ever seen me before. However, for the present I said nothing, but did him honour before the people.

Friday 19, I pressed him to explain his behaviour, He told me many stories which he had heard of me. Yet it seemed to me something was still behind. So I desired we might meet again in the morning.

Saturday 20, A few of us had a long conference together. Mr. Cennick now told me plainly, "He could not agree with me, because I did not preach the truth, in particular, with regard to election." We then entered a little into the controversy; but without effect.

Sunday 21, In the morning I enforced those words, *Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought to love one another.* Three of our sisters I saw in the afternoon, all supposed to be near death, and calmly rejoicing in hope of speedily going to him whom their souls loved.

At the love feast which we had in the evening at Bristol, seventy or eighty of our brethren and sisters from Kingswood were present, notwithstanding the heavy snow. We all walked home together, through the most violent storm of sleet and snow which I ever re-

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member; the snow also lying above knee deep in many places. But our hearts were warmed, so that we went on rejoicing and praising God for the consolation.

Wednesday 24, My brother set out for London. Thursday 25, I met with such a case, as I do not remember either to have known or heard of before. L———a Sm———, after many years of mourning, was filled with peace and joy in believing. In the midst of this, without any discernable cause, such a cloud suddenly overwhelmed her, that she could not believe her sins were ever forgiven at all; nor that there was any such thing as forgiveness of sins. She could not believe that the Scriptures were true, nor that there was any heaven or hell, or angel, or spirit, or any God. One more I have since found in the same state. So sure it is, that all faith is the gift of God, which the moment he withdraws, the evil heart of unbelief will poison the whole soul.

Friday 26, I returned early in the morning to Kingswood, in order to preach at the usual hour. But my congregation was gone to hear Mr. C——, so that, except a few from Bristol, I had not above two or three men, and as many women, the same number I had once or twice before.

In the evening I read nearly through a treatise of Dr. John Edwards, on the Deficiency of Human Knowledge and Learning. Surely, never man wrote like this man! at least none of all whom I have seen. I have not seen so haughty, over-bearing, pedantic a writer! Stiff and trifling in the same breath: positive and opiniated to the last degree, and of course treating others with no more good manners than justice. But above all, sour, ill-natured, morose without a parallel, which, indeed, is his distinguishing character Be his opinion right or wrong, if Dr. Edwards's temper were the christian temper, I would abjure Christianity for ever.

Tuesday 30, I was sent for by one, who had been a zealous opposer of this way. But the lover of souls now opened her eyes, and cut her off from trusting in the multitude of her good works: so that finding no other hope left, she fled, poor and naked, to the blood of the covenant; and, a few days after, gladly gave up her soul into the hands of her faithful Redeemer.

At six, the body of Alice Philips being brought into the room, I explained, *To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* This was the person whom her master turned away the last year, "for receiving the Holy Ghost." And she had then scarce where to lay her head. But she hath now a house of God, eternal in the heavens.

Wednesday 31, Many from Bristol came over to us, and our love was greatly confirmed toward each other. At half an hour after eight the house was filled from end to end, where we concluded the year, wrestling with God in prayer, and praising Him for the wonderful work which He had already wrought upon earth.

January 1, 1741, I explained, *If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.* But many of our brethren, I found, had no ears to hear; having disputed away both their faith and love. In the evening, out of the fulness that was given me, I expounded those words

of St. Paul (indeed of every true believer), *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*

Saturday 8, The bodies of Anne Cole and Elizabeth Davis were buried. I preached before the burial, on, *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, Even so saith the Spirit. For they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.* Some time after Elis. Davis was speechless, being desired to hold up her hand if she was going to God, she looked up, and immediately held up both her hands. On Wednesday I had asked Anne Cole, whether she chose to live or die? She said, "I do not choose either, I choose nothing, I am in my Saviour's hands, and I have no will but His. Yet I know, He will restore me soon." And so He did, in a few hours, to the Paradise of God.

Sunday 4, I shewed the absolute necessity of forgetting the things that are behind, whether works, sufferings, or gifts, if we would press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling. In the evening, all the bands being present, both of Bristol and Kingswood, I simply related what God had done by me, for them of Kingswood, in particular: and what return many of them had made for several months last past, by their continual disputes, divisions, and offences, causing me to go heavily all the day long.

Wednesday 7, I found another believer, patiently waiting for the salvation of God, desiring neither health, nor ease, nor life, nor death, but only that his will should be done.

Thursday 8, I expounded the twenty-third Psalm, and many were *led forth by the waters of comfort*: two especially, who never knew until then, that their iniquities were forgiven and their sins covered.

Sunday 11, I met with a surprising instance of the power of the devil. While we were at the room, Mrs. J——'s, sitting at home, took the bible to read; but on a sudden threw it away, saying, "I am good enough. I will never read or pray more." She was in the same mind when I came; often repeating, "I used to think I was full of sin, and that I sinned in every thing I did. But now I know better. I am a Christian. I never did any harm in my life. I do not desire to be any better than I am." She spoke many things to the same effect, plainly shewing, that the spirit of pride, and of lies, had the full dominion over her. Monday 12, I asked, "Do you desire to be healed?" She said, "I am whole." But do you desire to be saved? She replied, "I am saved. I ail nothing. I am happy."

Yet it was easy to discern she was in the most violent agony, both of body and mind: sweating exceedingly, notwithstanding the severe frost, and not continuing in the same posture a moment. Upon our beginning to pray, she raged beyond measure, but soon sunk down as dead. In a few minutes she revived, and joined in prayer. We left her, for the present, in peace.

Monday 12, In the evening our souls were so filled with the spirit of prayer and thanksgiving, that I could scarce tell how to expound, till I found where it is written, *My song shall be always of the loving-kindness of the Lord. With my mouth will I ever be shewing thy truth, from one generation to another.*

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All this day Mrs. J——s was in a violent agony, till starting up in the evening, she said, "Now they have done. They have just done. C—— prayed, and Humphreys preached." And, indeed, so they did. "And they are coming hither as fast as they can." Quickly after they came in. She immediately cried out, "Why, what do you come for? You cannot pray. You know you cannot." And they could not open their mouths; so that after a short time, they were constrained to leave her as she was.

Many came to see her on Tuesday; to every one of whom she spoke, concerning either their actual or their heart sins, and that so closely, that several of them went away in more haste than they came. In the afternoon, Mr. J—— sent to Kingswood for me. She told him, "Mr. Wesley will not come to night. He will come in the morning. But God has begun, and he will end the work by himself. Before six in the morning I shall be well." And about a quarter before six next morning, after laying quiet awhile, she broke out, "Peace be unto thee (her husband). Peace be unto this house. The peace of God is come to my soul. I know that my Redeemer liveth." And for several days her mouth was filled with his praise, and her talk was wholly of his wondrous works.

Thursday 15, I went to one of our brothers, who being as was supposed, struck with death, was rejoicing with joy unspeakable. His mouth overflowed with praise, and his eyes with tears, in hope of going soon to him he loved.

Monday 18, I found, from several accounts, it was absolutely necessary for me to be at London. I therefore desired the Society to meet in the evening, and having settled things in the best manner I could, on Tuesday set out, and on Wednesday evening met our brethren at the Foundery.

Thursday 22, I began expounding where my brother had left off, viz. at the 4th chapter of the first epistle of St. John. He had not preached the morning before; nor intended to do it any more. *The Philistines are upon thee, Sampson.* But the Lord is not *departed from thee.* He shall strengthen thee yet again, and thou shalt be *avenged of them, for the loss of thy eyes.*

Sunday 25, I enforced that great command, *As we have opportunity let us do good unto all men;* and in the evening those solemn words, *Take heed, brethren, that there be not in any one of you, an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God.*

Wednesday 28, Our old friends, Mr. Gambold and Mr. Hall, came to see my brother and me. The conversation turned wholly on silent prayer and quiet waiting for God, which they said was the only possible way to attain living, saving faith.

Sirenum Cantus, & Circes pocula nosti?

Was there ever so pleasing a scheme? But where is it written? Not in any of those books which I account the Oracles of God. I allow, if there is a better way to God than the Scriptural way this is it. But the prejudice of education so hangs upon me, that I cannot think

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there is. I must therefore still wait in the bible-way, from which this differs as darkness from light.

Sunday, February 1, A private letter, wrote to me by Mr. Whitefield, having been printed without either his leave or mine, great numbers of copies were given to our people, both at the door and in the Foundry itself. Having procured one of them, I related, after preaching, the naked fact to the congregation, and told them, "I will do just what I believe Mr. Whitefield would, were he here himself." Upon which I tore it in pieces before them all. Every one who had received it, did the same. So that, in two minutes, there was not a whole copy left. Ah, poor Ahithophel!

Ibi omnis effusus labor!

Wednesday 4, Being the general fast day, I preached in the morning on those words, *Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?* Coming from the service at St. Luke's I found our house so crowded, that the people were ready to tread one upon another. I had not designed to preach; but seeing such a congregation, I could not think it right to send them empty away: and therefore expounded the parable of the barren fig-tree. O that it may at length bear fruit!

From hence I went to Deptford, where many poor wretches were got together, utterly void of both common sense and common decency. They cried aloud, as if just come from among the tombs. But they could not prevail against the Holy One of God. Many of them were altogether confounded, and I trust will come again with a better mind.

Tuesday 10, (Being Shrove Tuesday), before I began to preach, many men of the baser sort, having mixed themselves with the women, behaved so indecently, as occasioned much disturbance. A constable commanded them "to keep the peace." In answer to which they knocked him down. Some who were near, seized on two of them, and by shutting the doors, prevented any farther contest. Those two were afterwards carried before a magistrate, and, on their promise of better behaviour, discharged.

Thursday 12, My brother returned from Oxford, and preached, on *the true way of waiting for God*; thereby dispelling at once the fears of some, and the vain hopes of others; who had confidently affirmed, "That Mr. Charles Wesley was *still* already, and would come to London no more."

Monday 16, While I was preaching in Long-lane, the host of the aliens gathered together. And one large stone (many of which they threw) went just over my shoulder. But no one was hurt in any degree. For thy kingdom ruleth over all.

All things now being settled according to my wish, on Tuesday 17, I left London. In the afternoon I reached Oxford, and leaving my horse there, set out on foot for Staunton Harcourt. The night overtook me in about an hour, accompanied with heavy rain. Being wet and weary, and not well knowing my way, I could not help saying in my heart, (though ashamed of my want of resignation to God's will), O that thou wouldst stay the bottles of heaven! Or at least

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give me light, or an honest guide, or some help in the manner thou knowest! Presently the rain ceased; the moon broke out, and a friendly man overtook me, who set me upon his own horse, and walked by my side, till we came to Mr. Gambold's door.

Wednesday 18, I walked on to Burford, on Thursday, to Malmsbury, and the next day to Bristol. Saturday 21, I inquired, as fully as I could, concerning the divisions and offeness, which, notwithstanding the earnest cautions I had given, began afresh to break out in Kingswood. In the afternoon I met a few of the bands there; but it was a cold, uncomfortable meeting. Sunday 22, I endeavoured to shew them the ground of many of their mistakes, from those words, *Ye need not that any man teach you, but as that same anointing teacheth you:* a text which had been frequently brought in support of the rankest enthusiasm. Mr. Cennick, and fifteen or twenty others, came up to me after sermon. I told them, "they had not done right in speaking against me behind my back." Mr. Cennick, A—— A——, and T—— Bissick, as the mouth of the rest, replied, "They had said no more of me behind my back, than they would say to my face; which was, that I did preach up man's faithfulness, and not the faithfulness of God."

In the evening was our love-feast in Bristol: in the conclusion of which, there being mention made, that many of our brethren at Kingswood had formed themselves into a separate society; I related to them at large the effects of the separations which had been made from time to time in London. And likewise the occasion of this, viz. Mr. C——'s preaching other doctrine than that they had before received. The natural consequence was, that when my brother and I preached the same which we had done from the beginning, many censured and spoke against us both; whence arose endless strife and confusion.

T—— B—— replied, "Why, you preach false doctrine; you preach that there is righteousness in man." I said, "So there is, after the righteousness of Christ is imputed to him through faith. But who told you, that what we preached was false doctrine? Whom would you have believed this from, but Mr. C——?" Mr. C—— answered, "You *do* preach righteousness in man. I did say this. And I say it still. However, we are willing to join with you. But we will also meet, apart from you. For we meet to confirm one another in those truths, which you speak against."

I replied, "You should have told me this before, and not have supplanted me in my own house, stealing the hearts of the people, and by private accusations, separating very friends." He said, "I have never privately accused you." I said, "My brethren judge," and read as follows:

"TO THE REVEREND MR. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, *January* 17, 1741.

"That you might come quickly, I have written a second time.

"I sit solitary, like Eli, waiting what will become of the ark. And while I wait and fear the carrying of it away from among my

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people, my trouble increases daily. How glorious did the Gospel seem once to flourish in Kingswood!——I spake of the everlasting love of Christ with sweet power.——But now brother Charles is suffered to open his mouth against this truth, while the frighted sheep gaze and fly, as if no shepherd was among them.——It is just as though Satan was now making war with the saints in a more than common way. O pray for the distressed lambs yet left in this place, that they faint not. Surely they would, if preaching would do it. For they have nothing whereon to rest (who now attend on the sermons) but their own faithfulness.——

"With universal redemption, brother Charles pleases the world ——brother John follows him in every thing. I believe no Atheist can more preach against predestination than they. And all who believe election are counted enemies to God, and called so.

"Fly, dear brother. I am as alone.——I am in the midst of the plague.——If God give thee leave, make haste."

Mr. C—— stood up and said, "That letter is mine. I sent it to Mr. Whitefield. And I do not retract any thing in it, nor blame myself for sending it."

Perceiving that some of our brethren began to speak with warmth, I desired he would meet me at Kingswood on Saturday, where each of us could speak more freely, and that all things might sleep till then.

Tuesday 24, The bands meeting at Bristol, I read over the names of the United Society, being determined that no disorderly walker should remain therein. Accordingly, I took an account of every person—1. To whom any reasonable objection was made. 2. Who was not known to and recommended by some on whose veracity I could depend. To those who were sufficiently recommended, tickets were given on the following days. Most of the rest I had face to face with their accusers, and such as either appeared to be innocent, or confessed their faults and promised a better behaviour, were then received into the society. The others were put upon trial again, unless they voluntarily expelled themselves. About forty were by this means separated from us; I trust only for a season.

Saturday 28, I met the Kingswood bands again, and heard all who desired it at large: after which I read the following paper:

"By many witnesses it appears, that several members of the band society in Kingswood have made it their common practice to scoff at the preaching of Mr. John and Charles Wesley: that they have censured and spoken evil of them behind their backs, at the very time they professed love and esteem to their faces: that they have studiously endeavoured to prejudice other members of that society against them; and in order thereto, have belied and slandered them in divers instances.

"Therefore, not for their opinions, nor for any of them, (whether they be right or wrong) but for the causes above-mentioned, viz. for their scoffing at the word and ministers of God, for their tale-bearing, backbiting, and evil-speaking, for their dissembling, lying, and slandering,

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"I, John Wesley, by the consent and approbation of the society in Kingswood, do declare the persons above-mentioned to be no longer members thereof. Neither will they be so accounted until they shall openly confess their fault, and thereby do what in them lies to remove the scandal they have given."

At this they seemed a little shocked at first; but Mr. C——, T—— B——, and A——, soon recovered, and said, "They *had* heard both my Brother and me, many times, preach popery. However, they would join with us if we would. But that they would not own they had done any thing amiss."

I desired them to consider of it yet again, and give us their answer the next evening.

The next evening, March 1, they gave the same answer as before. However, I could not tell how to part: but exhorted them to wait yet a little longer, and wrestle with God, that they might know his will concerning them.

Friday 6, Being still fearful of doing any thing rashly, or contrary to the great law of love, I consulted again with many of our brethren, concerning the farther steps I should take. In consequence of which, on Saturday 7, all who could of the society being met together, I told them, "Open dealing was best; and I would therefore tell them plainly, what I thought (setting all opinions aside) had been wrong in many of them, viz.

1. "Their despising the ministers of God and slighting his ordinances: 2. Their not speaking or praying when met together, till they were sensibly moved thereto: and, 3. Their dividing themselves from their brethren, and forming a separate society:

"That we could not approve of delaying this matter, because the confusion that was already, increased daily:

"That, upon the whole, we believed the only way to put a stop to these growing evils, was for every one now to take his choice, and quit one society or the other."

T—— B—— replied, "It is our holding election is the true cause of your separating from us." I answered, "You know in your own concience it is not. There are several predestinarians in our societies both at London and Bristol: nor did I ever yet put any one out of either, because he hold that opinion."

He said, "Well, we will break up our society, on condition you will receive and employ Mr. C—— as you did before."

I replied, "My brother has wronged me much. But he does not say, 'I repent.'"

Mr. C—— said, "Unless in not speaking in your defence, I do not know that I have wronged you at all."

I rejoined, "It seems then nothing remains, but for each to choose which society he pleases."

Then, after a short time spent in prayer, Mr. C—— went out, and about half of those who were present, with him.

Sunday 8, After preaching at Bristol, on the Abuse and the right Use of the Lord's Supper, I earnestly besought them at Kingswood, to beware of offending in tongue, either against justice, mercy, or

truth. After sermon, the remains of our society met, and found we had great reason to bless God, for that after fifty-two were withdrawn, we had still upwards of ninety left. O may these, at least, hold the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace!

I will shut up this melancholy subject with part of a letter wrote by my brother about this time.

"If you think proper, you may shew brother C—— what follows." (*N. B.* I did *not* think it proper then.)

"My dearest brother John C——, in much love and tenderness I speak. You came to Kingswood, upon my brother's sending for you. You served under him in the Gospel as a son. I need not say how well he loved you. You used the authority he gave you to overthrow his doctrine. You every where contradicted it. (Whether true or false is not the question.) But you ought first to have fairly told him, I preach contrary to you. Are you willing, notwithstanding that I should continue *in your house*, gain-saying you? If you are not, I have no place in these regions. You have a right to this open dealing. I now give you fair warning. Shall I stay here opposing you, or shall I depart?'

"My brother, have you dealt thus honestly and openly with him? No. But you have stolen away the people's hearts from him. And when some of them basely treated their best friend, God only excepted, how patiently did you take it? When did you ever vindicate us, as we have you? Why did you not plainly tell them, 'You are eternally indebted to these men. Think not that I will stay among you, to head a party against my dearest friend, —— and brother, as he suffers me to call him, having humbled himself for my sake, and given me (no bishop, priest or deacon) the right hand of fellowship. If I hear that one word more is spoken against him, I will leave you that moment, and never see your face more.'

"This had been just and honest, and not more than we have deserved at your hands. I say we, for God is my witness, how condescendingly loving I have been toward you. Yet did you so forget yourself, as both openly and privately to contradict my doctrine, while, in the mean time, I was as a deaf man that heard not, neither answered a word, either in private or public.

"Ah, my brother! I am distressed for you. I would—but you will not receive my saying. Therefore I can only commit you to Him who hath commanded us to forgive one another, even as God, for Christ's sake hath forgiven us."

Sunday 15, I preached twice at Kingswood, and twice at Bristol, on those words of a troubled soul, *O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest.*

One of the notes I received to-day was as follows: "A person whom God has visited with a fever, and has wonderfully preserved seven days in a hay-mow, without any sustenance but now and then a little water out of a ditch, desires to return God thanks. The person is present and ready to declare, what God has done both for his body and soul. For the three first days of his illness he felt nothing but the terrors of the Lord, greatly fearing lest he should drop into

hall; till after long and earnest prayer, he felt himself given up to the will of God, and equally content to live or die. Then he fell into a refreshing slumber, and awaked full of peace and the love of God."

Tuesday 17, From these words, *Shall not the judge of all the earth do right*, I preached a sermon, (which I have not done before in Kingswood school since it was built) directly on predestination. On Wednesday (and so every Wednesday and Thursday) I saw the sick in Bristol: many of whom I found were blessing God for his seasonable visitation. In the evening I put those of the women who were grown slack, into distinct bands by themselves: and sharply reproved many, for their unfaithfulness to the grace of God: who bore witness to his word by pouring upon us all the spirit of mourning and supplication.

Thursday 19, I visited many of the sick, and among the rest, J—— W——, who was in grievous pain both of body and mind. After a short time spent in prayer, we left her. But her pain was gone; her soul being in full peace, and her body also so strengthened, that she immediately rose, and the next day went abroad.

Saturday 21, I explained in the evening the 33d chapter of Ezekiel: in applying which I was suddenly seized with such a pain in my side that I could not speak. I knew my remedy, and immediately kneeled down. In a moment the pain was gone: and the voice of the Lord cried aloud to the sinners, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel!*

Monday 23, I visited the sick in Kingswood: one of whom surprised me much. Her husband died of the fever some days before. She was seized immediately after his death; then her eldest daughter; then another and another of her children, six of whom were now sick round about her, without either physic, money, food, or any visible means of procuring it. Who but a Christian can at such a time say from the heart, *Blessed be the name of the Lord?*

Finding all things now, both at Kingswood and Bristol, far more settled than I expected, I complied with my brother's request, and setting out on Wednesday 25, the next day came to London.

Saturday 28, Having heard much of Mr. Whitefield's unkind behaviour since his return from Georgia, I went to him to hear him speak for himself, that I might know how to judge. I much approved of his plainness of speech. He told me, "He and I preached two different Gospels, and therefore he not only would not join with, or give me the right-hand of fellowship, but was resolved publicly to preach against me and my brother, wheresoever he preached at all." Mr. Hall (who went with me) put him in mind of the promise he had made but a few days before, that "whatever his private opinion was, he would never publicly preach against us." He said, "That promise was only an effect of human weakness, and I am now of another mind."

Monday 30, I fixed an hour every day for speaking with each of the bands, that no disorderly walker might remain among them, nor any of a careless or contentious spirit. And the hours from ten to two, on every day but Saturday, I set apart for speaking with any who desired it.

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Wednesday, April 1, At his earnest and repeated request, I went to see one under sentence of death in the New Prison. But the keeper told me, "Mr. Wilson (the curate of the parish) had given charge I should not speak with him." I am clear from the blood of this man. Let Mr. Wilson answer for it to God.

Saturday 4, I believe both love and justice required that I should speak my sentiments freely to Mr. Wh——, concerning the letter he had published, said to be in answer to my sermon on *Free-Grace*. The sum of what I observed to him was this, 1. That it was quite imprudent to publish it at all, as being only the putting of weapons into their hands, who loved neither the one nor the other. 2. That if he was constrained to bear his testimony (as he termed it) against the error I was in, he might have done it by publishing a treatise on this head without ever calling my name in question: 3. That what he had published was a mere burlesque upon an answer, leaving four of my eight arguments untouched, and handling the other four in so gentle a manner, as if he were afraid they would burn his fingers: however, that, 4. He had said enough, of what was wholly foreign to the question, to make an open (and probably irreparable) breach, between him and me: seeing "for a treacherous wound, and for the betraying of secrets, every friend will depart."

Monday 6, I had a long conversation with Peter Bohler. I marvel how I refrain from joining these men. I scarce ever see any of them but my heart burns within me. I long to be with them. And yet I am kept from them.

Tuesday 7, I dined with one who had been a professed Atheist for upwards of twenty years. But coming some months since to make sport with the word of God, it cut him to the heart. And he could have no rest day or night, till the God whom he had denied spoke peace to his soul.

In the evening, having desired all the bands to meet, I read over the names of the United Society; and marked those who were of a doubtful character, that full inquiry might be made concerning them. On Thursday, at the meeting of that society I read over the names of these, and desired to speak with each of them the next day, as soon as they had opportunity. Many of them afterwards gave sufficient proof, that they were seeking Christ in sincerity. The rest I determined to keep on trial, till the doubts concerning them were removed.

Tuesday 14, I was much concerned for one of our sisters, who having been but a few times with the *Still Brethren*, was on a sudden so much wiser than her teachers, that I could neither understand her, nor she me. Nor could I help being a little surprised at the profound indifference she shewed, who a few days before would have plucked out her eyes, had it been possible, and given them to me.

Wednesday 15, I explained at Greyhound-lane the latter part of the 4th chapter to the Ephesians. I was so weak in body, that I could hardly stand; but my spirit was much strengthened,

I found myself growing sensibly weaker all Thursday. So that on Friday 17, I could scarce get out of bed, and almost as soon as I

was up, was constrained to lie down again. Nevertheless I made shift to drag myself on, in the evening, to Short's-Gardens. Having not without difficulty got up the stairs, I read those words, (though scarce intelligibly, for my voice too was almost gone), *Whom he did foreknow, he did also predestinate.* In a moment both my voice and strength returned. And from that time, for some weeks, I found such bodily strength, as I had never done before, since my landing in America.

Monday 20, Being greatly concerned for those who were tost about with divers winds of doctrine, many of whom were again entangled in sin, and carried away captive by Satan at his will; I besought God to shew me where this would end, and opened my Bible on these words, *And there was nothing lacking to them, neither small nor great, neither sons nor daughters, neither spoil nor any thing that they had taken to them.* David *recovered all.*

Tuesday 21. I wrote to my brother, then at Bristol, in the following words:

"As yet I dare in no wise join with the Moravians: 1. Because their general scheme is mystical, not scriptural, refined in every point above what is written, immeasurably beyond the plain Gospel. 2. Because there is darkness and closeness in all their behaviour, and guile in almost all their words; 3. Because they not only do not practise, but utterly despise and decry self-denial and the daily cross: 4. Because they conform to the world, in wearing gold, and gay or costly apparel. 5. Because they are by no means zealous of good works, or at least only to their own people: for these reasons (chiefly) I will rather, God being my helper, stand quite alone than join with them: I mean, till I have full assurance, that they are better acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus."

Friday, May 1, I was with one who told me, "She had been hitherto taught of man; but now she was taught of God only." She added, "That God had told her not to partake of the Lord's supper any more; since she fed upon Christ continually." O who is secure from Satan transforming himself into an angel of light!

In the evening I went to a little love-feast which Peter Bohler made for those ten, who joined together on this day three years, to confess our faults one to another. Seven of us were present; one being sick and two unwilling to come. Surely the time will return, when there shall be again,

"Union of mind, as in us all one soul!"

Saturday 2, I had a conversation of several hours with P. Bohler and Mr. Spangenberg. Our subject was, a New Creature; Mr. Spangenberg's account of which was this;

"The moment we are justified, a New Creature is put into us. This is otherwise termed, the New Man.

"But notwithstanding, the old creature or the old man, remains in us till the day of our death.

"And in this old man there remains an old heart, corrupt and abominable. For inward corruption remains in the soul, as long as the soul remains in the body."

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"But the heart which is in the new man is clean. And the new man is stronger than the old; so that though corruption continually strives, yet while we look to Christ, it cannot prevail.

I asked him, "Is there still an old man in you?" He said, "Yes, and will be as long as I live." I said, "Is there then corruption in your heart?" He replied, "In the heart of my old man there is; but not in the heart of my new man." I asked, "Does the experience of your brethren agree with your's?" He answered, "I know what I have spoken is the experience of all the brethren and sisters throughout our church."

A few of our brethren and sisters sitting by, then spoke what they experienced. He told them, (with great emotion, his hand trembling much), "You all deceive your own souls. There is no higher state than that I have described. You are in a very dangerous error. You know not your own hearts. You fancy your corruptions are taken away, whereas they are only covered. Inward corruption never can be taken away, till our bodies are in the dust."

Was then inward corruption in our Lord? or, cannot the servant be as his master?

Sunday 3, I gave the scriptural account of one who is in Christ a new creature, from whom *old things are passed away*, and in whom *all things are become new.* In the afternoon, I explained at Marybone-Fields, to a vast multitude of people, *He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.* The devil's children fought valiantly for their master, that his kingdom should not be destroyed. And many stones fell on my right hand and on my left. But when I began to examine them closely, what reward they were to have for their labour? They vanished away like smoke.

Wednesday 6, Was a day on which we agreed to meet for prayer and humbling our souls before God, if haply He might shew us his will concerning our re-union with our brethren of Fetter-lane. And to this intent, all the men and women-bands met at one in the afternoon. Nor did our Lord cast out our prayer, or leave himself without witness among us. But it was clear to all, even those who were before the most eagerly desirous of it, That the time was not come. 1. Because they had not given up their most essentially erroneous doctrines; and 2. Because many of us had found so much guile in their words, that we could scarce tell what they really held, and what not?

Thursday 7, I reminded the United Society, That many of our brethren and sisters had not needful food; many were destitute of convenient clothing: many were out of business, and that without their own fault; and many sick and ready to perish: that I had done what in me lay to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to employ the poor, and to visit the sick: but was not alone sufficient for these things; and therefore desired all whose hearts were as my heart,

1. To bring what clothes each could spare, to be distributed among those that wanted most.

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2. To give weekly a penny, or what they could afford, for the relief of the poor and sick:

"My design (I told them) is to employ, for the present, all the women who are out of business, and desire it, in knitting."

"To these we will first give the common price for what work they do, and then add, according as they need.

"Twelve persons are appointed to inspect these, and to visit and provide things needful for the sick.

"Each of these is to visit all the sick within their district every other day: and to meet on Tuesday evening, to give an account of what they have done, and consult what can be done farther."

This week the Lord of the harvest began to put in his sickle among us. On Tuesday our brother Price, our sister Bowes on Wednesday, to-day our sister Hawthorn died. They all went in full and certain hope to him whom their souls loved.

Friday 8, I found myself much out of order. However, I made shift to preach in the evening. But on Saturday my bodily strength quite failed so that for several hours I could scarce lift up my head. Sunday 10, I was obliged to lie down most part of the day, being easy only in that posture. Yet in the evening my weakness was suspended, while I was calling sinners to repentance. But at our love-feast which followed, beside the pain in my back and head, and the fever which still continued upon me, just as I began to pray, I was seized with such a cough that I could hardly speak. At the same time came strongly into my mind. *These signs shall follow them that believe.* I called on Jesus aloud, to increase my faith, and to confirm the word of his grace. While I was speaking, my pain vanished away. The fever left me. My bodily strength returned. And for many weeks I felt neither weakness nor pain. *Unto Thee, O Lord, do I give thanks.*

Thursday 14, Hearing that one was in a high fever, of whom I had for some time stood in doubt, I went to her, and asked, "How she did?" She replied, "I am very ill—but I am very well. O! I am happy, happy, happy, for my spirit continually rejoices in God my Saviour. All the angels in heaven rejoice in my Saviour. And I will rejoice with them, for I am united to Jesus."

She added, "How the angels rejoice over an heir of salvation! How they now rejoice over me! And I am partaker of their joy. O, my Saviour, how happy I am in thee!"

Friday 15, I called again. She was saying as I came in, "My Beloved is mine. And he hath cleansed me from all sin. O how far is the heaven above the earth! so far Hath He set my sins from me. O! how did he rejoice when he was heard in that he feared! He was heard, and he gained the possibility of salvation for me and all mankind. It is finished. His grace is free for all. I am a witness. I was the chief of sinners, a backsliding sinner, a sinner against light and love. But I am washed. I am cleansed."

I asked, "Do you expect to die now?" She said, "It is not shewn me that I shall. But life or death is all one to me. I shall not change my company. Yet I shall more abundantly rejoice, when we stand

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before the Lord; you and I, and all the other children which he hath given you."

In the evening I called upon her again, and found her weaker, and her speech much altered. I asked her, "Do you *now* believe? Do not you find your soul in temptation?" She answered, smiling and looking up, "There is the Lamb. And where he is, what is temptation? I have no darkness, no cloud. The enemy may come. But he hath no part in me." I said, "But does not your sickness hinder you?" She replied, "Nothing hinders me. It is the Spirit of my Father that worketh in me. And nothing hinders that Spirit. My body indeed is weak and in pain. But my soul is all joy and praise."

Saturday 16, I mentioned this to Peter Bohler. But he told me, "There is no such state on earth; sin *will* and *must* always remain in the soul. The *old man* will remain till death. The *old nature* is like an old tooth. You may break off one bit, and another and another. But you can never get it all away. The stump of it will stay as long as you live; and sometimes will ache too."

Monday 18, At the pressing instance of my brother I left London, and the next evening met him at Bristol. I was a little surprised when I came into the room, just after he had ended his sermon. Some wept aloud. Some clapt their hands; some shouted, and the rest sang praise; with whom (having soon recovered themselves) the whole congregation joined. So (I trust) if ever God were pleased that we should suffer for the Truth's sake, all other sounds would soon be swallowed up, in the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

Wednesday 20, I spent most of the morning in speaking with the new members of the society. In the afternoon I saw the sick; but not one in fear, neither repining against God.

Thursday 21, In the evening I published the great decree of God, eternal, unchangeable, (so miserably misunderstood and misrepresented by vain men that would be wise). *He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.*

Saturday 23, At a meeting of the stewards of the society, (who receive and expend what is contributed weekly) it was found needful to retrench the expences, the contributions not answering thereto. And it was accordingly agreed, to discharge two of the school-masters at Bristol; the present Fund being barely sufficient, to keep two masters and a mistress here, and one master and a mistress at Kingswood.

Monday 25, Having settled all the business on which I came, I set out early, and on Tuesday called at Windsor. I found here also a few, who have peace with God, and are full of love both to Him and to one another. In the evening I preached at the Foundry yet again, on *Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.*

Friday 29, I spent an hour with poor Mr. M——. His usual frown was vanished away. His look was clear, open, and composed. He listened to the word of reconciliation, with all possible marks of deep attention, though he was too weak to speak. Before I went, we commended him to the grace of God, in confidence that our prayer

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was heard: to whom at two in the morning he resigned his spirit, without any sigh or groan.

Tuesday, June 2, I spoke plainly to Mr. Piers, who told me he had been much shaken by the *Still Brethren*. But the snare is broken: I left him rejoicing in hope, and praising God for the consolation.

Thursday 4, I exhorted a crowded congregation, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain*. The same exhortation I enforced on the society (about 900 persons:) and by their fruits it doth appear that they begin to love one another, *not in word only, but in deed and in truth*.

Friday 5, Hearing that a deaf and dumb man near Marienborn, had procured a remarkable letter to be wrote into England, I asked James Hutton, if he knew of that letter? And what the purport of it was? He answered, "Yes: He had read the letter: but had quite forgot what it was about." I then asked Mr. V——, who replied, "The letter was short; but he did not remember the purport of it."

Sunday 7, I preached in Charles' Square, on, *The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live*. A violent storm of thunder and rain began about the middle of the sermon. But these things move not those who seek the Lord. So much the more was his power present to heal: insomuch that many of our hearts danced for joy, praising *the glorious God that maketh the thunder*.

Monday 8, I set out from Enfield Chace for Leicestershire. In the evening we came to Northampton: and the next afternoon to Mr. Ellis's at Markfield, five or six miles beyond Leicester.

For these two days, I had made an experiment, which I had been so often and earnestly pressed to do: "speaking to none concerning the things of God unless *my heart was free* to it. And what was the event? Why, 1, That I spoke to none at all, for fourscore miles together: No, not even to him that travelled with me in the chaise, unless a few words at first setting out: 2, That I had *no cross* either to bear or to take up, and commonly in an hour or two fell fast asleep: 3, That I had much respect shewn me, wherever I came, every one behaving to me, as to a civil, good-natured gentleman. O how pleasing is all this to flesh and blood! Need ye *compass sea and land*, to make proselytes to this!

Wednesday 10, I preached in the morning, on, *The inward kingdom of God*. And many, I trust, found they were Heathens in heart, and Christians in name only.

In the afternoon we came to J—— C——n's, about ten miles beyond Markfield, a plain, open hearted-man, desirous to know and do the will of God. I was a little surprised at what he said. "A few months since there was a great awakening all round us. But since Mr. S——came, three parts in four are fallen as fast asleep as ever. I spoke to him, of drawing people from the church, and advising them to leave off prayer. He said, "there was no Church of England left; and that there was no scripture for family-prayer, nor for praying in private at any particular times; which a believer need not do." I asked,

"what our Saviour then meant by saying, *Enter into thy closet and pray?*" He said, "O! that means, enter into the closet of your heart."

Between five and six we came to Ogbrook, where Mr. S——n then was. I asked Mr. Greaves what doctrine he taught here? He said, "The sum of all is this, 'If you will believe, be *still*. Do not pretend to *do good* (which you cannot do, until you believe) and leave off what you call the *means of grace*, such as prayer and running to Church and Sacrament."

About eight, Mr. Greaves offering me the use of his church, I explained the true Gospel-stillness: and in the morning, Thursday 11, to a large congregation, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.*

In the afternoon we went on to Nottingham, where Mr. Howe received us gladly. At eight the society met, as usual. I could not but observe, 1, That the room was not half full, which used, until very lately, to be crowded within and without. 2, That not one person who came in, used any prayer at all; but every one immediately sat down, and began either talking to his neighbour, or looking about to see who was there. 3, That when I began to pray, there appeared a general surprise, none once offering to kneel down, and those who stood, choosing the most easy, indolent posture which they conveniently could. I afterwards looked for one of our hymn books upon the desk, (which I knew Mr. Howe had brought from London (but both that and the bible were vanished away. And in the room lay, the Moravian hymns and the Count's sermons.

I expounded, (but with a heavy heart) *Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved;* and the next morning described (if haply some of the secure ones might awake from the sleep of death) the fruits of true faith, *righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

In the evening we came to Markfield again, where the church was quite full, while I explained, *All we like sheep have gone astray, and God hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*

Saturday 13, In the morning I preached on those words, *To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.* We then set out for Melbourn, where, finding the house too small to contain those who were come together, I stood under a large tree and declared *Him* whom *God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins.*

Thence I went to Hemmington: where also the house not being large enough to contain the people, they stood about the door and at both the windows, while I shewed, *What* we must *do to be saved.*

One of our company seemed a little offended when I had done, at "a vile fellow, notorious all over the country, for cursing, swearing, and drunkenness, though he was now grey-headed, being near fourscore years of age." He came to me, and catching me hold by the hands, said, "Whether thou art a good, or a bad man, I know not. But I know the words thou speakest are good. I never heard the like in all my life. O that God would set them home upon my poor soul!" He then burst into tears, so that he could speak no more.

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— Paul dismisses confidence in the works of the law not the Law.

Sunday 14, I rode to Nottingham again, and at eight preached at the market-place, to an immense multitude of people, on, *The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.* I saw only one or two who behaved lightly, whom I immediately spoke to, and they stood reproved. Yet soon after, a man behind me began aloud to contradict and blaspheme. But upon my turning to him, he stepped behind a pillar, and in a few minutes disappeared.

In the afternooon we returned to Markfield. The church was so excessive hot, being crowded in every corner, that I could not, without difficulty, read the evening service. Being afterwards informed, that abundance of people were still without, who could not possibly get into the church, I went out to them, and explained that great promise of our Lord, *I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely.* In the evening I expounded in the church, on her who *loved much, because she had much forgiven.*

Monday 15, I set out for London; and read over in the way, that celebrated book, Martin Luther's Comment on the Epistle to the Galatians. I was utterly ashamed. How have I esteemed this book, only because I had heard it so commended by others! Or, at best, because I had read some excellent sentences, occasionally quoted from it! But what shall I say, now I judge for myself? Now I see with my own eyes? Why, not only, that the Author makes nothing out, clears up not one considerable difficulty; that he is quite shallow in his remarks on many passages, and muddy and confused almost on all: but that he is deeply tinctured with Mysticism throughout, and hence often dangerously wrong. To instance only in one or two points. How does he (almost in the words of Tauler) decry *reason*, right or wrong, as an irreconcilable enemy to the Gospel of Christ! Whereas, what is *reason* (the Faculty so called) but the power of apprehending, judging, and discoursing? Which power is no more to be condemned in the gross, than seeing, hearing, or feeling. Again, how blasphemously does he speak of good works and of the law of God! Constantly coupling the law with sin, death, hell, or the devil! And teaching, that Christ *delivers us from* them all alike. Whereas it can no more be proved by Scripture, that Christ *delivers us from the law of God*, than that he delivers us *from holiness* or *from heaven.* Here (I apprehend) is the real spring of the grand error of the *Moravians.* They follow Luther, for better for worse. Hence their "No works, no law, no commandment." But who art thou that *speakest evil of the law, and judgest the law?*

Tuesday 16, In the evening I came to London, and preached on those words (Gal. v. 6.) *In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love.* After reading Luther's miserable comment upon the text, I thought it my bounden duty openly to warn the Congregation, against that dangerous Treatise, and to retract whatever recommendation I might ignorantly have given of it.

Wednesday 17, I set out, and rode slowly toward Oxford. But before I came to Wycombe my horse tired. There I hired another,

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which tired also before I came to Tetsworth. I hired a third here, and reached Oxford in the evening.

Thursday 18, I inquired concerning the exercises previous to the degree of Batchelor in Divinity, and advised with Mr. Gambol concerning the subject of my sermon before the University. But he seemed to think it of no moment: "for (said he) all here are so prejudiced, that they will mind nothing you say." I know not that. However: I am to deliver my own soul, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.

I found a great change among the poor people here. Out of twenty-five or thirty weekly communicants, only two were left. Not one continued to attend the daily prayers of the church. And those few that were once united together, were now torn asunder and scattered abroad.

Monday 22, The words on which my book opened at the society in the evening, were these; *Ye have forsaken my ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of Hosts.——Your words have been stout against me, saith the Lord. But ye say, wherein have ye spoken against Thee? Ye have said, it is vain, that we worship God. And, what profit is it, that we keep his ordinances?* Mal. iii.

Wednesday 24, I read over, and partly transcribed, Bishop Bull's *Harmonia Apostolica.* The position with which he sets out is this, "That *all good works*, and *not faith alone*, are the necessarily-previous *condition of justification*," or the forgiveness of our sins. But in the middle of the Treatise he asserts, "That *faith alone is the condition of justification;*" "For *faith*," says he, "referred to justification, *means all* inward and outward *good works.* In the latter end he affirms, "That there are *two justifications:* and that *only inward good works* necessarily precede the *former*, but both *inward and outward*, the *latter.*"

Saturday 27, I rode to London, and enforced in the evening, that solemn declaration of the great apostle, *Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid. Yea we establish the law.*

Sunday 28, I shewed in the morning at large, *Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty*; liberty from sin; liberty to be, to do, and to suffer, according to the written word. At five I preached at Charles'-Square, to the largest congregation, that, I believe, was ever seen there, on *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.* As soon as I had done, I quite lost my voice. But it was immediately restored, when I came to our little flock, with the blessing of the gospel of peace: and I spent an hour and a half in exhortation and prayer, without any hoarseness, faintness, or weariness.

Monday 29, I preached in the morning on, *Ye are saved through faith.* In the afternoon I expounded at Windsor, the story of the pharisee and publican. I spent the evening at Wycombe, and the next morning, Tuesday 30, returned to Oxford.

Thursday, July 2, I met Mr. Gambol again; who honestly told me, "he was ashamed of my company, and therefore must be ex-

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cused from going to the society with me." This is plain dealing at least!

Saturday 4, I had much talk with Mr. V——, who allowed, 1, That there are many (not one only) commands of God, both to believers and unbelievers: and, 2, That the Lord's Supper, the Scripture, and both public and private prayer, are God's ordinary means of conveying grace to man. But what will this private, confession avail, so long as the quite contrary is still declared in those sixteen Discourses, published to all the world, and never yet either corrected or retracted?

Monday 6, Looking for a book in our College library, I took down by mistake, the Works of Episcopius; which opening on an account of the Synod of Dort, I believed it might be useful to read it through. But what a scene is here disclosed! I wonder not at the heavy curse of God, which so soon after fell on our Church and Nation. What a pity it is, that the holy Synod of Trent, and that of Dort did not sit at the same time! Nearly allied as they were, not only as to the purity of doctrine, which each of them established, but also as to the spirit wherewith they acted! If the latter did not exceed.

Thursday 9, Being in the Bodleian Library, I lit on Mr. Calvin's account of the case of Michael Servetus; several of whose letters he occasionally inserts: wherein Servetus often declares in terms, "I believe the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God." Mr. Calvin, however, paints him such a monster as never was, an Arian, a blasphemer, and what not! besides strewing over him his flowers of dog, devil, swine, and so on: which are the usual appellations he gives to his opponents. But still he utterly denies his being the cause of Servetus's death. "No, says he: I only advised our magistrates, as having a right to restrain heretics by the sword, to seize upon and try that arch-heretic. But after he was condemned, I said not one word about his execution!"

Friday 10, I rode to London, and preached at Short's Gardens, on *the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.* Sunday 12, While I was shewing at Charles' Square, what it is *to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God*, a great shout began. Many of the rabble had brought an ox, which they were vehemently labouring to drive in among the people. But their labour was in vain; for in spite of them all, he ran round and round, one way and the other, and at length broke through the midst of them clear away, leaving us calmly rejoicing and praising God.

Monday 13, I returned to Oxford, and on Wednesday rode to Bristol. My brother, I found, was already gone to Wales. So that I came just in season; and that indeed, on another account also; for a spirit of enthusiasm was breaking in upon many, who charged their own imaginations on the *will of God*, and that not written, but impressed on their hearts. If these impressions be received as the rule of action, instead of the written word, I know nothing so wicked or absurd, but we may fall into, and that without remedy.

Friday 17, The school at Kingswood was thoroughly filled between eight and nine in the evening. I shewed them from the example of the

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Corinthians, what need we have to bear one with another, seeing we are not to expect *many fathers in Christ*, no, nor young men among us, as yet. We then poured out our souls in prayer and praise, and our Lord did not hide his face from us.

Sunday 19, After preaching twice at Bristol, and twice at Kingswood, I earnestly exhorted the society, to continue in the faith, *enduring hardship, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.* On Monday, (my brother being now returned from Wales) I rode back to Oxford.

Wednesday 22, At the repeated instance of some that were there, I went over to Abingdon. I preached on *What must I do to be saved?* Both the yard and house were full. But so stupid, senseless a people, both in a spiritual and natural sense, I scarce ever saw before. Yet God is able, of *these stones, to raise up children to Abraham.*

Friday 24, Several of our friends from London, and some from Kingswood and Bristol came to Oxford. Alas! How long shall they *come from the East, and from the West, and sit down in the kingdom of God*, while the children of the kingdom will not come in, but remain in utter darkness.

Saturday 25, It being my turn, (which comes, about once in three years) I preached at St. Mary's before the University. The harvest truly is plenteous. So numerous a congregation (from whatever motives they came) I have seldom seen at Oxford. My text was, the confession of poor Agrippa, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.—I have cast my bread upon the waters.* Let me *find it again after many days!*

In the afternoon I set out (having no time to spare) and on Sunday 26, preached at the Foundery on the *Liberty* we have *to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.*

Monday 27, Finding notice had been given, that I would preach in the evening at Hackney, I went thither, and openly declared those glad tidings, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* Many, we heard, had threatened terrible things. But no man opened his mouth. Perceive ye not yet, that *greater is he that is in us, than he that is in the world?*

Tuesday 28, I visited one that was going heavily and in fear through the valley of the shadow of death. But God heard the prayer, and soon lifted up the light of his countenance upon her. So that she immediately broke out into thanksgiving, and the next day, quietly fell asleep.

Friday 31, Hearing that one of our sisters (Jane Muncy) was ill, I went to see her. She was one of the first women-bands at Fetter-lane: and when the controversy concerning the *Means of Grace* began, stood in the gap, and contended earnestly for the ordinances once delivered to the saints. When soon after it was ordered, "That the unmarried men and women should have no conversation with each other," she again withstood to the face those who were *teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.* Nor could all the sophistry of those who are, without controversy, of all men living the wisest in their generation, induce her either to deny the faith she had receiv-

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ed, or to use less plainness of speech, or to be less zealous in recommending, and careful in practising good works. Insomuch, that many times when she had been employed in the labour of love till eight or nine in the evening, she then sat down and wrought with her hands till twelve or one in the morning: not that she wanted any thing herself, but that she might have to give to others for necessary uses.

From the time that she was made leader of one or two bands, she was more eminently a pattern to the flock: in self-denial of every kind, in openness of behaviour, in simplicity and godly sincerity, in steadfast faith, in constant attendance on all the public and all the private ordinances of God. And as she had *laboured* more than they all, so God now called her forth to suffer. She was seized at first with a violent fever, in the beginning of which they removed her to another house. Here she had a work to do which she knew not of. The master of the house was one who cared for none of these things. But he observed her, and was convinced. So that he then began to understand and lay to heart, the things that bring a man peace at the last.

In a few days the fever abated, or settled, as it seemed, into an inward imposthume; so that she could not breathe without violent pain, which increased day and night. When I came in, she stretched out her hand and said, "Art thou come, thou blessed of the Lord? Praised be the name of my Lord for this." I asked, "Do you faint, now you are chastened of Him?" She said, "O no, no, no. I faint not. I murmur not. I rejoice evermore." I said, "But can you in every thing give thanks?" She replied, "Yes, I do, I do." I said, "God will make all your bed in your sickness." She cried out, "He does, he does. I have nothing to desire. He is ever with me, and I have nothing to do but to praise him."

In the same state of mind though weaker and weaker in body, she continued until Tuesday following; when several of those who had been in her band being present, she fixed her eyes upon them, and fell into a kind of agonizing prayer, "That God would keep them from the evil one." But in the afternoon when I came, she was quite calm again, and all her words were prayer and praise. The same spirit she breathed, when Mr. Maxfield called the next day. And soon after he went, she slept in peace.——*A mother in Israel* hast thou been, and *thy works shall praise thee in the gates?*

Saturday, August 1, I had a long conversation with Mr. Ingham. We both agreed, 1, That none shall finally be saved, who have not, as they had an opportunity, done all good works; and, 2, That if a justified person does not do good, as he has opportunity, he will lose the grace he has received, and if he *repent* not *and do the former works*, will perish eternally. But with regard to the unjustified, (if I understand him) we wholly disagreed. He believed, it is not the will of God, that they should wait for faith in doing good. I believe this is the will of God, and that they will never find him, unless they seek Him in his way.

Sunday 2, I went, after having been long importuned by Dr. Deleznot, to the chapel, in Great Hermitage-street, Wapping. Mr. Meriton, (a clergyman from the Isle of Man) read prayers. I then

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preached on those words in the former lesson, *Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself? Because he hath humbled himself, I will not bring this evil in his days:* and took occasion thence to exhort all unbelievers to use the grace God had already given them, and in keeping his law, according to the power they now had, to wait for the faith of the Gospel.

Friday 7, The body of our sister Muncy being brought to Short's-Gardens, I preached on those words, *Write! From henceforth, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.* From thence we went with it to the grave, in St. Giles's church-yard, where I performed the last office, in the presence of such an innumerable multitude of people as I never saw gathered together before. O what a sight it will be when God saith to the grave, "Give back!" And all the dead, small and great, shall stand before him!

Wednesday 12, I visited one whom God is purifying in the fire, in answer to the prayers of his wife, whom he was just going to beat (which he frequently did) when God smote him in a moment, so that his hand dropped, and he fell down upon the ground, having no more strength than a new-born child. He has been confined to his bed ever since; but rejoices in hope of the glory of God.

Friday 14, Calling on a person near Grosvenor-square, I found there was but too much reason here for crying out of the increase of popery, many converts to it being continually made, by the gentleman who preaches in Swallow-Street, three days in every week. Now, why do not the champions, who are continually crying out, "Popery, Popery," in Moorfields, come hither, that they may not always be fighting, *as one that beateth the air?* Plainly, because they have no mind to fight at all; but to shew their valour without an opponent. And they well know, they may defy popery at the Foundery, without any danger of contradiction.

Wednesday 19, The scripture which came in turn to be expounded, was the 9th chapter to the Romans. I was then constrained to speak an hour longer than usual, and am persuaded most, if not all who were present, saw that this chapter has no more to do with personal, irrespective predestination, than the 9th of Genesis.

Thursday 20, A clergyman having sent me word, that if I would preach in the evening on the text he named, he would come to hear me, I preached on that text, Matt. xxiv. 26. And strongly enforced the caution of our Lord, to *beware of false prophets*, i. e. all preachers, who do not speak as the oracles of God.

Tuesday 25, I explained at Chelsea, the nature and necessity of the new birth. One who, I afterwards heard, was a dissenting teacher, asked me when I had done, *Quid est tibi nomen?* And on my not answering, turned in triumph to his companions, and said, "Ay, I told you, he did not understand Latin!"

Wednesday 26, I was informed of a remarkable conversation, at which one of our sisters was present a day or two before: wherein a gentleman was assuring his friends, "that he himself was in Charles'-Square, when a person told Mr. Wesley to his face, that he (Mr.

Wesley) had paid twenty pounds already, on being convicted for selling Geneva, and that he now kept two popish priests in his house." This gave occasion to another to mention what he had himself heard, at an eminent dissenting teacher's, viz. "That it was beyond dispute, Mr. Wesley had large remittances from Spain, in order to make a party among the poor: and that as soon as the Spaniards landed, he was to join them with twenty thousand men."

Monday 31, I began my course of preaching on the Common Prayer. Tuesday, September 1, I read over Mr. Whitefield's account of God's dealings with his soul. Great part of this I know to be true. *O let not mercy and truth forsake thee! Bind them about thy neck! Write them upon the table of thy heart!*

Thursday 3, James Hutton having sent me word, that Count Zinzendorf would meet me at three in the afternoon, I went at that time to Gray's Inn Walks. The most material part of our conversation, (which I dare not conceal) was as follows:

Z. Cur religionem tuam mutasti?

W. Nescio me religionem meam mutasse. Cur id sentis? Quis hoc tibi retulit?

Z. Plane tu. Id ex epistola tua ad nos video. Ibi, religione, quam apud nos professus es, relicta, novam profiteris.

W. Qui sic? Non intelligo.

Z. Imo, istic dicis, vere Christianos non esse miseros peccatores. Falsissimum. Optimi hominum ad mortem usque miserabillissimi sunt peccatores. Siqui aliud dicunt, vel penitus impostores sunt, vel diabolice seducti. Nostros fratres meliora docentes impugnasti. Et pacem volentibus, eam denegasti.

W. Nondum intelligo quid velis.

Z. *W.* Ego, cum ex Georgia ad me scripsisti, te dilexi plurimum. Tum corde simplicem te agnovi. Iterum scripsisti. Agnovi corde simplicem, sed turbatis ideis. Ad nos venisti. Ideæ tuæ tum magis turbatæ erant et confusæ. In Angliam rediisti. Aliquandiu post, audivi fratres nostros tecum pugnare. Spangenbergium misi ad pacem inter vos conciliandam. Scripsit mihi, Fratres tibi injuriam intulisse. Rescripsi, ne pergerent, sed et veniam a te peterent. Spangenberg scripsit iterum, eos petiisse: sed te gloriari de iis, pacem nolle. Jam adveniens, idem audio.

W. Res in eo cardine minime vertitur. Fratres tui (verum hoc) me male tractarunt. Postea veniam petierunt. Respondi, id supervacaneum; me nunquam iis succensuisse: sed vereri, 1. Ne falsa docerent, 2. Ne prave viverent.

Ista unica est, et fuit, inter nos quæstio.

Z. Apertius loquaris.

W. Veritus sum, ne falsa docerent, 1. De fine fidei nostræ (in hac vita) scil. Christiana perfectione, 2. De mediis gratiæ, sic ab ecclesia nostra dictis.

Z. Nullam inhærentem perfectionem in hac vita agnosco. Est hic error errorum. Eum per totum orbem igne et gladio persequor, conculco, ad internecionem do. Christus est sola perfectio nostra. Qui perfectionem inhærentem sequitur, Christum denegat.

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W. Ego vero credo, Spiritum Christi operari perfectionem in vere Christianis.

Z. Nullimodo. Omnis nostra perfectio est in Christo. Omnis Christiana perfectio est, fides in sanguine Christi. Est tota Christiana perfectio, imputata, non inhærens. Perfecti sumus in Christo, in nobismet nunquam perfecti.

W. Pugnamus, opinor, de verbis. Nonne omnis vere credens sanctus est?

Z. Maxime. Sed sanctus in Christo, non in se.

W. Sed, nonne sancte vivit?

Z. Imo, sancte in omnibus vivit.

W. Nonne, et cor sanctum habet?

Z. Certissime.

W. Nonne, ex consequenti, sanctus est *in se?*

Z. Non, non. In Christo tantum. Non sanctus *in se* Nullam omnino habet sanctitatem *in se.*

W. Nonne habet in corde suo amorem Dei & proximi, quin & totam imaginem Dei?

Z. Habet. Sed hæc sunt sanctitas legalis, non evangelica. Sanctitas evangelica est fides.

W. Omnino lis est de verbis. Concedis, credentis cor totum esse sanctum & vitam totam: eum amare deum toto corde, eique servire totis viribus. Nihil ultra peto. Nilaliud volo per perfectio vel sanctitas Christiani.

Z. Sed hæc non est sanctitas ejus. Non magis sanctus est, si magis amat, neque minus sanctus, si minus amat.

W. Quid? Nonne credens, dum crescit in amore, crescit pariter in sanctitate?

Z. Nequaquam. Eo momento quo justificature, sanctificature penitus. Exin, neque magis sanctus est, neque minus sanctus, ad mortem usque.

W. Nonne igitur pater in Christo sanctior est infante recens nato?

Z. Non. Sanctificatio totalis ac Justificatio in eodem sunt instanti; & neutra recipit magis aut minus.

W. Nonne vero credens crescit indies amore Dei? Num perfectus est amore simulac justificature?

Z. Est. Non unquam crescit in amore Dei. Totaliter amet eo momento, sicut totaliter sanctificatur.

W. Quid itaque vult apostolus Paulus, per renovamur de die in diem?

Z. Dicam. Plumbum si in aurum mutetur, est aurum primo die & secundo & tertio. Et sic renovatur de die in diem. Sed nunquam est magis aurum, quam primo die.

W. Putavi, crescendum esse in gratia!

Z. Certe. Sed non in sanctitate. Simulac justificatur quis, Pater, Filius & Spiritus sanctus habitant in ipsius corde. Et cor ejus eo momento æque purum est ac unquam erit. Infans in Christo tam purus corde est quam pater in Christo. Nulla est discrepantia.

W. Nonne justificati erant apostoli ante Christi mortem?

Z. Erant.

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W. Nonne vero sanctiores erant post diem Pentecostes, quam ante Christi mortem?

Z. Neutiquam.

W. Nonne eo die impleti sunt spiritu sancto?

Z. Sunt. Sed istud donum Spiritus, sanctitatem ipsorum non respexit. Fuit donum miraculorum tantum.

W. Fortasse te non capio. Nonne nos ipsos abnegantes, magis magisque mundo morimur, ac Deo vivimus?

Z. Abnegationem omnem respuimus; conculcamus. Facimus credentes omne quod volumus & nihil ultra. Mortificationem omnem ridemus. Nulla purificatio præcedit perfectum amorem.

W. Quæ dixisti, Deo adjuvante, perpendam.

The letter referred to by the Count was written August 8, preceding. It was as follows, excepting two or three paragraphs, which I have omitted as less material.

JOHN WESLEY, *a Presbyter of the Church of* GOD *in England, to the Church of* GOD *at Hernhuth, in Upper-Lusatia.*

1. IT may seem strange, that such an one as I am should take upon me to write to you. You, I believe to be *dear children of God, through faith which is in Jesus.* Me you believe (as some of you have declared) to be *a child of the devil, a servant of corruption.* Yet whatsoever I am, or whatsoever you are, I beseech you to weigh the following words: if haply God, who *sendeth by whom he will send,* may give you light thereby; although *the mist of darkness* (as one of your affirms) should be reserved for me for ever.

2. My design is, freely and plainly to speak whatsoever I have seen or heard among you, in any part of your church, which seems not agreeable to the Gospel of Christ. And my hope is, that the God whom you serve will give you throughly to weigh what is spoken; and if in any thing *ye have been otherwise minded than the truth is, will reveal even this unto you.*

3. And first, with regard to christian salvation, even the present salvation which is through faith, I have heard some of you affirm, 1. That it does not imply the proper taking away our sins, the cleansing our souls from all sin, but only the tearing the system of sin in pieces. 2. That it does not imply liberty from evil thoughts, neither from wanderings in prayer.

4. I have heard some of you affirm, on the other hand, 1, That it does imply liberty from the commandments of God, so that one who is saved through faith, is not obliged or bound to obey them, does not do any thing as a commandment, or as a duty. To support which they have affirmed, that there is* no command in the New Testament

* In an answer to this letter, which I received some weeks after, this is explained as follows: "All things which are a commandment to the natural man, are a promise to all that have been justified. The thing itself is not lost, but the notion, which people are wont to have of commandments, duties, &c."

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but to believe; that there is no duty required therein, but that of believing, and that to a believer there is no commandment at all. 2, That it does imply liberty to conform to the world,† by talking on useless, if not trifling subjects, by joining in wordly diversions in order to do good, by‡ putting on of gold and costly apparel, or by continuing in those professions, the gain of which depends on ministering hereto. 3, That it does imply liberty to avoid persecution, by * not reproving even those who sin in your sight; by not letting your light shine before those men, who love darkness rather than light; by not using plainness of speech, and a frank, open carriage to all men. Nay, by a close, dark, reserved conversation and behaviour, especially towards strangers. And in many of you I have more than once found (what you called, being wise as serpents) much subtlety much evasion and disguise, much guile and dissimulation. You appeared to be what you were not, or not to be what you were. You so studied *to become all things to all men*, as to take the colour and shape of any that were near you. So that your practice was indeed no proof of your judgment; but only an indication of your design, *nulli lædere as;* and of your conformity to that (not scriptural) maxim *sinere mundum vadere ut vult : nam vult vadere.*

5. Secondly, with regard to that faith through which we are saved, I have heard many of you say, "A man may have justifying faith and not know it." Others of you, who are now in England, (particularly Mr. Molther) I have heard affirm†, that there is no such a thing as weak faith; that there are no degrees in faith; that there is no justifying faith, where there is ever any doubt; that there is no justifying faith, without the plerophory of faith, the clear, abiding witness of the Spirit: that there is no justifying faith, where there is not, in the

I reply, 1, If this be all you mean, why do you not say so, explicitly to all men? 2, Whether this be all, let any reasonable man judge, when he has read what is here subjoined.

† The brethren answer to this, "We believe it much better to discourse out of newspapers, than to chatter about holy things to no purpose." Perhaps so. But what is this to the point? I believe both the one and the other to be useless, and therefore an abomination to the Lord.

This objection then stands in full force, the fact alleged being rather defended than denied.

The joining in wordly diversions in order to do good, (another charge which cannot be denied) I think would admit of the same defence, viz. That "there are other things as bad."

‡ "We wear, (say the brethren) neither gold nor silver." You forget. I have seen it with my eyes. "But we judge nobody that does." How! Then you must judge both St. Peter and St. Paul false witnesses before God. "And because those professions that minister thereto [to sin, to what God has flatly forbidden] relate to trade, and trade is a thing relating to the magistrate, we therefore let all these things alone, entirely suspending our judgment concerning them."

What miserable work is here? Because trade relates to the magistrate, am I not to consider, whether my trade be innocent or sinful? Then, the keeper of a Venetian brothel is clear. The magistrate shall answer to him for God!

*This fact also you grant, and defend thus. "The power of reproving relates either to outward things or to the heart. No body has any right to the former but the magistrate." (Alas! alas! what casuistry is this!) "And if one will speak to the heart, he must be first sure that the Saviour has already got hold of it." What then must become of all other men? O how pleasing is all this to flesh and blood!

† In the preface to the second Journal, the Moravian Church is cleared from this mistake.

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full, proper sense, a new or clean heart: and, that those who have not these two gifts, are only awakened, not justified.

6. Thirdly, as to the way to faith, here are many among us, whom your brethren have advised (what it is not to be supposed they would as yet speak to me, or in their public preaching)* not to use those ordinances which our church terms *means of grace*, till they have such a faith, as implies a clean heart, and excludes all possibility of doubting. They have advised them, till then, not to search the Scriptures, not to pray, not to communicate: and have often affirmed, that to do these things, is seeking salvation by works; and that till these works are laid aside, no man can receive faith; for "no man (say they) can do these things, without trusting in them. If he do not trust in them, why does he do them?"

7. To those who answered, It is our duty to use the ordinances of God; they replied, "There are no ordinances of Christ, the use of which is now bound upon Christians as a duty, or which we are commanded to use. As to those you mention in particular, (viz. prayer, communicating, and searching the Scripture:) if a man have faith, he need not; if he have not, he must not use them. A believer may use them, though not as enjoined; but an unbeliever (as before defined) may not."

8. To those who answered, "I hope God will, through these means, convey his grace to my soul;" they replied, "There is no such thing as means of grace; Christ has not ordained any such in his church. But if there were, they are nothing to you; for you are dead. You have no faith. And you cannot work, while you are dead. Therefore let these things alone, till you have faith."

9. And some of our English brethren, who are joined with yours, have said openly, "You will never have faith till you leave running about to church and sacrament, and societies." Another of them has said (in his public expounding), "As many go to hell by praying as by thieving." Another, "I knew one, who leaning over the back of a chair, received a great gift. But he must kneel down to give God thanks, so he lost it immediately. And I know not whether he will ever have it again." And yet another, "You have lost your first joy. Therefore you pray. That is the devil. You read the Bible. That Is the devil. You communicate. That is the devil."

10. Let not any of you, my brethren, say, "We are not chargeable with what they speak." Indeed you are. For you can hinder it, if you will. Therefore, If you do not, it must be charged upon you. If you do not use the power which is in your hands, and thereby prevent their speaking thus, you do, in effect, speak thus yourselves. You make their words your own. And are accordingly chargeable with every ill consequence which may flow therefrom.

* The substance of the answer to this and the following paragraph is, 1, That "none ought to communicate till he has faith, i. e. a sure trust in the mercy of God through Christ." This is granting the charge. 2, That "if the Methodists hold this sacrament is a mean of getting faith, they must act according to their persuasion." We do hold it, and know it to be so, to many of those who are previously convinced of sin.

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11. Fourthly, with regard to your church*, you greatly, yea, above measure, exalt yourselves and despise others.

I have scarce heard one Moravian brother in my life own his church to be wrong in any thing.

I have scarce heard any of you (I think not one in England) own himself to be wrong in any thing.

Many of you I have heard speak of your church, as if it were infallible; or, so led by the Spirit, that it was not possible for it to err in any thing.

Some of you have set it up (as indeed you ought to do, if it be infallible) as the Judge of all the earth, of all persons (as well as doctrines) therein: and you have accordingly past sentence upon them at once, by their agreement or disagreement with your church.

Some of you have said, That there is no true church on earth but yours; yea, that there are no true Christians out of it. And your own members you require to have implicit faith in her decisions, and to pay implicit obedience to her directions.

12. Fifthly, You receive not the Ancients, but the modern mystics, as the best interpreters of Scripture: and in conformity to these, you mix much of man's wisdom with the wisdom of God: you greatly refine the plain religion taught by the letter of the Holy Writ, and philosophize on almost every part of it, to accommodate it to the mystic theory. Hence you talk much, in a manner wholly unsupported by Scripture, against mixing nature with grace, against imagination, and concerning the animal spirits, mimicking the power of the Holy Ghost. Hence your brethren zealously caution us against animal joy, against natural love of one another, and against selfish love of God, against which (or any of them) there is no one caution in all the Bible. And they have, in truth, greatly lessened, and had will nigh destroyed brotherly love from among us.

13. In conformity to the *Mystics*, you likewise greatly check joy in the Holy Ghost, by such cautions against sensible comforts, as have no tittle of Scripture to support them. Hence also your brethren here damp the zeal of babes in Christ, talking much of false zeal, forbidding them to declare what God hath done for their souls, even when their hearts burn within them to declare it, and comparing those to uncorked bottles, who simply and artlessly speak, of the ability which God giveth.

14. Hence, lastly, it is, that you undervalue good works, (especially works of outward mercy,) never publickly insisting on the necessity

* "A religion (you say) and a church, are not all one. A religion is an assembly wherein the Holy Scriptures are taught after a prescribed rule." This is too narrow a definition. For there are many Pagan (as well as a Mahometan) religion. Rather, a religion is, A method of worshipping God, whether in a right or a wrong manner.

"The Lord has such a peculiar hand in the several constitutions of religion, that one ought to respect every one of them." I cannot possibly: I cannot respect, either the Jewish (as it is now) or the Romish religion. You add,

"A church (I will not examine, whether there are any in this present age, or whether there is no other beside ours) is, a congregation of sinners who have obtained forgiveness of sins. That such a congregation should be in an error, cannot easily happen."

I find no reason, therefore, to retract any thing which is advanced on this or any of the following heads.

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of them, nor declaring their weight and excellency. Hence, when some of your brethren have spoken of them, they put them on a wrong foot, viz. "*If you find yourself moved*, if your heart be *free* to it, then reprove, exhort, relieve." By this mean you wholly avoid the taking up your cross, in order to do good; and also substitute an uncertain, precarious, inward motion, in the place of the plain written word. Nay, one of your members has said of good works in general (whether works of piety or of charity) "A believer is no more obliged to do these works of the law, than a subject of the king of England is obliged to obey the laws of the king of France."

15. My brethren, whether ye will hear, or whether ye will forbear, I have now delivered my own soul. And this I have chosen to do in an artless manner, that if any thing should come home to your hearts, the effect might evidently flow not from the wisdom of man, but from the power of God.

August 8, 1740.

Thus have I declared, and in the plainest manner I can, the real controversy between us and the Moravian Brethren: an unpleasing task, which I have delayed, at least, as long as I could with a clear conscience. But I am constrained at length nakedly to speak the thing as it is, that I may not hinder the work of God.

I am very sensible of the objection which has so often been made, viz. "You are inconsistent with yourself. You did tenderly love, highly esteem and zealously recommend these very men. And now you do not love or esteem them at all. You not only do not recommend them, but are bitter against them: nay, and rail at them, before all the world."

This is partly true, and partly false. That the whole case may be better understood, it will be needful to give a short account of what has occurred between us from the beginning.

My first acquaintance with the Moravian brethren began in my voyage to Georgia. Being then with many of them in the same ship, I narrowly observed their whole behaviour. And I greatly approved of all I saw. Therefore I unbosomed myself to them without reserve.

From February 14, 1735, to Dec. 2, 1737, being with them (except when I went to Frederica or Carolina) twice or thrice every day, I loved and esteemed them more and more. Yet a few things I could not approve of. These I mentioned to them from time to time, and then commended the cause to God.

In February following I met with Peter Bohler. My heart clave to him as soon as he spoke. And the more we conversed, so much the more did I esteem both him and all the Moravian church. So that I had no rest in my spirit until I executed the design, which I had formed long before: until, after a short stay in Holland, I hastened forward, first to Marienborn, and then to Hernhuth.

In September, 1738, soon after my return to England, I began the following letter to the Moravian church. But being fearful of trust-

ing my own judgment I determined to wait yet a little longer, and so laid it by unfinished.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN,

"I cannot but rejoice in your steadfast faith, in your love to our blessed Redeemer, your deadness to the world; your meekness, temperance, chastity, and love of one another. I greatly approve of your conferences and bands; of your method of instructing children; and, in general, of your great care of the souls committed to your charge.

But of some other things I stand in doubt, which I will mention in love and meekness. And I wish that, in order to remove those doubts, you would on each of those heads, first, plainly answer, whether the fact be as I suppose; and, if so, secondly, consider whether it be right.

Do you not wholly neglect joint fasting?

Is not the Count all in all? Are not the rest mere shadows? Calling him *Rabbi?* Almost implicitly both believing and obeying him?

Is there not something of levity in your behaviour? Are you, in general, serious enough?

Are you zealous and watchful to redeem time? Do you not some times fall into trifling conversation?

Do you not magnify your own Church too much?

Do you believe any who are not of it, to be in Gospel liberty?

Are you not straitened in your love? Do you love your enemies and wicked men as yourselves?

Do you not mix human wisdom with divine? Joining worldly prudence to heavenly?

Do you not use cunning, guile, or dissimulation, in many cases?

Are you not of a close, dark, reserved temper and behaviour?

Is not the spirit of secresy the spirit of your communion?

Have you that childlike openness, frankness, and plainness, of speech, so manifest to all in the Apostles and first Christians?"

It may easily be seen, that my objections then, were nearly the same as now. Yet I cannot say my affection was lessened at all, until after September, 1739, when certain men among us began to trouble their brethren, and *subvert their souls.* However, I cleared the Moravians still, and laid the whole blame on our English brethren.

But from November the first, I could not but see (unwilling as I was to see them) more and more things which I could in no wise reconcile with the Gospel of Christ. And these I have set down with all simplicity, as they occurred in order of time: believing myself indispensably obliged so to do, both in duty to God and man.

Yet do I this because I love them not? God knoweth; yea and in part I esteem them still: because I verily believe, they have a sincere desire to serve God; because many of them have tasted of his love, and some retain it in simplicity; because they love one another; because they have so much of the truth of the Gospel, and so far abstain from outward sin; and, lastly, because their discipline is, in most respects, so truly excellent.

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"But why then are you bitter against them?" I do not know that I am. Let the impartial reader judge. And if any bitter word has escaped my notice, I here utterly retract it. "But do not you rail at them?" I hope not. God forbid that I should rail at a Turk, Infidel, or Heretic. To one who advanced the most dangerous errors, I durst say no more than, *The Lord rebuke thee!* But I would point out what those errors were: and, I trust, in the spirit of meekness.

In this spirit, my brethren, I have read and endeavoured to consider, all the books you have published in England, that I might inform myself, whether on farther consideration, you had retracted the errors which were advanced before. But it does by no means appear that you have retracted any of them: for waving the odd and affected phrases therein, the weak mean, silly, childish expressions; the crude, confused, and indigested notions, the whims, unsupported either by Scripture or sound reason: yea, waving these assertions, which, though contrary to Scripture and matter of fact, are however of no importance: those three grand errors run through almost all those books, viz. *Universal Salvation*, *Antinomianism*, and a kind of new-reformed *Quietism!*

1. Can *Universal Salvation* be more explicitly asserted, than it is in these words:

"By this his Name, *All* can and *shall* obtain life and salvation." *Sixteen Discourses*, p. 30. This *must* include all *men*, at least; and may include all *devils* too.

Again; "The name of the wicked will not be so much as mentioned on the Great Day." *Seven Discourses*, p. 22. And if they are not so much as mentioned, they cannot be condemned.

2. How can* *Antinomianism*, i. e. *making void the law through faith*, be more expressly taught than it is in these words.

"To believe certainly, that Christ suffered death for us—This is the true means to be saved at once:"

"We want no more. For the History of Jesus, coming into the world, is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: the bare historical knowledge of this." *Sixteen Disc.* p. 57.

"There is but one duty, which is that of believing."

Ibid. p. 193.

"From any demand of the law, no man is obliged now, to go one step, to give away one farthing, to eat or omit one morsel."

Seven Disc. p. 11.

"What did our Lord do with the law? He abolished it."

Ibid. p. 33.

"Here one may think, this is a fine sort of Christianity, where nothing good is commanded, and nothing bad is forbid. But thus it is." *Ibid.* p. 34.

"So one ought to speak now. All commands and prohibitions are unfit for our times." *Ibid*

3. Is not the very essence of *Quietism* (though in a new shape) contained in these words:

* N. B. I speak of Antinomian doctrine, abstracted from practice good or bad.

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"The whole matter lies in this, that we should *suffer ourselves to be relieved.*" *Sixteen Disc.* p. 17.

"One must *do nothing*, but *quietly attend* the voice of the Lord." *Ibid.* p. 29.

"To tell men who have not experienced the power of grace, what they should do, and how they ought to behave, is as if you should send a lame man upon an errand." *Ibid.* p. 70.

"The beginning is not to be made with doing what our Saviour has commanded. For whosoever will begin with doing, when he is dead, he can do nothing at all: but whatever he doth *in his own activity*, is but a cobweb, *i. e.* good for nothing." *Ibid.* p. 72, 81.

"As soon as we *remain passive* before him as the wood which a table is to be made from, then something comes of us." *Seven Disc.* p. 22.

O my brethren, let me conjure you yet again, in the name of our common Lord, *if there be any consolation of love, if any bowels and mercies*, remove *the fly* out of *the pot of ointment*, separate *the precious from the vile!* Review, I beseech you, your whole work, and see if Satan hath gained no advantage over you. *Very excellent things* have been *spoken of thee, O thou City of God.* But may not *He who hath the sharp sword with two edges*, say, Yet *I have a few things against thee.* O that ye would *repent* of these, that ye might be *a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing!*

Three things above all permit me, even me, to press upon you, with all the earnestness of love. First, with regard to your doctrine, that ye purge out from among you, the leaven of *Antinomianism*, wherewith you are so deeply infected, and no longer *make void the law through faith*: Secondly, with regard to your discipline, that ye *call no man, Rabbi, Master*, Lord of your faith, *upon earth.* Subordination, I know, is needful, and I can shew you such a subordination, as in fact answers all Christian purposes: and is yet as widely distant from that among you, as the heavens are from the earth. Thirdly, with regard to your practice, that ye renounce all craft, cunning, subtlety, dissimulation; *wisdom*, falsely so called; that ye put away all disguise, all guile out of your mouth: that in all *simplicity and godly sincerity*, ye *have your conversation in this world;* That ye use *great plainness of speech* to all, whatever ye suffer thereby; seeking only, *by manifestation of the truth*, to *commend* yourselves *to every man's conscience in the sight of God.*

June 24, 1741.

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AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. V.

FROM SEPTEMBER 6, 1741, TO OCTOBER 27, 1743.

SUNDAY, Sept. 6, 1741, observing some, who were beginning to *use their liberty as a cloak for* licentiousness, I enforced in the morning those words of St. Paul, (worthy to be written in the heart of every believer) *All things are lawful for me; but all things are not expedient.* And in the evening that necessary advice of our Lord, *That men ought always to pray, and not to faint.*

Monday 7, I visited a young man in St. Thomas's Hospital, who in strong pain, was praising God continually. At the desire of many of the patients, I spent a short time with them, in exhortation and prayer. O what a harvest might there be, if any lover of souls, who has time upon his hands, would constantly attend these places of distress, and with tenderness and meekness of wisdom, instruct and exhort those on whom God has laid his hands, to know and improve the day of their visitation!

Wednesday 9, I expounded in Greyhound-lane, Whitechapel, part of the 107th Psalm. And they did *rejoice whom the Lord had redeemed and delivered from the hand of the enemy.*

Saturday 12, I was greatly comforted by one, whom God had lifted up from the gates of death, and who was continually telling, with tears of joy, what God had done for his soul. Sunday 18, I met about two hundred persons, with whom severally I had talked the week before, at the French chapel, in Hermitage-street, Wapping, where they gladly joined in the service of the Church: and particularly, in the Lord's Supper.

Friday 18, I buried the only child of a tender parent, who having soon finished her course, after a short sickness went to Him her soul loved, in the fifteenth year of her age.

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Sunday 20, I preached in Charles's-square, Hoxton, on these awful words, *This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.* I trust, God blessed his word. The scoffers stood abashed, and opened not their mouths.

Monday 21, I set out, and the next evening met my brother at Bristol, with Mr. Jones, of Fonmon-Castle in Wales: now convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus, and labouring with his might, to *redeem the time* he had lost, to *make his calling sure, and to lay hold on eternal life.*

Thursday 24, In the evening we went to Kingswood. The house was filled from end to end. And we continued in ministering the word of God, and in prayer and praise until the morning.

Sunday 27, I expounded at Kingswood (morning and afternoon) at Bristol and at Baptist-Mills, the message of God to the Church of Ephesus: particularly, that way of recovering our first love, which God hath prescribed and not man: *Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works.*

Tuesday 29, I was pressed to visit Nicholas Palmer, one who had separated from us, and behaved with great bitterness, until God laid his hand upon him. He had sent for me several times, saying, "He could not die in peace until he had seen me." I found him in great weakness of body and heaviness of spirit. We wrestled with God on his behalf. And our labour was not in vain. His soul was comforted; and a few hours after, he quietly fell asleep.

Thursday, October 1, We set out for Wales. But missing our passage over the Severn in the morning, it was sun-set before we could get to Newport. We inquired there, if we could hire a guide to Cardiff. But there was none to be had. A lad coming in quickly after, who was going, he said to Lanissan, a little village two miles to the right of Cardiff, we resolved to go thither. At seven we set out. It rained pretty fast, and there being neither moon nor stars, we could neither see any road nor one another, nor our own horses heads. But the promise of God did not fail. He gave his angels charge over us. And soon after ten we came safe to Mr. William's house at Lanissan.

Friday 2, We rode to Fonmon-Castle. We found Mr. Jones's daughter ill of the small pox. But he could cheerfully leave her and all the rest, in the hands of Him in whom he now believed. In the evening I preached at Cardiff, in the Shire-hall, a large and convenient place, on *God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.* There having been a feast in the town that day, I believed it needful to add a few words upon Intemperance. And while I was saying, "As for you drunkards, you have no part in *this* life: you abide in death; you choose death and hell:" A man cried out vehemently, "I am one: and thither I am going." But I trust God, at that hour, began to shew him and others, a more excellent way.

Saturday 3, About noon we came to Ponty-pool. A clergyman stopped me in the first street; and a few more found me out soon after, whose love I did not find to be cooled at all, by the bitter adversaries who had been among them. True pains had been taken to set them against my brother and me, by men who *know not what man-*

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ner of spirit they are of. But instead of disputing, we betook ourselves to prayer. And all our hearts were knit together as at the first.

In the afternoon we came to Abergavenny. Those who are bitter of spirit had been here also. Yet Mrs. James (now Mrs. Whitefield) received us gladly as she had done aforetime. But we could not procure even two or three to join with us in the evening beside those of her own household. Sunday 4, I had an unexpected opportunity of receiving the Holy Communion. In the afternoon we had a plain, useful sermon, on the *Pharisee and the Publican praying in the temple:* which I explained at large in the evening, to the best dressed congregation I have ever yet seen in Wales. Two persons came to me afterwards, who were (it seemed) convinced of sin and groaning for deliverance.

Monday 5, I preached in the morning at Ponty-pool, to a small, but deeply attentive congregation. Mr. Price conducted us from hence to his house at Waterford. After resting here an hour, we hastened on and came to Fonmon, where I explained and enforced those words, *What must I do to be saved?* Many seemed quite amazed, while I shewed them the nature of salvation, and the gospel-way of attaining it.

Tuesday 6, I read prayers and preached at Porth-kerry church. My next text was, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* In the evening at Cardiff I expounded Zechariah iv. 7. *Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.* The next morning we set out, and in the evening praised God, with our brethren, in Bristol.

Thursday 8, I dined with C——T——, greatly praising God for having done his own wise and holy will, in taking away the desire of his eyes: in the evening I preached on *Looking unto Jesus.* And many were filled with consolation.

Friday 9, The same spirit helped our infirmities at the hour of Intercession: and again at Kingswood in the evening. I was just laid down, when one came and told me, Howel Harris desired to speak with me at Bristol, being just come from London, and having appointed to set out for Wales at three in the morning. I went, and found him with Mr. Humphreys and Mr. S——. They immediately fell upon their favourite subject: on which when we had disputed two hours, and were just where we were at first, I begged we might exchange controversy for prayer. We did so, and then parted in much love, about two in the morning.

Saturday 10, His journey being deferred till Monday, H. Harris came to me at the New Room. He said, "As to the decree of reprobation, he renounced and utterly abhorred it. And as to the not falling from grace, 1, He believed, That it ought not to be mentioned to the unjustified, or to any that were slack and careless, much less that lived in sin, but only to the earnest and disconsolate mourners. 2, He did himself believe, it was possible for one to fall away, who had been enlightened with some knowledge of God, who had *tasted of the heavenly gift,* and *been made a partaker of the Holy Ghost:*

and wished we could all agree, to keep close, in the controverted points, to the very words of the Holy Writ: 3, That he accounted no man so justified as not to fall, till he had a thorough, abiding hatred to all sin, and a continual hunger and thirst after all righteousness." Blessed be thou of the Lord, thou man of peace! Still follow after peace and holiness.

Thursday 15, I was preparing for another journey to Wales, which I had designed to begin on Friday, when I received a message from H. Harris, desiring me to set out immediately, and meet him near the New Passage: I accordingly set out at noon; but being obliged to wait at the water-side, did not reach Will-Creek, the place he had appointed for our meeting, till an hour or two after night. But this was soon enough. For he had not been there. Nor could we hear any thing of him. So we went back to Mather, and thence in the morning, to Lanmartin, a village two miles off, where we heard Mr. Daniel Rowlands was to be, whom accordingly we found there. Evil surmisings presently vanished away, and our hearts were knit together in love. We rode together to Machan (five miles beyond Newport) which we reached about twelve o'clock. In an hour after, H. Harris came, and many of his friends from distant parts. We had no dispute of any kind, but the spirit of peace and love was in the midst of us. At three we went to church. There was a vast congregation, though at only a few hours warning. After prayers, I preached first on those words in the second lesson, *The life which I now live, I live by faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.* Mr. Rowlands then preached in Welch, on Matt. xxviii. 8, *Fear ye not; for ye seek Him that was crucified.*

We rode afterwards to St. Bride's in the Moors, where Mr. Rowlands preached again. Here we were met by Mr. Humphreys and Thomas Bissicks, of Kingswood. About eleven a few of us retired, in order to provoke one another to love and to good works. But T. Bissicks immediately introduced the dispute, and others seconded him. This H. Harris and Mr. Rowlands strongly withstood; but finding it profited nothing, Mr. Rowlands soon withdrew. H. Harris kept them at bay, till about one o'clock in the morning. I then left them and Capt. T—— together: about three they left off just where they began.

Saturday 17, Going to a neighbouring house, I found Mr. H. and T. Bissicks, tearing open the sore with all their might. On my coming in all was hushed. But Mrs. James of Abergavenny (a woman of candour and humanity) insisted, That "those thing should be said to my face." There followed a lame piece of work. But although the accusations brought were easily answered, yet I found they left a soreness on many spirits. When H. Harris heard of what had past, he hasted to stand in the gap once more, and with tears besought them all, "To follow after the things that make for peace." And God blessed the healing words which he spoke, so that we parted in much love, being all determined to let controversy alone, and to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

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I preached at Cardiff at three, and about five set out thence for Fonmon-Castle. Notwithstanding the great darkness of the night, and our being unacquainted with the road, before eight we came safe to the congregation, which had been some time waiting for us. I preached on our Lord's words to the rich young man, *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.* Blessed be God, that we have a better covenant, established upon better promises.

Sunday 18, I rode to Wenvo. The church was thoroughly filled with attentive hearers, while I preached on those words, *whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.* In the afternoon I read prayers and preached at Porth-kerry; in the evening there was a great concourse of people at the castle to whom I strongly declared the hope of righteousness which is through faith.

Monday 19, I preached once more at Porth-kerry, and in the afternoon returned to Cardiff, and explained to a large congregation, *When they had nothing to pay, He frankly forgave them both.*

Tuesday 20, At eleven I preached at the prison, on *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.* In the afternoon I was desired to meet one of the honourable women, whom I found a mere sinner, groaning under the mighty hand of God. About six, at Mr. W.'s desire, I preached once more on those words, *Whom ye ignorantly worship Him declare I unto you.*

Wednesday 21, I set out soon after preaching, and about nine came to Newport. A clergyman, soon after I was set down, came into the next room, and asked aloud, with a tone unusually sharp, "Where those vagabond fellows were?" Capt. T., without any ceremony, took him in hand. But he soon quitted the field and walked out of the house. Just as I was taking horse, he returned and said, "Sir, I am afraid you are in a wrong way. But if you are right, I pray God to be with you and prosper your undertakings."

About one I came to Callicut, and preached to a small, attentive company of people, on *Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.* Between seven and eight we reached Bristol.

Thursday 22, I called upon Edward W——, who had been ill for several days. I found him in deep despair. Since he had left off prayer, *all the waves and storms were gone over him.* We cried unto God, and his soul revived. A little light shone upon him, and just as we sung,

> "Be thou his strength and righteousness,
> His Jesus and his all;"

his spirit returned to God.

Friday 23, I saw several others who were ill of the same distemper.

Surely our Lord will do much work by this sickness. I do not find that it comes to any house, without leaving a blessing behind it. In the evening I went to Kingswood, and found Ann Steed also praising God in the fires, and testifying, that all her weakness and pain wrought together for good.

Saturday 24, I visited more of the sick, both in Kingswood and Bristol. And it was pleasant work; I found none of them *sorrowing*

as men without hope. At six I expounded, *God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.* And his light broke in upon us in such a manner, that we were even lost in praise and thanksgiving.

Sunday 25, After the sacrament at All-Saints, I took horse for Kingswood. But before I came to Lawrence-Hill, my horse fell, and attempting to rise, fell down again upon me. One or two women ran out of a neighbouring house, and when I rose, helped me in. I adore the wisdom of God. In this house were three persons, who began to run well; but Satan had hindered them. But they resolved to set out again. And not one of them has looked back since.

Notwithstanding this delay, I got to Kingswood by two. The words God enabled me to speak there, and afterwards at Bristol, so I must express myself still, for I dare not ascribe them to my own wisdom, were as a hammer and a flame. And the same blessing we found at the meeting of the society. But more abundantly at the love-feast which followed. I remember nothing like it for many months. A cry was heard from one end of the congregation to the other: not of grief, but of overflowing joy and love. *O continue* forth *thy loving-kindness untothem that know thee; and thy mercy to them that are true of heart.*

The great comfort I found both in public and private almost every day of the ensuing week, I apprehend was to prepare me for what followed: a short account of which I sent to London soon after, in a letter, the copy of which I have subjoined; although I am not insensible, there are several circumstances therein which some may set down for mere enthusiasm and extravagance.

"DEAR BROTHER.

"All last week I found hanging upon me the effects of the violent cold I had contracted in Wales: not, I think, (as Mr. Turner and Walcam supposed) by lying in a damp bed at St. Bride's; but rather by riding continually in the cold and wet nights, and preaching immediately after. But I believed it would pass off, and so took little notice of it till Friday morning. I then found myself exceeding sick; and as I walked to Baptist-Mills, (to pray with Susanna Basil, who was ill of a fever) felt the wind pierce me, as it were, through. At my return I found myself something better. Only I could not eat any thing at all. Yet I felt no want of strength at the hour of intercession, nor at six in the evening, while I was opening and applying those words, *Sun, stand thou still in Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon.* I was afterwards refreshed and slept well; so that I apprehended no farther disorder; but rose in the morning as usual, and declared, with a strong voice and an enlarged heart, *Neither circumcision availeth any thing nor uncircumcision, but faith that worketh by love.* About two in the afternoon just as I was set down to dinner, a shivering came upon me, and a little pain in my back: but no sickness at all, so that I eat a little; and then growing warm, went to see some that were sick. Finding myself worse, about four I would willingly have lain down. But having promised to see Mrs. G——, who had been out of order for some days, I went

thither first, and thence to Weavers'-Hall. A man gave me a token for good as I went along, "Ay," said he, "he will be a martyr too, by and by:" The scripture I enforced was, *My little children, these things I write unto you, that ye sin not. But if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.* I found no want either of inward or outward strength. But afterwards finding my fever increased, I called on Dr. Middleton. By his advice I went home, and took my bed: a strange thing to me who had not kept my bed a day, (for five-and-thirty years) ever since I had the small-pox. I immediately fell into a profuse sweat, which continued till one or two in the morning. God then gave me refreshing sleep, and afterwards such tranquility of mind, that this day, Sunday, Nov. 1, seemed the shortest day to me I had ever known in my life.

"I think a little circumstance ought not to be omitted, although I know there may be an ill construction put upon it. Those words were now so strongly impressed upon my mind, that, for a considerable time, I could not put them out of my thoughts, *Blessed is the man that provideth for the poor and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble. The Lord shall strengthen him when he lieth sick upon his bed: make thou all his bed in his sickness.*

"On Sunday night, likewise, I slept well, and was easy all Monday morning. But about three in the afternoon the shivering returned, much more violent than before. It continued till I was put to bed. I was then immediately as in a fiery furnace. In a little space I began sweating: but the sweating seemed to increase rather than allay the burning heat. Thus I remained, till about eight o'clock: when I suddenly awaked out of a kind of doze, in such a sort of disorder (whether of body or mind, or both) as I know not how to describe. My heart and lungs, and all that was within me, and my soul too, seemed to be in perfect uproar. But I cried unto the Lord in my trouble, and he delivered me out of distress.

"I continued in a moderate sweat till near midnight, and then slept pretty well till morning. On Tuesday, Nov. 3, about noon, I was removed to Mr. Hooper's. Here I enjoyed a blessed calm for several hours, the fit not returning till six in the evening: and then in such a manner as I never heard or read of. I had a quick pulse, attended with violent heat: but no pain either in my head, or back, or limbs; no sickness, no stitch, no thirst. Surely God is a present help in time of trouble. And He does make all my bed in my sickness.

"Wednesday 4, Many of our brethren agreed to seek God to day by fasting and prayer. About twelve my fever began to rage. At two I dozed a little, and suddenly awaked in such disorder (only more violent) as that on Monday. The silver cord appeared to be just then loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern. The blood whirled to and fro, as if it would immediately force its way through all its vessels, especially in the breast: and excessive burning heat parched up my whole body, both within and without. About three, in a moment the commotion ceased, the heat was over, and the pain gone. Soon after, it made another attack; but not near so violent as

the former. This lasted till half an hour past four, and then vanished away at once. I grew better and better till nine. Then I fell asleep, and scarce awaked at all till morning.

"Thursday 5, The noisy joy of the people in the streets did not agree with me very well: though I am afraid it disordered their poor souls, much more than it did my body. About five in the evening my cough returned, and soon after the heat and other symptoms: but with this remarkable circumstance, that for fourteen or fifteen hours following, I had more or less sleep in every hour. This was one cause why I was never light headed at all, but had the use of my understanding, from the first hour of my illness to the last, as fully as when in perfect health.

"Friday 6, Between ten and twelve the main shock began. I can give but a faint account of this, not for want of memory, but of words. I felt in my body nothing but storm and tempest, hail-stones and coals of fire. But I do not remember that I felt any fear, (such was the mercy of God!) nor any murmuring. And yet I found but a dull, heavy kind of patience, which I knew was not what it ought to be. The fever came rushing upon me as a lion, ready to break all my bones in pieces. My body grew weaker every moment: but I did not feel my soul put on strength. Then it came into my mind, 'Be still, and see the salvation of the Lord. I will not stir hand or foot; but let Him do with me what is good in his own eyes.' At once my heart was at ease. My mouth was filled with laughter, and my tongue with joy. My eyes overflowed with tears, and I began to sing aloud. One who stood by said, 'Now he is light-headed.' I told her, 'O no. I am not light-headed: but I am praising God. God is come to my help, and pain is nothing. Glory be to God on high. I now found, why it was not expedient for me to recover my health sooner: because then I should have lost this experimental proof, how little every thing is which can befall the body, so long as God carries the soul aloft, as it were on the wings of an eagle.

"An hour after I had one more grapple with the enemy, who then seemed to collect all his strength. I essayed to shake myself, and praise God as before. But I was not able: the power was departed from me. I was shorn of my strength, and became weak, and like another man. Then I said, 'Yet here I hold: lo I come to bear thy will, O God.' Immediately He returned to my soul, and lifted up the light of his countenance. And I felt, 'He rideth easily enough, whom the grace of God carrieth.'

"I supposed the fit was now over, it being about five in the afternoon, and began to compose myself for sleep; when I felt first a chill, and then a burning all over, attended with such an universal faintness and weariness, and utter loss of strength, as if the whole frame of nature had been dissolved. Just then my nurse, I know not why, took me out of bed, and placed me in a chair. Presently a purging began, which I believe saved my life. I grew easier from that hour, and had such a night's rest, as I had not had before, since it pleased God to lay his hand upon me."

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From Saturday, November 7, to Sunday 15, I found my strength gradually increasing, and was able to read Turretin's History of the Church (a dry, heavy, barren treatise), and the life of that truly good and great man, Mr. Philip Henry. On Monday and Tuesday I read over the life of Mr. Matthew Henry; a man not to be depised, either as a scholar or a christian, though (I think) not equal to his father. On Wednesday I read over once again *Theologia Germanica.* O how was it, that I could ever so admire the affected obscurity of this unscriptural writer! Glory be to God, that I now prefer the plain apostles and prophets, before him and all his mystic followers.

Thursday 19, I read again, with great surprise, part of the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius. But so weak, credulous, thoroughly-injudicious a writer, have I seldom found. Friday 20, I began Mr. Laval's History of the Reformed Churches in France, full of the most amazing instances of the wickedness of men, and of the goodness and power of God. About noon the next day, I went out in a coach as far as the school in Kingswood; where one of the mistresses lay (as was believed) near death, having found no help from any of the medicines she had taken. We determined to try one remedy more. So we poured out our souls in prayer to God. From that hour she began to recover strength, and in a few days was out of danger.

Sunday 22, Being not suffered to go to church as yet, I communicated at home. I was advised to stay at home some time longer. But I could not apprehend it necessary: and therefore on Monday 23, went to the New Room, where we praised God for all his mercies. And I expounded, (for about an hour, without any faintness or weariness), on *What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the benefits that he hath done unto me? I will receive the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.*

I preached once every day this week, and found no inconvenience by it. Sunday 29, I thought I might go a little farther. So I preached both at Kingswood and Bristol: and afterwards spent near an hour with the society, and about two hours at the love-feast. But my body could not yet keep pace with my mind. I had another fit of my fever the next day. But it lasted not long, and I continued slowly to recover my strength. On Thursday, Dec. 3, I was able to preach again, on *By their fruits ye shall know them:* and Friday evening, on *Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it again.*

Monday 7, I preached on *Trust ye in the Lord Jehovah, for in the Lord is everlasting strength.* I was shewing, What cause we had to trust in the Captain of our salvation, when one in the midst of the room cried out, "Who was your captain the other day, when you hanged yourself? I know the man who saw you when you were cut down." This wise story, it seems, had been diligently spread abroad, and cordially believed by many in Bristol. I desired they would make room for the man to come nearer. But the moment he saw the way open, he ran away with all possible speed, not so much as once looking behind him.

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Wednesday 9, God humbled us in the evening, by the loss of more than thirty of our little company, whom I was obliged to exclude, as no longer adorning the Gospel of Christ. I believed it best, openly to declare, both their names and the reasons why they were excluded. We then all cried to God, that this might be for their edification, and not for destruction.

Friday 11, I went to Bath. I had often reasoned with myself concerning this place, *Hath God left himself without witness?* Did He never raise up such as might be shining lights, even in the midst of this sinful generation? Doubtless he has: but they are either gone "to the desert," or hid under the bushel of prudence. Some of the most serious persons I have known at Bath, are either solitary Christians, scarce known to each other, unless by name: or prudent Christians, as careful not to give offence, as if that were the unpardonable sin: and as zealous, to keep their religion to themselves, as they should be to *let it shine before men.*

I returned to Bristol the next day. In the evening one desired to speak with me. I perceived him to be in the utmost confusion, so that, for a while, he could not speak. At length he said, "I am he that interrupted you at the New Room on Monday. I have had no rest since, day or night, nor could have till I had spoken to you. I hope you will forgive me, and that it will be a warning to me all the days of my life."

Tuesday 15, It being a hard frost, I walked over to Bath, and had a conversation of several hours, with one who had lived above seventy, and studied divinity above thirty years. Yet remission of sins was quite a new doctrine to him. But I trust God will write it on his heart.

I returned to Bristol the next day. Thursday 17, We had a night of solemn joy, occasioned by the funeral of one of our brethren, who died with a hope full of immortality.

Friday 18, Being disappointed of my horse, I set out on foot in the evening for Kingswood. I catched no cold, nor received any hurt, though it was very wet, and cold, and dark. Mr. Jones, of Fonmon, met me there; and we poured out our souls before God together. I found no weariness, till a little before one, God gave me a refreshing sleep.

Sunday 20, I preached once more at Bristol, on *Little children, keep yourselves from idols:* immediately after which, I forced myself away from those to whom my heart was now more united than ever. And I believe their hearts were even as my heart. O what poor words are those, "You abate the reverence and respect, which the people owe to their pastors." Love is all in all: and all who are alive to God must pay this to every true pastor: wherever a flock is duly fed with the pure milk of the word, they will be ready, were it possible, to pluck out their eyes, and give them to those that are over them in the Lord.

I took coach on Monday 21, and on Wednesday came to London. Thursday 24, I found it was good for me to be here, particularly while I was preaching in the evening. The society afterwards met: but we

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scarce knew how to part, our hearts were so enlarged toward each other.

Saturday 26, The morning congregation was increased to above thrice the usual number, while I explained, *Grace be unto you and peace, from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ.* At Long-lane, likewise, in the evening I had a crowded audience, to whom I spoke from those words, *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!*

Sunday 27, After diligent inquiry made, I removed all those from the congregation of the faithful, whose behaviour of spirit was not agreeable to the Gospel of Christ: openly declaring the objections I had to each, that others might fear, and cry to God for them.

Thursday 31, By the unusual overflowing of peace and love to all which I felt, I was inclined to believe some trial was at hand. At three in the afternoon my fever came. But finding it was not violent, I would not break my word, and therefore went at four and committed to the earth the remains of one who had died in the Lord a few days before: neither could I refrain from exhorting the almost innumerable multitude of people, who were gathered together round her grave, to cry to God that they might die the death of the righteous, and their last end be like her's. I then designed to lie down; but Sir John G—— coming, and sending to speak with me, I went to him, and from him into the pulpit, knowing God could renew my strength. I preached aeccording to her request, who was now with God, on those words with which her soul had been so refreshed, a little before she went hence, after a long night of doubts and fears: *Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself. For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*

At the society which followed, many cried after God, with a loud and bitter cry. About ten I left them, and committed myself into his hands, to do with me what seemed him good.

Friday, January 1, After a night of quiet sleep, I waked in a strong fever, but without any sickness, or thirst, or pain. I consented however to keep my bed; but on condition, that every one who desired it, should have liberty to speak with me. I believe fifty or sixty persons did so this day, nor did I find any inconvenience from it. In the evening I sent for all of the bands who were in the house, that we might magnify our Lord together. A near relation being with me when they came, I asked her afterwards if she was not offended? "Offended!" said she: "I wish I could be always among you. I thought I was in heaven."

This night also, by the blessing of God, I slept well, to the utter astonishment of those about me, the apothecary, in particular, who said, "He had never seen such a fever in his life." I had a clear remission in the morning: but about two in the afternoon, a stronger fit than any before. Otherwise I had determined to have been at the meeting of the bands. But good is the will of the Lord.

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Sunday 3, Finding myself quite free from pain, I met the leaders, morning and afternoon: and joined with a little company of them, in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. In the evening, it being the men's love-feast, I desired they would all come up. Those whom the room would not contain, stood without: while we all with one mouth sang praise to God.

Monday 4, I waked in perfect health. Does not God both kill and make alive? This day (I understand) poor Charles Kinchin died!

Cui pudor, & justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas
Quando ullum invenient parem?

I preached morning and evening every day, for the remaining part of the week. On Saturday, while I was preaching at Long-lane, a rude rout lifted up their voice on high. I fell upon them without delay. Some pulled off their hats, and opened their mouths no more. The rest stole out, one after another. All that remained were quiet and attentive.

Sunday 10, I got a little time to see Mr. Dolman. Two years ago he seemed to be dying of an asthma: being hardly able to rise at eight o'clock in a morning, after a struggling, as it were, for life. But from the time he came thither first, he rarely failed to be at the Foundery, by five o'clock. Nor was he at all the worse: his distemper being suspended, until within a very few days. I found him just on the wing, and full of love, and peace, and joy in believing. And in the same spirit (as I afterwards understood) he continued, until God took him to himself.

Monday 11, I went twice to Newgate, at the request of poor R—— R——, who lay there under sentence of death, but was refused admittance. Receiving a few lines from him on the day he was to die, I desired Mr. Richards to try, if he could be admitted then. But he came back with a fresh refusal.

It was above two years before, that being destitute and in distress, he applied to me at Bristol for relief. I took him in and employed him for the present, in writing and keeping accounts for me. Not long after I placed him in the little school, which was kept by the United Society. There were many suspicions of him during that time, as well as of his companion, Gwillim Snowde. But no proof appeared: so that after three or four months, they quietly returned to London. But they did not deceive God, nor escape his hand. Gwillim Snowde was soon apprehended for a robbery, and when condemned sent for me, and said, nothing lay heavier upon him, than his having thus returned evil for good. I believe it was now the desire of poor R—— too, to tell me all that he had done. But the hour was past: I could not now be permitted to see or speak with him. So that he who before would not receive the word of God from my mouth, now desired what he could not obtain. And on Wednesday he fell a sacrifice to the justice of a long offended God. O consider this, ye that now forget God, and know not the day of your visitation!

In the afternoon I buried the body of James St. Angel, who hav-

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ing long been tried in the fire, on Monday, in the full triumph of faith, gave up his spirit to God.

I heard of several to day who began to run well; but did not endure to the end. Men fond of their own opinions tore them from their brethren, and could not keep them when they had done: but they soon fell back into the world, and are now swallowed up in its pleasures or cares. I fear those zealots who took these souls out of my hands, will give but a poor account of them to God.

On Thursday and Friday I visited the sick, by many of whom I was greatly refreshed. Monday 18, we greatly rejoiced in the Lord at Long-lane, even in the midst of those that contradicted and blasphemed. Nor was it long before many of them also were touched, and blasphemies were turned to praise.

Thursday 21, I again visited many that were sick, but I found no fear either of pain or death among them. One (Mary Whittle) said, "I shall go to my Lord to-morrow. But before I go, He will finish his work." The next day she lay quiet for about two hours, and then opening her eyes, cried out, "It is done, it is done! Christ liveth in me! He lives in me!" And died in a moment.

Friday 22, I met the Society at Short's-Gardens, Drury-lane, for the first time. Saturday 23, I called on another, who was believed to be near death, and greatly triumphing over it. "I know," said she, "that my Redeemer liveth, and will stand at the latter day upon the earth. I fear not death. It hath no sting for me. I shall live for evermore."

Monday 25, While I was explaining at Long-lane, *He that committeth sin is of the devil;* his servants were above measure enraged: they not only made all possible noise, (although, as I had desired before, no man stirred from his place, or answered them a word) but violently thrust many persons to and fro, struck others, and brake down part of the house. At length they began throwing large stones upon the house, which forcing their way wherever they came, fell down together with the tiles among the people, so that they were in danger of their lives. I then told them, "You must not go on thus. I am ordered by the magistrate, who is in this respect to us the minister of God, to inform him of those who break the laws of God and the King. And I must do it, if you persist herein; otherwise I am a partaker of your sin." When I ceased speaking, they were more outrageous than before. Upon this I said, "Let three or four calm men, take hold of the foremost, and charge a constable with him, that the law may take its course." They did so, and brought him into the house, cursing and blaspheming in a dreadful manner. I desired five or six to go with him to Justice Copeland, to whom they nakedly related the fact. The Justice immediately bound him over to the next sessions at Guilford.

I observed, when the man was brought into the house, that many of his companions were loudly crying out, "Richard Smith! Richard Smith!" Who, as it afterwards appeared, was one of their stoutest champions. But Richard Smith answered not; he was fallen into the hands of one higher than they. God had struck him to the

heart, as also a woman, who was speaking words not fit to be repeated, and throwing whatever came to hand, whom he overtook in the very act. She came into the house with Richard Smith, fell upon her knees before us all, and strongly exhorted him, "Never to turn back, never to forget the mercy which God had now shewn to his soul." From this time we had never any considerable interruption or disturbance at Long-lane: although we withdrew our prosecution, upon the offender's submission and promise of better behaviour.

Tuesday 26, I explained at Chelsea, the faith which worketh by love. I was very weak when I went into the room. But the more *the beasts of the people* increased in madness and rage, the more was I strengthened, both in body and soul: so that I believe few in the house, which was exceedingly full, lost one sentence of what I spoke. Indeed they could not see me, nor one another at a few yards distance, by reason of the exceeding thick smoke, which was occasioned by the wild fire and things of that kind, continually thrown into the room. But they who could praise God in the midst of the fires, were not to be affrighted by a little smoke.

Wednesday 27, I buried the body of Sarah Whiskin, a young woman late of Cambridge: a short account of whom follows, in the words of one that was with her, during her last struggle for eternity.

"The first time she went, intending to hear Mr. Wesley, was January 3; but he was then ill. She went again, Tuesday 5, and was not disappointed. From that time she seemed quite taken up with the things above, and could willingly have been always hearing, or praying, or singing hymns. Wednesday 13, She was sent for into the country: At which news she cried violently, being afraid to go, least she should be again conformable to the world. With tears in her eyes she asked me, 'What shall I do? I am in a great strait.' And being advised, To commit her cause to God, and pray that his will might be done, not her own, she said, 'She would defer her journey three days, to wait upon God, that he might shew his will concerning her.' The next day she was taken ill of a fever. But being something better on Friday, she went and took a place in the Cambridge coach, for the Tuesday following. Her sister asking her, If she thought it was the will of God she should go? She answered, 'I leave it to the Lord; and am sure He will find a way to prevent it, if it is not for my good.' Sunday 17, She was ill again, and desired me to write a note, That she might be prayed for. I asked, What I should write? She answered, 'You know what I want, a lively faith.' Being better on Monday 18, She got up, to prepare for her journey; though still desiring God to put a stop to it, if it was not according to his will. As soon as she rose from prayer, she fainted away. When she came to herself she said, 'Where is that scripture of Balaam journeying, and the angel of the Lord standing in the way? I can bring this home to myself. I was just going this morning, and see, God has taken away all my strength.'

"From this hour, she was almost continually praying to God, That He would reveal himself to her soul. On Tuesday 19, being in tears, She was asked, 'What was the matter?' She answered, 'The

devil is very busy with me.' One asking, 'Who condemns you?' She pointed to her heart and said, 'This: And God is greater than my heart.' On Thursday after Mr. Richards had prayed with her, she was much more cheerful, and said, She could not doubt but God would fulfil the desire which he had given her.

"Friday 22, One of her sisters coming out of the country to see her, she said, 'If I had come to you, evil would have befallen me. But I am snatched out of the hands of the devil. Though God has not yet revealed Himself unto me, yet I believe, were I to die this night, before to morrow I should be in heaven.' Her sister saying, 'I hope God will restore you to health:' she replied, 'Let Him do what seemeth Him good.'

"Saturday 23, She said, 'I saw my mother and brother, and sister, in my sleep, and they all received a blessing in a moment.' I asked, if she thought she should die? And whether she believed, the Lord would receive her soul? Looking very earnestly, she said, 'I have not seen the Lord yet. But I believe I shall see Him and live. Although these are bold words, for a sinner to say. Are they not?'

"Sunday 24, I asked her, 'How have you rested?' She answered, 'Very well. Though I have had no sleep: and I wanted none: for I have had the Lord with me. O let us not be ashamed of Him, but proclaim Him upon the house-top. And I know, whatever I ask in the name of Jesus, according to his will, I shall have.' Soon after she called hastily to me, and said, 'I fear I have deceived myself, I thought the Amen was sealed in my heart; butI fear it is not. Go down and pray for me, and let Him not go, until He has given my heart's desire.' Soon after she broke out into singing and said, 'I was soon delivered of my fears. I was only afraid of a flattering hope: but if it had been so, I would not have let him go.'

"Her sister that was come to see her was much upon her mind. 'You,' said she, 'are in pain for her. But I have faith for this little child. God has a favour unto her.' In the afternoon she desired me to write a bill for her, I asked, What shall I write? She said, 'Return thanks for what God has done for me, and pray that he would manifest himself to my relations also. Go to the preaching. Leave but one with me.' Soon after me we were gone she rose up, called to the person that was with her and said, 'Now it is done. I am assured my sins are forgiven.' The person answering, 'Death is a little thing, to them that die in the Lord:' She replied with vehemence, 'A little thing! It is nothing.' The person then desiring, she would pray for her, she answered, 'I do: I pray for all. I pray for all I know, and for them I do not know. And the Lord will hear the prayer of faith.' At our return, her sister kneeling by the bed-side, she said, 'Are you not comforted, my dear, for me?' Her speech then failing, she made signs for her to be by her, and kissed her and smiled upon her. She then lay about an hour without speaking or stirring; until about three o'clock on Monday morning, she cried out, 'My Lord and my God!' fetched a double sigh, and died.

Friday 29, Hearing of one who had been drawn away by those who prophesy smooth things, I went to her house. But she was

purposely gone abroad. Perceiving there was no human help, I desired the congregation at Short's-Gardens, to join with me in prayer to God, That he would not suffer her to have any rest in her spirit, until she returned into the way of truth. Two days after she came to me of her own accord, and confessed, in the bitterness of her soul, that she had no rest day or night, while she remained with them, out of whose hands God had now delivered her.

Monday, February 1, I found, after the exclusion of some, who did not walk according to the Gospel, about eleven hundred, who are, I trust, of a more excellent spirit, remained in the society.

Thursday 4, A clergyman lately come from America, who was at the preaching last night, called upon me, appeared full of good desires, and seemed willing to cast in his lot with us. But I cannot suddenly answer in this matter. I must first know, What spirit he is of. For none can labour with us, unless he *count all things dung and dross that he may win Christ.*

Friday 5, I set out, and, with some difficulty, reached Chippenham on Saturday evening; the weather being so extremely rough and boisterous, that I had much ado to sit my horse. On Sunday about noon I came to Kingswood, where were many of our friends from Bath, Bristol, and Wales. O that we may ever thus love one another, with a pure heart fervently!

Monday 8, I rode to Bath, and in the evening explained the latter part of the seventh of St. Luke. Observing many noisy persons at the end of the room, I went and stood in the midst of them. But the greater part slipped away to that end from which I came, and then took heart, and cried aloud again. I paused, to give them their full scope; and then began a particular application to them. They were very quiet in a short time, and, I trust, will not forget it so soon as some of them may desire.

Wednesday 10, And the following days of this week, I spoke severally with all those, who desired to remain in the United Society, and to watch over each other in love.

Monday 15, Many met together to consult on a proper method for discharging the public debt. And it was at length agreed, 1, That every member of the society who was able, should contribute a penny a week: 2, That the whole society should be divided into little companies or classes, about twelve in each class; and, 3, That one person in each class should receive the contribution of the rest, and bring it in to the stewards weekly.

Friday 19, I went to Bath. Many threatened great things. But I knew the strength of them and their god. I preached, on *He shall save his people from their sins:* none disturbing or interrupting me.

Saturday 20, I preached at Weavers'-Hall. It was a glorious time. Several dropped to the ground as if struck by lightning. Some cried out in bitterness of soul: I knew not where to end, being constrained to begin anew, again and again. In this acceptable time we begged of God to restore our brethren, who are departed from us for a season; and to teach us all, to *follow after the things that make for peace,* and the *things whereby one may edify another.*

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Sunday 21, In the evening I explained the *exceeding great and precious promises* which are given us: a strong confirmation whereof I read, in a plain, artless account, of a child, whose body then lay before us. The substance of this was as follows:

"John Woolley was for some time in your school; but was turned out for his ill behaviour: soon after he ran away from his parents, lurking about for several days and nights together, and hiding himself in holes and corners, that his mother might not find him. During this time he suffered both hunger and cold. Once he was three whole days without sustenance, sometimes weeping and praying by himself, and sometimes playing with other loose boys.

"One night he came to the New Room. Mr. Wesley was then speaking of disobedience to parents. He was quite confounded, and thought there never was in the world so wicked a child as himself. He went home, and never ran away any more. His mother saw the change in his whole behaviour, but knew not the cause. He would often go up stairs by himself to prayer, and often go alone into the fields, having done with all his idle companions.

"And now the devil began to set upon him with all his might, continually tempting him to self murder. Sometimes he was vehemently pressed to hang himself, sometimes to leap into the river. But this only made him the more earnest in prayer: in which after he had one day been wrestling with God, he saw himself, he said, surrounded on a sudden, with inexpressible light, and was so filled with joy and the love of God, that he scarce knew where he was, and with such love to all mankind, that he could have laid himself on the ground, for his worst enemies to trample upon.

"From this time his father and mother were surprised at him, he was so diligent to help them in all things. When they went to the preaching, he was careful to give their supper to the other children: and when he had put them to bed, hurried away to the room, to light his father and mother home. Meantime he lost no opportunity of hearing the preaching himself, or of doing any good he could, either at home or in any place he was.

"One day walking in the fields, he fell into talk with a farmer, who spoke very slightly of religion. John told him he ought not to talk so; and enlarged upon that word of the apostle, (which he begged him to consider deeply) *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* The man was amazed; caught the child in his arms, and knew not how to part with him.

"His father and mother once hearing him speak pretty loud in the next room, listened to hear what he said. He was praying thus: 'Lord, I do not expect to be heard for much speaking. Thou knowest my heart. Thou knowest my wants.' He then descended to particulars. Afterward he prayed very earnestly for his parents, and for his brothers and sisters by name: then for Mr. John and Charles Wesley, that God would set their faces as a flint, and give them to go on, conquering and to conquer: then for all the other ministers he could remember by name, and for all that were, or desired to be, true ministers of Christ.

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"In the beginning of his illness, his mother asked him, if he wanted any thing? He answered, 'Nothing but Christ, and I am as sure of him, as if I had him already.' He often said, 'O mother, if all the world believed in Christ, what a happy world would it be! And they may. For Christ died for every soul of man. I was the worst of sinners, and he died for me. O thou that callest the worst of sinners, call me. O, it is a free gift, I am sure I have done nothing to deserve it.'

"On Wednesday he said to his mother, 'I am in very great trouble for my father. He has always taken an honest care of his family. But he does not know God: if he dies in the state he is in now, he cannot be saved. I have prayed for him, and will pray for him.* If God should give him the true faith, and then take him to himself, do not you fear: do not you be troubled. God has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow. I will pray for him and you in heaven: and I hope we shall sing hallelujah in heaven together.

"To his eldest sister he said, 'Do not puff yourself up with pride. When you receive your wages, which is not much, lay it out in plain necessaries. And if you are inclined to be merry, do not sing songs; that is the devil's diversion: there are many lies and ill things in those idle songs. Do you sing psalms and hymns. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth. When you are at work, you may lift up your heart to God. And be sure never to rise or go to bed, without asking his blessing.

"He added, 'I shall die; but do not cry for me. Why should you cry for me? Consider what a joyful thing it is, to have a brother go to heaven. I am not a man. I am but a boy. But is it not in the Bible, *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength?* I know where I am going. I would not be without this knowledge for a thousand worlds. For though I am not in heaven yet, I am as sure of it, as if I were.

"On Wednesday night, he wrestled much with God in prayer. At last, throwing his arms open, he cried, 'Come, come, Lord Jesus! I am thine. Amen and Amen.' He said, 'God answers me in my heart, Be of good cheer; thou hast overcome the world:' and immediately after, he was filled with love and joy unspeakable.

"He said to his mother, 'That school was the saving of my soul: for there I began to seek the Lord. But how is it, that a person no sooner begins to seek the Lord, but Satan straight stirs up all his instruments against him?

"When he was in an agony of pain he cried out, 'O Saviour, give me patience. Thou hast given me patience. But give me more. Give me thy love, and pain is nothing. I have deserved all this, and a thousand times more. For there is no sin but I have been guilty of.

"A while after he said, 'O mother, how is this? If a man does not do his work, the masters in the world will not pay him his wages. But it is not so with God. He gives me good wages: and yet I am

* N. B. His father died not long after.

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sure I have done nothing to gain them. O it is a free gift. It is free for every soul. For Christ has died for all.

"On Thursday morning his mother asked him, How he did? He said, 'I have had much struggling to-night. But my Saviour is so loving to me, I do not mind it: it is no more than nothing to me.

"Then he said, 'I desire to be buried from the room, and I desire Mr. Wesley would preach a sermon over me, on those words of David (unless he thinks any other to be more fit) *Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now I have kept thy word.*

"I asked him, 'How do you find yourself now? He said, 'In great pain, but full of love.' I asked, But does not the love of God overcome pain? He answered, 'Yes; pain is nothing to me. I did sing praises to the Lord in the midst of my greatest pain. And I could not help it.' I asked him, If he was willing to die? He replied, 'O yes; with all my heart.' I said, but if life and death were set before you, what would you choose then? He answered, 'To die and to be with Christ. I long to be out of this wicked world.

"On Thursday night he slept much sweeter than he had done for some time before. In the morning he begged to see Mr. John Wesley. When Mr. Wesley came, and after some other questions, asked him, What he should pray for? He said, 'that God would give him a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within him.' When prayer was ended, he seemed much enlivened, and said, 'I thought I should have died to-day. But I must not be in haste. I am content to stay. I will tarry the Lord's leisure.'

"On Saturday, one asked, If he still chose to die? He said, 'I have no will: my will is resigned to the will of God. But I shall die. Mother, be not troubled. I shall go away like a lamb.'

"On Sunday he spoke exceeding little. On Monday his speech began to faulter. On Tuesday it was gone; but he was fully in his senses, almost continually lifting up his eyes to heaven. On Wednesday his speech being restored, his mother said, 'Jacky, you have not been with your Saviour to-night.' He replied, 'Yes, I have.' She asked, 'What did he say?' He answered, 'He bid me not be afraid of the devil. For he had no power to hurt me at all, but I should tread him under my feet.' He lay very quiet on Wednesday night. The next morning he spent in continual prayer: often repeating the Lord's prayer, and earnestly commending his soul into the hands of God.

"He then called for his little brother and sister to kiss them; and for his mother, whom he desired to kiss him. Then, between nine and ten, he said, 'Now, let me kiss you:' which he did, and immediately fell asleep.

"He lived some months above thirteen years."

Sunday 28, In the evening, I set out for Wales. I lay that night about six miles from Bristol and preached in the morning, March 1, to a few of the neighbours. We then hastened to the Passage; but the boat was gone, half an hour before the usual time. So I was obliged to wait till five in the afternoon: we then set out with a fair breeze. But when we were nearly half over the river, the wind en-

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tirely failed. The boat could not bear up against the ebbing tide, but was driven down among the rocks: on one of which we made shift to scrabble up, whence about seven we got to land.

That night I went forward about five miles, and the next morning came to Cardiff. There I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Jones, of Fonmon, still pressing on into all the fulness of God. I rode with him to Wenvo. The church was thoroughly filled, while I explained the former part of the Second Lesson, concerning the barren Fig-tree; and the power of the Lord was present, both to wound and to heal.

I explained, in the evening at Fonmon, though in weakness and pain, how Jesus saveth us from our sins The next morning at eight I preached at Bolston, a little town four miles from Fonmon. Thence I rode to Lantrissent, and sent to the minister, to desire the use of his church. His answer was, "He should have been very willing, but the Bishop had forbidden him." By what law? I am not legally convict, either of heresy, or any other crime. By what authority then am I suspended from preaching? By barefaced arbitrary power.

Another clergyman immediately offered me his church. But it being too far off, I preached in a large room; spent a little time with the society in prayer and exhortation, and then took horse for Cardiff.

Thursday 4, About noon I preached at Lanissan, and was afterward much refreshed in meeting the little, earnest society. I preached at Cardiff at seven, on *Be not righteous overmuch*, to a larger congregation than before; and then exhorted the society, To fear only, the being over wicked, or the falling short of the full image of God.

Friday 5, I talked with one, who used frequently to say, "I pray God I may never have this New Faith. I desire, that I may not know my sins forgiven, till I come to die." But as she was some weeks since reading the Bible at home, the clear light broke in upon her soul. She knew, All her sins were blotted out, and cried aloud, "My Lord and my God."

In the evening I expounded, *This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.* We afterwards admitted several new members into the society, and were greatly comforted together. Saturday 6, I left Cardiff about eight, and in the evening came to Bristol.

Wednesday 10, I was with a gentlewoman, whose distemper has puzzled the most eminent physicians for many years; it being such as they could neither give any rational account of, nor find any remedy for. The plain case is, She is tormented by an evil spirit, following her day and night. Yea, try all your drugs over and over; but at length it will plainly appear, That *this kind goeth not out, but by prayer and fasting.*

Friday 12, I read part of Dr. Cheyne's Natural Method of Curing Diseases; of which I cannot but observe, it is one of the most ingenious books which I ever saw. But what epicure will ever regard it? For, "the man talks against good eating and drinking!"

Our Lord was gloriously present with us at the watch-night; so that my voice was lost in the cries of the people. After midnight

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about a hundred of us walked home together, singing, and rejoicing, and praising God.

Friday 19, I rode once more to Pensford, at the earnest request of several serious people. The place where they desired me to preach was a little green spot, near the town. But I had no sooner begun, than a great company of rabble, hired (as we afterwards found) for that purpose, came furiously upon us, bringing a bull which they had been baiting, and now strove to drive in among the people. But the beast was wiser than his drivers, and continually ran, either on one side of us or the other, while we quietly sang praise to God, and prayed for about an hour. The poor wretches finding themselves disappointed, at length seized upon the bull, now weak and tired, after having been so long torn and beaten both by dogs and men, and by main strength, partly dragged and partly thrust him in among the people. When they had forced their way to the little table on which I stood, they strove several times to throw it down, by thrusting the helpless beast against it, who of himself stirred no more than a log of wood. I once or twice put aside his head with my hand, that the blood might not drop upon my clothes, intending to go on, as soon as the hurry should be a little over. But the table falling down, some of our friends caught me in their arms, and carried me right away on their shoulders. While the rabble wreaked their vengeance on the table, which they tore bit from bit. We went a little way off, where I finished my discourse, without any noise or interruption.

Sunday 21, In the evening I rode to Marshfield, and on Tuesday in the afternoon came to London. Wednesday 24, I preached for the last time, in the French chapel at Wapping, on *If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed.*

Thursday 25, I appointed several earnest and sensible men to meet me, to whom I shewed the great difficulty I had long found, of knowing the people who desired to be under my care. After much discourse, they all agreed, There could be no better way, to come to a sure, thorough knowledge of each person, than to divide them into classes like those at Bristol, under the inspection of those in whom I could most confide. This was the origin of our classes at London, for which I can never sufficiently praise God: the unspeakable usefulness of the institution having ever since been more and more manifest.

Wednesday 31, My brother set out for Oxford. In the evening I called upon Ann Calcut. She had been speechless for some time. But almost as soon as we began to pray, God restored her speech. She then witnessed a good confession indeed. I expected to see her no more; but from that hour the fever left her, and in a few days she arose and walked, glorifying God.

Sunday, April 4, About two in the afternoon, being the time my brother was preaching at Oxford, before the University, I desired a few persons to meet with me and join in prayer. We continued herein much longer than we at first designed, and believed we had the petition we asked of God.

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Friday 9, We had the first watch-night in London: we commonly choose for this solemn service, the Friday night, nearest the full moon, either before or after, that those of the congregation who live at a distance may have light to their several homes. The service begins at half an hour past eight, and continues till a little after midnight. We have often found a peculiar blessing at these seasons. There is generally a deep awe upon the congregation, perhaps in some measure owing to the silence of the night; particularly in singing the hymn with which we commonly conclude:

→ "Hearken to the solemn voice!
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And feel the Bridegroom nigh."

April 16, Being Good-Friday, I was desired to call on one that was ill at Islington. I found there several of my old acquaintance, who loved me once as the apple of their eyes. By staying with them but a little, I was clearly convinced, That were I to stay but one week among them, (unless the providence of God plainly called me so to do) I should be as *still* as poor Mr. St——. I felt their words as it were thrilling through my veins. So soft! so pleasing to nature! it seemed our religion was but a heavy, coarse thing; nothing so delicate, so refined as theirs. I wonder any person of taste (that has not faith) can stand before them!

Sunday 18, In the afternoon one who had tasted the love of God, but had turned again to folly, was deeply convinced, and torn as it were to peices by guilt, and remorse, and fear. And even after the sermon was ended, she continued in the same agony, it seemed both of body and soul. Many of us were then met together in another part of the house; but her cries were so piercing, though at a distance, that I could not pray, nor hardly speak, being quite chilled every time I heard them. I asked, whether it were best to bring her in, or send her out of the house? It being the general voice, she was brought in, and we cried to God, to heal her backsliding. We soon found, we were asking according to his will. He not only bade her *depart in peace* but filled many others, until then heavy of heart, with peace and joy in believing.

Monday 19, At noon I preached at Brentford, and again about seven in the evening. Many who had threatened to do terrible things were present; but they made no disturbance at all.

Tuesday 20, Was the day on which our noisy neighbours had agreed to summon all their forces together; a great number of whom came early in the evening, and planted themselves as near the desk as possible. But He that sitteth in heaven laughed them to scorn. The greater part soon vanished away; and to some of the rest, I trust his word came with the demonstration of his spirit.

Friday 23, I spent an agreeable hour with Mr. Wh——. I believe he is sincere in all he says, concerning his earnest desire of joining hand in hand, with all that love the Lord Jesus Christ. But if (as some would persuade me) he be not, the loss is all on his own side. I am just as I was. I go on my way, whether he go with me, or stay behind.

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Sunday 25, At five I preached in Radcliff-square, near Stepney, on *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.* A multitude of them were gathered together before I came home, and filled the street above and below the Foundery. Some who apprehended we should have but homely treatment, begged me to go in as soon as possible. But I told them, "No; provide you for yourselves. But I have a message to deliver first." I told them, after a few words, "Friends, let every man do as he pleases. But it is my manner when I speak of the things of God, or when another does, to uncover my head:" which I accordingly did, and many of them did the same. I then exhorted them to repent and believe the Gospel. Not a few of them appeared to be deeply affected. Now, Satan, count thy gains.

Monday 26, I called on one who was sorrowing as without hope, for her son who was turned again to folly. I advised her to wrestle with God for his soul. And in two days, he brought home the wandering sheep, fully convinced of the error of his ways, and determined to choose the better part.

Saturday, May 1, One called, whom I had often advised, "Not to hear them that preach smooth things." But she could not believe there was any danger therein, "Seeing we were all (she said) children of God." The effects of it which now appeared in her were these: 1, She was grown above measure wise in her own eyes. She knew every thing as well as any could tell her, and needed not to be taught of man. 2. She utterly despised all her brethren, saying, "They were all in the dark; they knew not what faith meant." 3, She despised her teachers as much, if not more than them, saying, "They knew nothing of the Gospel; they preached nothing but the law, and brought all into bondage who minded what they said." "Indeed," said she, "after I had heard Mr. Sp—— I was amazed; for I never since heard you preach one good sermon. And I said to my husband, 'My dear, did Mr. Wesley always preach so?' And he said, 'Yes, my dear; but your eyes were not opened.'"

Thursday 6, I described that falling away, spoken of by St. Paul to the Thessalonians, which we so terribly feel to be already come, and to have overspread the (so called) christian world. One of my hearers was highly offended at my supposing any of the Church of England to be concerned in this. But his speech soon betrayed him to be of no church at all, zealous and orthodox as he was. So that after I had appealed to his own heart, as well as to all that heard him, he retired with confusion of face.

Saturday 8, One of Fetter-lane mentioning a letter he had received from a poor man in Lincolnshire, I read and desired a copy of it: part of which is as follows:

May 3, 1742.

"SAMUEL MEGGOT TO RICHARD RIDLEY.

"BROTHER,

"I have now much communion with thee, and desire to have more. But till now I found a great gulph between us, so that we could not one pass to the other. Therefore thy letters were very death to me, and thou wast to me as a branch broke off and thrown by to wither.

Yet I waited, if the Lord should please to let us into the same union we had before. So the Lord hath given it. And in the same I write, desiring it may continue until death.

"I wrote before to thee and John Harrison, 'Be not afraid to be found sinners,' hoping you would not separate the law from the spirit, until the flesh was found dead. For I think our hearts are discovered by the law, yea, every tittle, and condemned by the same. Then we are quickened in the spirit. Justice cannot be separated from mercy; neither can they be one greater than the other. *Keep the commandments and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter.* Mark that! *Thy sins be forgiven thee. Arise, take up thy bed and walk.* Here is work before mercy, and mercy before work. So then, through the law by faith our heart is pure. Beware therefore of them, who, while they promise you liberty, are themselves the servants of corruption. O dead faith, that cannot always live pure! Treacherous Judas, that thus betrayest thy master!

"Let the law arraign you, till Jesus Christ bring forth judgment in your hearts unto victory. Yea, let your hearts be open wide, receiving both, that the one may confirm the other. So thou livest so much in the Son's righteousness, that the law saith, I have nought against thee. This is faith, that thus conquers the old man, in putting him off, and putting on Christ. Purify your hearts by faith: so shall the temple of God be holy and the altar therein, that spiritual sacrifices may be offered, acceptable to the Lord. Now if any man be otherwise minded let him be ashamed. For if there live any of our self in us, that one branch of nature, that one member, shall cause the whole man to burn everlastingly. Let as many as know not this perfection, which is by Jesus Christ, press forward by faith till they come to the experimental knowledge of it.

"But how many souls have I seen washed, and turned again to the wallowing in their sins.—O that Lamb! How is he put to an open shame again, who had once reconciled them to the Father!

"Now I would write a little of the travail of my own soul. I thought myself right long since; but when the light of life came, I saw myself ready to die in my sins.— I had faith; but I had it by knowledge and not in power. Yet by this faith I had great liberty.— Nevertheless this faith kept my heart corrupt, and the whole man of sin alive.—My way of proceeding was thus. Sometimes I was overtaken in a fault, and so was put to a stand a little; but as soon as I could, I would wipe myself by knowledge, saying, 'Christ died for sinners.' I was right so far and no farther. He died for sinners; but not to save him that continues in his sins. For whomsoever he cleanses, they are clean indeed: first sinners, then saints, and so they remain. By and by I was overtaken again: and the oftener I was overtaken the stronger I thought myself in the Lord. Yea, for my corruptions' sake I was forced to get more knowledge, or else I should have been condemned. So I arrived at such a pitch of knowledge, (*i. e.* of notional faith) 'that I could crucify Christ with one hand, and take pardon with the other; so that I was always happy.— Here was the mystery of iniquity, conceived in my heart. For it led

me to this; if I were to take of any man's goods, I would say or think, 'I am a sinner of myself; but Christ died for *me*: so his righteousness is mine.' And farther, I could not see, but if I were to kill a man, yet I should be pure. So great a friend to sin and the devil was I, that I would have made sin and the devil to become the righteousness of God in Christ: yea, that I began to love him whom the Lord hath reserved for everlasting fire.—

"So I held Christ without, and the devil within. This is a mystery, that I should feel myself safe and pure, and yet the devil to be in me. Judge who gave me this purity, and taught me to be *thus* perfect in Christ! But ere long that began to break forth in action, which I had conceived in my heart. But it was the Lord's will I should not go far, before I was again brought under the law. Then did I stand stripped and naked of that Knowledge. I wish all who are so deceived as I was, were brought under the law, that they might learn what it it is to come to Jesus Christ. And I wish them not to pass from under the law, until they clearly see the end of the law come into their hearts.

"The law, being mixed with faith, makes it quick and powerful. For as the law will not leave one hair of our heads uncondemned, so faith will not leave one unreconciled. And blessed is he who lives in the same reconciliation, and turns not as a dog to his vomit. Then shall he be called the child of God, which cannot sin, because his seed remaineth in him.—

"Thou writest, 'Jesus makes it manifest to thee, that thou art a great sinner.' That is well; and if more, it would be better for thee. Again thou sayest, 'Since thou first receivedest a full and free pardon for all thy sins, thou hadst received so many fresh pardons, that they are quite out of count.' And this thou sayest, is spoken 'to thy own shame and thy Saviour's praise.' Come, my brother, let us both be more ashamed. Let us see where we are, and what we are doing to the Lamb. We are not glorifying him: (let us not mistake ourselves thus) we are crucifying him afresh. We are putting him to an open shame, and bringing swift damnation on our own heads.

"Again thou sayest, 'Though thy sins be great and many, yet thy Saviour's grace is greater.' Thou sayest right: or else, how should we have been cleansed? But his great cleansing power does not design that we should become foul again; lest he call us away in our uncleanness, and we perish for ever. For it will not profit us, that we were once cleansed, if we be found in uncleanness.

"Take heed to thyself, that the knowledge that is in thee deceive thee not. For thou writest so to my experience, that I can tell thee as plain how thou art, or plainer, than thou canst thyself. Thou sayest, 'After thou hast done something amiss, thou needest not to be unhappy one moment, if thou wilt but go to thy Saviour. Is not this the very state I have mentioned? O that that knowledge were cast out! So shouldest thou always do the things that please the Father. O my dear brother, how art thou bewitched by the deceiver of thy soul! Thou art a stranger to the Saviour, who is gone to heaven, to give repentance to his people and remission of sins. I am

afraid, the devil is thy saviour: more of him is manifest in thee, than of Christ. He tells thee, Thou art pure and washed: but he cozens thee. Yea, his deceitfulness cries out for vengeance. Yet he would be a Christ or a God.

"Thou sayest, thou 'hast need of remission of sins every day.' Yes, so thou hast: and more. Thou hast need every moment; so shouldest thou be clean; for this *every moment* should be eternity to thy soul. Thou thankest God that 'He hath provided such an high-priest for thee.' Let him be thine; so shalt thou be ruled by him every moment. What? Is he such a Saviour as can cleanse us from sin, and not keep us in the same? Judge where thou art. Thou and I, and many more, were once made pure. And we were pure while we believed the same, and were kept by the Father for his own name's sake. But how long did we *thus* believe? Let every man judge himself?

"Now, my brother, answer for thyself. Dost thou believe, that thou must always have this thy heart which is corrupted through and through with sin? I say, dost thou believe thy heart must be thus impure? If thou dost, the same doctrine must be preached to thee which was at first, 'Ye must receive the Holy Ghost:' that is, thou must be brought to the first remission, and there thou wilt see Jesus laid slain in thy heart. This thy first purity I will acknowledge, and none else. I believe the foundation of life was once in thee. But many, together with thee, have fallen away. Thou hearest how I acknowledge thee, and where, and no where else. And herein I have communion with thee in my spirit, and hope it will continue to the end."

And is poor Samuel Meggot himself, now fallen into the very same snare, against which he so earnestly warned his friend? Lord, what is man!

Sunday 9, I preached in Charles'-Square, to the largest congregation I have ever seen there. Many of the baser people would fain have interrupted. But they found after a time, it was lost labour. One who was more serious, was (as she afterwards confessed) exceeding angry at them. But she was quickly rebuked, by a stone which lit upon her head, and struck her down to the ground. In that moment her anger was at an end, and love only filled her heart.

Wednesday 12, I waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury with Mr. Whitefield, and again on Friday: as also on the Bishop of London. I trust if we should be called to appear before princes, we should not be ashamed.

Monday 17, I had designed this morning to set out for Bristol; but was unexpectedly prevented. In the afternoon I received a letter from Leicestershire, pressing me to come without delay, and pay the last office of friendship to one whose soul was on the wing for eternity. On Thursday, 20, I set out. The next afternoon, I stopped a little at Newport-Pagnell, and then rode on until I overtook a serious man, with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know, what his opinions were; therefore I said nothing to contradict him. But that did not content him. He

was quite uneasy to know, "Whether I held the doctrine of the decrees as he did?" But I told him over and over, "We had better keep to practical things, lest we should be angry at one another." And so we did for two miles, until he caught me unawares, and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer: told me, "I was rotten at heart, and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers." I told him "No; I am John Wesley himself." Upon which

Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem
Pressit;

he would gladly have run away outright. But being the better mounted of the two, I kept close to his side, and endeavoured to shew him his heart, until we came into the street of Northampton. Saturday 22, about five in the afternoon, I reached Donnington-Park.

Miss Cowper was just alive. But as soon as we came in, her spirit greatly revived. For three days we rejoiced in the grace of God, whereby she was filled with a hope full of immortality; with meekness, gentleness, patience, and humble love, knowing in whom she had believed.

Tuesday 25, I set out early in the morning with John Taylor (since settled in London) and Wednesday 26, at eight or nine o'clock, reached Birstal, six miles beyond Wakefield.

John Nelson had written to me some time before: but at that time I had little thought of seeing him. Hearing he was at home, I sent for him to our inn: whence he immediately carried me to his house; and gave me an account of the strange manner wherein he had been led on, from the time of our parting at London.

He had full business there and large wages; but from the time of his finding peace with God, it was continually upon his mind, That he must return (though he knew not why) to his native place. He did so, about Christmas, in the year 1740. His relations and acquaintance soon began to inquire, "What he thought of this new faith?" And whether he believed, There was any such thing as a man's knowing that his sins were forgiven? John told them point blank, That, "This new faith as they called it, was the old faith of the Gospel, and that he himself was as sure his sins were forgiven, as he could be of the shining of the sun." This was soon noised abroad: more and more came to inquire, concerning these strange things. Some put him upon the proof of the great truths, which such inquiries naturally led him to mention. And thus he was brought unawares to quote, explain, compare, and enforce several parts of Scripture. This he did at first, sitting in his house, until the company increased, so that the house could not contain them. Then he stood at the door, which he was commonly obliged to do, in the evening, as soon as he came from work. God immediately set his seal to what was spoken: and several believed, and therefore declared, That God was merciful also to their unrighteousness, and had forgiven all their sins.

Mr. Ingham hearing of this, came to Birstal, inquired into the facts, talked with John himself, and examined him in the closest manner,

both touching his knowledge and spiritual experience. After which he encouraged him to proceed, and pressed him as often as he had opportunity, to come to any of the places where himself had been, and speak to the people as God should enable him.

But he soon gave offence, both by his plainness of speech, and advising people to go to church and sacrament. Mr. Ingham reproved him; but finding him incorrigible, forbade any that were in his societies to hear him. But being persuaded, this is the will of God concerning him, he continues to this hour working in the day, that he may be burthensome to no man, and in the evening *testifying the truth as it is in Jesus.*

I preached at noon, on the top of Birstal-hill, to several hundreds of plain people: and spent the afternoon, in talking severally with those, who had tasted of the grace of God. All of these, I found had been vehemently pressed, "Not to run about to church and sacrament," and to "keep their religion to themselves; to be still; not to talk about what they had experienced." At eight I preached on the side of Dewsbury-moor, about two miles from Birstal, and earnestly exhorted all who believed, To wait upon God in his own ways, and to let their light shine before men.

Thursday 27, We left Birstal, and on Friday 28, came to Newcastle upon-Tyne.

I read with great expectation, yesterday and to-day, Xenophon's Memorable Things of Socrates. I was uttterly amazed at his want of judgment. How many of these things would Plato never have mentioned! but it may be well, that we see the shades too of the brightest picture in all heathen antiquity.

We came to Newcastle about six, and after a short refreshment, walked into the town. I was surprised: so much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing (even from the mouths of little children) do I never remember to have seen and heard before, in so small a compass of time. Surely this place is ripe for him, who *came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.*

Saturday 29, I was informed, that "One Mr. Hall had been there about a year before, and had preached several times;" but I could not learn, that there was the least fruit of his labour. Nor could I find any that desired to hear him again, nor any that appeared to care for such matters.

Sunday 30, At seven I walked down to Sandgate, the poorest and most contemptible part of the town, and standing at the end of the street with John Taylor, began to sing the hundredth psalm. Three or four people came out to see what was the matter, who soon encreased to four or five hundred. I suppose, there might be twelve or fifteen hundred before I had done preaching: to whom I applied those solemn words, *He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our inquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed.*

Observing the people when I had done, to stand gaping and staring upon me, with the most profound astonishment, I told them, "If

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you desire to know who I am, my name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again."

At five, the hill on which I designed to preach, was covered from the top to the bottom. I never saw so large a number of people together, either in Moorfields, or at Kennington-Common. I knew it was not possible for the one half to hear, although my voice was then strong and clear, and I stood so as to have them all in view, as they were ranged on the side of the hill. The word of God which I set before them was, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.* After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread me under foot, out of pure love and kindness. It was some time before I could possibly get out of the press. I then went back another way than I came. But several were got to our inn before me; by whom I was vehemently importuned to stay with them, at least, a few days: or, however, one day more. But I could not consent; having given my word to be at Birstal, with God's leave, on Tuesday night.

Some of these told me, "They were members of a Religious Society, which had subsisted for many years, and had always gone on in a prudent, regular manner, and been well spoken of by all men. They likewise informed me, what a fine library they had, and that the steward read a sermon every Sunday." And yet how many of *the publicans and harlots* will go into the kingdom of heaven before these!

Monday 31, About three I left Newcastle. I read over to-day, the famous Dr. Pitcairn's Works; but I was utterly disappointed by that dry, sour, controversial book! We came in the evening to Boroughbridge; where to my great surprise, the mistress of the house, though much of a gentlewoman, desired she and her father might join with us in prayer. They did so likewise between four and five in the morning. Perhaps even this seed may bring forth fruit.

Tuesday, June 1, As we were riding through Knaresborough, not intending to stop there, a young man stopped me in the street, and earnestly desired me to go to his house. I did so. He told me, "Our talking with a man, as we went through the town before, had set many in a flame, and that the sermon we gave him, had travelled from one end of the town to the other." While I was with him, a woman came and desired to speak with me. I went to her house, whither five or six of her friends came, one of whom had been long under deep convictions. We spent an hour in prayer, and all our spirits were refreshed.

About one we came to Mr. Moore's, at Beeston, near Leeds. His son rode with me after dinner to Birstal, where (a multitude of people being gathered from all parts) I explained to them the spirit of bondage and adoption. I began about seven, but could not conclude until half an hour past nine.

Wednesday 2, I was invited to Mrs. Holmes's, near Halifax; where I preached at noon, on *Ask and ye shall receive.* Thence I rode to Dr. L——'s, the vicar of Halifax; a candid inquirer after truth. I called again upon Mrs. Holmes, in my return; when her sister a little surprised me, by asking, "Ought not a minister of

Christ to do three things; First, to preach his law, in order to convince of sin: then to offer free pardon through faith in his blood, to all convinced sinners: and, in the third place, to preach his law again, as a rule for those that believe?" I think, if any one does otherwise, he is no true minister of Christ. He divides what God has joined, and cannot be said to preach the whole Gospel.

I preached at eight near Dewsbury-Moor; and at eight the next morning, Thursday 3, at Mirfield, where I found Mr. L. had been an hour before. Great part of the day I spent in speaking with those, who have tasted the powers of the world to come. By whose concurrent testimony I find, That Mr. I's method to this day is, 1, To endeavour to persuade them that they are in a delusion, and have indeed no faith at all: If this cannot be done, then, 2, To make them keep it to themselves; and, 3, To prevent their going to the church or sacrament, at least, to guard them from having any reverence, or expecting to find any blessing in those ordinances of God.

In the evening I preached at Atherton, a mile from Birstal, in a broad part of the highway, the people being too numerous to be contained in any house in the town. After preaching, and the next day, I spoke with more, who had received, or sought for, redemption through Christ: all of whom I perceived had been advised also, to put their light under a bushel; or to forsake the ordinances of God, in order to find Christ.

Friday 4, At noon I preached at Birstal once more. All the hearers were deeply attentive: whom I now confidently and cheerfully committed to *the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.*

Hence I rode to Beeston. Here I met once more with the works of a celebrated author, of whom many great men cannot speak without rapture, and the strongest expressions of admiration. I mean Jacob Behmen. The book I now opened was, his *Mysterium Magnum*, or the Exposition of Genesis. Being conscious of my ignorance, I earnestly besought God to enlighten my understanding. I seriously considered what I read, and endeavoured to weigh it in the balance of the sanctuary. And what can I say, concerning the part I read? I can and must say thus much, (and that with as full evidence as I can say, that two and two make four,) It is most sublime nonsense, inimitable bombast, fustian not to be paralleled! All of a piece with his inspired interpretation of the word *Tetragrammaton:* on which (mistaking it for the unutterable name itself, whereas it means only a word consisting of four letters) he comments with such exquisite gravity and solemnity, telling you the meaning of every syllable of it!

Saturday 5, I rode for Epworth. Before we came thither, I made an end of Madam Guyon's Short Method of Prayer, and *Les Torrents* Spirituals. Ah, my brethren! I can answer your riddle, now I have ploughed with your heifer. The very words I have so often heard some of you use, are not your own, no more than they are God's. They are only retailed from this poor quietist; and that with the utmost faithfulness. O that ye knew how much God is wiser than man! Then would you drop quietists and mystics together, and at all hazards keep to the plain, practical, written word of God.

It being many years since I had been in Epworth before, I went to an inn, in the middle of the town, not knowing whether there were any left in it now, who would not be ashamed of my acquaintance. But an old servant of my father's, with two or three poor women, presently found me out. I asked her, "Do you know any in Epworth who are in earnest to be saved?" She answered, "I am, by the grace of God; and I know I am saved through faith." I asked, "Have you then the peace of God? Do you know that he has forgiven your sins? She replied, "I thank God I know it well. And many here can say the same thing."

Sunday 6, A little before the service began, I went to Mr. Romley, the curate, and offered to assist him either by preaching or reading prayers; but he did not care to accept of my assistance. The church was exceeding full in the afternoon, a rumor being spread that I was to preach; but the sermon, on *Quench not the Spirit*, was not suitable to the expectation of many of the hearers. Mr. Romley told them, "One of the most dangerous ways of quenching the Spirit was by enthusiasm:" and enlarged on the character of an enthusiast, in a very florid and oratorical manner. After sermon John Taylor stood in the church-yard, and gave notice, as the people were coming out, "Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock."

Accordingly at six I came, and found such a congregation, as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried, *The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

At eight I went to Edward Smith's, where were many not only of Epworth, but of Burnham, Haxey, Ouston, Belton, and other villages round about, who greatly desired, That I would come over to them and help them. I was now in a straight between two, desiring to hasten forward in my journey, and yet not knowing how to leave these poor bruised reeds, in the confusion wherein I found them. John Harrison, it seems, and Richard Ridley, had told them, in express terms, "All the ordinances are man's inventions; and if you go to church or sacrament, you will be damned." Many hereupon wholly forsook the church, and others knew not what to do. At last I determined to spend some days here, that I might have time both to preach in each town, and to speak severally with those in every place, who had found or waited for salvation.

Monday 7, I preached at Burnham, a mile from Epworth, on *The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.* At eight in the evening I stood again on my father's tomb, (as I did every evening this week), and cried aloud to the earnestly-attentive congregation, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.*

Tuesday 8, I walked to Hibbaldstow, about ten miles from Epworth, to see my brother and sister. The minister of Ouston, (two miles from Epworth) having sent me word, "I was welcome to preach in his church," I called there in my return; but his mind being changed, I went to another place in the town, and there ex

plained, *Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.* At eight I largely enforced at Epworth, the great truth (so little understood in what is called a Christian country), *Unto him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.* I went thence to the place where the little society met, which was sufficiently thronged both within and without. Here I found some from Hainton (a town twenty miles off,) who informed us, That God had begun a work there also, and constrained several to cry out, in the bitterness of their soul, "What must I do to be saved?"

Wednesday 9, I rode over to a neighbouring town, to wait upon a justice of peace, a man of candor and understanding; before whom (I was informed) their angry neighbours had carried a whole waggon-load of these new heretics. But when he asked, "What they had done?" There was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length one said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they pray from morning to night." Mr. S—— asked, "But have they done nothing besides?" "Yes, Sir," said an old man. "An't please your worship, they have *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the justice, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

I went from hence to Belton to H—— F——r's, a young man who once did run well; but who now said, "He saw the devil in every corner of the church, and in the face of every one who had been there." But he was easily brought to a better mind. I preached under a shady oak, on *The Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins.* At Epworth, in the evening, I explained the story of the Pharisee and the Publican. And I believe many began in that hour to cry out, *God be merciful to me a sinner.*

Thursday 10, I spoke severally with all who desired it. In the evening I explained, *Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again unto fear, but the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father.* I had afterwards an hour's calm conversation with Samuel Meggot and James Herbury. What good did God do by these for a time! O let not their latter end be worse than the first!

Friday 11, I visited the sick, and those who desired, but were not able to come to me. At six I preached at Overthorp, near Haxey, a little village about two miles from Epworth, on that comfortable scripture, *When they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both.* I preached at Epworth, about eight, on Ezekiel's vision of the resurrection of the dry bones. And great indeed was the shaking among them: lamentation and great mourning were heard, God bowing their hearts, so that on every side, as with one accord, they lift up their voice and wept aloud. Surely He who sent his Spirit to breathe upon them, will hear their cry and will help them.

Saturday 12, I preached on the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith. While I was speaking several dropped down as dead. And among the rest, such a cry was heard, of sinners groan-

ing for the righteousness of faith, as almost drowned my voice. But many of these soon lifted up their heads with joy, and broke out into thanksgiving; being assured they now had the desire of their soul, the forgiveness of their sins.

I observed a gentleman there, who was remarkable for not pretending to be of any religion at all. I was informed he had not been at public worship of any kind for upwards of thirty years. Seeing him stand as motionless as a statue, I asked him abruptly, "Sir, are you a sinner?" He replied with a deep and broken voice, "Sinner enough," and continued staring upwards, till his wife and a servant or two, who were all in tears, put him into his chaise and carried him home.

Sunday 13, At seven I preached at Haxey, on *What must I do to be saved?* Thence I went to Wrooté, of which (as well as Epworth) my father was rector for several years. Mr. Whitelamb offering me the church, I preached in the morning, on *Ask, and it shall be given you.* In the afternoon, on the difference between *the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith.* But the church could not contain the people, many of whom came from far, and, I trust, not in vain.

At six I preached for the last time in Epworth church yard (being to leave the town the next morning,) to a vast multitude gathered together from all parts, on the beginning of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. I continued among them for near three hours; and yet we scarce knew how to part. O let none think his labour of love is lost, because the fruit does not immediately appear. Near forty years did my father labour here; but he saw little fruit of all his labour. I took some pains among this people too; and my strength also seemed to be spent in vain. But now the fruit appeared. There were scarce any in the town, on whom either my father or I had taken any pains formerly, but the seed sown so long since now sprung up, bringing forth repentance and remission of sins.

Monday 14, Having a great desire to see David Taylor, whom God had made an instrument of good to many souls, I rode to Sheffield: but not finding him there, I was minded to go forward immediately. However, the importunity of the people constrained me to stay, and preach both in the evening and in the morning. Tuesday 15, he came: I found he had occasionally exhorted multitudes of people in various parts. But after that he had taken no thought about them. So that the greater part were fallen asleep again.

In the evening I preached on the inward kingdom of God. In the morning, Wednesday 16, on the spirit of fear and the spirit of adoption. It was now first I felt that God was here also: though not so much as at Barley-Hall, (five miles from Sheffield), where I preached in the afternoon. Many were here melted down and filled with love toward Him whom *God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.*

I talked with one here, who for about six months (from the hour that she knew the pardoning love of God) has been all peace and love. She rejoices evermore, and prays without ceasing. God gives her whatever petitions she asks of him, and enables her in every thing to

give thanks. She has the witness in herself, that whatsoever she does, it is all done to the glory of God. Her heart never wanders from Him; no, not for a moment, but is continually before the throne. Yet whether she was sanctified throughout or not, I had not light to determine.

Thursday 17, I began preaching about five, on *The righteousness of faith*. But I had not half finished my discourse, when I was constrained to break off in the midst: our hearts were so filled with a sense of the love of God, and our mouths with prayer and thanksgiving. When we were somewhat satisfied herewith, I went on to call sinners to the salvation ready to be revealed.

The same blessing from God we found in the evening while I was shewing how He justifies the ungodly. Among the hearers was one, who sometime before had been deeply convinced of her ungodliness, insomuch, that she cried out, day and night, "Lord, save, or I perish." All the neighbours agreeing that she was stark mad, her husband put her into a physician's hands, who blooded her largely, gave her a strong vomit, and laid on several blisters. But all this proving without success, she was in a short time judged to be incurable. He thought, however, he would speak to one person more, who had done much good in the neighbourhood. When Mrs. Johnson came, she soon saw the nature of the disease, having herself gone through the same. She ordered all the medicines to be thrown away, and exhorted the patient to *look unto Jesus*: which this evening she was enabled to do by faith. And He healed the broken in heart.

Friday 18, I left Sheffield, and after preaching at Ripley, by the way, hastened on to Donnington Park. But Miss Cowper, I found, was gone to rest, having finished her course near three weeks before.

Sunday 20, I read prayers at Ogbrook, and preached on Acts xviii. 27, *Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.* At six in the evening I preached at Melbourn. There were many hearers. But I see little fruit.

Tuesday 22, I had a long conversation with Mr. Simpson. And of this I am fully persuaded, That whatever he does, is in the uprightness of his heart. But he is led into a thousand mistakes by one wrong principle, (the same which many either ignorantly or wickedly ascribe to the body of the people called Methodists,) The making inward impressions his rule of action, and not the written word.

About eight I left Donnington Park, and before noon came to Markfield. We lay at Coventry, and the next day, Wednesday 23, in the afternoon, came to Evesham. At eight I preached. There were many who came with a design to disturb the rest. But they opened not their mouths.

Thursday 24, I spent great part of the day in speaking with the members of the society; whom in the evening I earnestly besought, No more to tear each other in pieces by disputing, but to *follow after holiness*, and *provoke one another to love and good works.*

Friday 25, I rode to Painswick; where in the evening I declared to all those, who had been fighting and troubling one another from the beginning hitherto, about rites and ceremonies, and modes of worship

and opinions, *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

Saturday 26, I was desired to call upon Mr. W——, the pillar of the church in these parts. As soon as I came in, he fell upon me with might and main, for saying, "People might *know* Their sins were forgiven." And brought a great book to confute me at once. I asked, If it was the bible? And upon his answering, "No," inquired no farther, but laid it quietly down. This made him warmer still: upon which I held it best, to shake him by the hand, and take my leave.

I had appointed to preach in Stroud at noon; but about ten, observing it to rain faster and faster, I was afraid the poor people would not be able to come, many of whom lived some miles off. But in a quarter of an hour the rain ceased, and we had a fair, pleasant day; so that many were at the market-place, while I applied the story of the Pharisee and the Publican; the hard rain in the morning having disengaged them from their work in the grounds. There would probably have been more disturbance, but that a drunken man began too soon, and was so senselessly impertinent, that even his comrades were quite ashamed of him.

In the evening I preached on Hampton-Common. Many of Mr. Whitefield's society were there: to whom, as well as to all the other sinners, (without meddling with any of their opinions) I declared, in the name of the great Physician, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.*

Sunday 27, I preached at Painswick at seven, on *The spirit of fear and the spirit of adoption.* I went to church, at ten, and heard a remarkable discourse, asserting, "That we are justified by faith alone; but that this faith, which is the previous condition of justification, is the complex of all christian virtues, including all holiness and good works, in the very idea of it."

Alas! How little is the difference between asserting, either 1, That we are justified by works, which is Popery barefaced, (and indeed so gross that the sober Papists, those of the Council of Trent in particular are ashamed of it) or, 2, That we are justified by faith and works; which is Popery refined or veiled: (but with so thin a veil, that every attentive observer, must discern it is the same still) or, 3, That we are justified by faith alone, but by such a faith as includes all good works. What a poor shift is this! "I will not say, we are justified by works, nor yet by faith and works; because I have subscribed Articles and Homilies, which maintain just the contrary. No: I say, We are justified by faith alone.—But then by faith I *mean* works!"

When the afternoon service was ended at Runwick, I stood and cried to a vast multitude of people, *Unto him that worketh not, but believeth, his faith is counted for righteousness.* I concluded the day on Hampton-Common, by explaining to a large congregation, the essential difference between the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith.

Monday 28, I rode to Bristol. I soon found disputing had done much mischief here also. I preached on those words: *From that*

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hate many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Many were cut to the heart. A cry went forth; and great was the company of the mourners. But God did not leave them comfortless; some knew in the same hour, that He had the words of eternal life.

Tuesday 29, I was desired to visit one in Newgate. As I was coming out, poor Benjamin Rutter stood in my way, and poured out such a flood of cursing and bitterness, as I scarce thought was to be found out of hell.

From Thursday, July 1, till Monday, I endeavoured to compose the little differences which had arisen. On Monday I rode to Cardiff, and found much peace and love in the little society there. Tuesday 6, I rode over to Fonmon, and found Mrs. Jones thoroughly resigned to God, although *feeling* what it was to lose a husband, and *such* a husband, in the strength of his years!

Wednesday 7, I returned, and at five in the afternoon, preached to a small attentive congregation near Hanbury. Before eight I reached Bristol, and had a comfortable meeting with many who knew in whom they had believed.

Now at length I spent a week in peace, all disputes being laid aside. Thursday 15, I was desired to meet one who was ill, of a very uncommon disorder. She said, "For several years, I have heard, wherever I am, a voice continually speaking to me, cursing, swearing, and blaspheming in the most horrid manner, and inciting me to all manner of wickedness. I have applied to physicians, and taken all sorts of medicines, but am never the better."—No, nor ever will, till a better Physician than these, bruises Satan under her feet.

I left Bristol in the evening of Sunday 18; and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity. But she had no doubt or fear: nor any desire but (as soon as God should call) *to depart and be with Christ.**

Sunday 8, I cried aloud, in Radcliff Square, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* Only one poor man was exceeding noisy and turbulent. But in a moment God touched his heart. He hung down his head. Tears covered his face; and his voice was heard no more.

I was constrained this evening to separate from the believers, some who did not *shew their faith by their works*. One of these, Samuel Prig, was deeply displeased, spoke many very bitter words, and went abruptly away. The next morning he called; told me, "Neither my brother nor I preached the Gospel, or knew what it meant." I asked, "What do we preach then?" He said, "Heathen morality: Tully's Offices, and no more. So I wash my hands of you both. We shall see what you will come to in a little time."

Wednesday 11, He sent me a note demanding the payment of one hundred pounds, which he had lent me about a year before, to pay the workmen at the Foundery. On Friday morning at eight, he came and said, "He wanted his money and could stay no longer." I told him, "I would endeavour to borrow it," and desired him to

* For an account of her Affliction, Death, and Funeral, See page 28.

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call in the evening. But he said, "He could not stay so long, and must have it at twelve o'clock." Where to get it, I knew not: between nine and ten, one came and offered me the use of a hundred pounds for a year. But two others had been with me before, to make the same offer. I accepted the bank note which one of them brought, and saw that God is over all!

Monday 16, I rode to Oxford, and the next day to Evesham. On Wednesday and Thursday, in riding from Evesham to Bristol, I read over that surprising book, The Life of Ignatius Loyola: surely one of the greatest men that ever was engaged in the support of so bad a cause! I wonder any man should judge him to be an enthusiast: No: but he knew the people with whom he had to do. And setting out (like Count Z——) with a full persuasion, that he might *use guile*, to promote the glory of God, or (which he thought the same thing) the interest of his Church, he acted in all things consistently with his principles.

In the evening I met my brother and Mr. Graves; who being able to delay it no longer, at length sent the following letter to the Fellows of St. Mary Magdalen-College, in Oxford.

"*Bristol, Aug.* 20, 1742.

"GENTLEMEN,

"In December, 1740, I signed a paper containing the following words, 'I Charles Caspar Graves, do hereby declare, That I do renounce the modern practice and principles of the persons commonly called Methodists, namely, of preaching in fields, of assembling together and expounding the Holy Scriptures in private houses, and elsewhere, than in Churches, in an irregular manner; and their pretensions to an extraordinary inspiration and inward feeling of the Holy Spirit.

"'I do farther declare my conformity to the Liturgy of the Church of England, and my unfeigned assent and consent to the Articles thereof, commonly called the Thirty-nine Articles.

"'Lastly, I do declare, that I am heartily sorry, that I have given offence and scandal, by frequenting the meetings and attending the expositions of the persons commonly called Methodists, and that I will not frequent their meetings, nor attend their expositions for the future; nor take upon me to preach and expound the scriptures, in the manner preached by them.

'CHARLES CASPAR GRAVES.'

"I believe myself indispensably obliged openly to declare before God and the world, that the motives whereby I was induced to sign that paper were, partly a sinful fear of man, partly an improper deference to the judgment of those, whom I accounted wiser than myself, and lastly, a resolution that if my own judgment, should at any time be better informed, I would then openly retract, in the presence of God and man, whatever I should be convinced I had said or done amiss.

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"Accordingly, having now had (besides a strong conviction immediately consequent thereon) many opportunities of informing my judgment better, and being fully convinced of my fault, I do hereby declare my sincere repentance for my wicked compliance with those oppressive men, who without any colour of law, divine or human, imposed such a condition of receiving a testimonial upon me.

"I do farther declare, That I know no *principles* of the Methodists (so called) which are contrary to the Word of God; nor any practices of them, but what are agreeable both to Scripture and to the laws of the Church of England; that I believe, in particular, their *preaching* the Gospel *in the fields* (being first forbid so to do in Churches, although *a dispensation of the Gospel is committed to them, and woe unto them if they preach not the Gospel*) or in *private houses*, or in any part of His dominion who filleth heaven and earth; can never be proved to be contrary to any written law, either of God or man: that I am not apprised of their preaching any where, in *an irregular, disorderly manner*; neither of their *pretending* to any *extraordinary* inspiration, or *extraordinary* feelings of the Holy Spirit: but to those *ordinary* ones only, which, if a man have not, he is *without hope and without God in the world.*

"I do yet farther declare, That (whatever indiscretion I may in other respects have been guilty of) I know of no just *offence or scandal* which I ever gave, by *frequenting the meetings or attending the expositions of the persons commonly called Methodists:* And that I verily believe no offence was ever taken thereat, unless either by persons loaded with prejudice, or by those who enter not into the kingdom of heaven themselves, and if others would enter in, suffer them not.

"I do lastly, declare, That I look upon myself to be under no kind of obligation, (except only, that I do still assent and consent to the Articles and Liturgy of the Church) to observe any thing contained in that scandalous paper, so unchristianly imposed upon me:

"Witness my Hand,
"CHARLES CASPAR GRAVES."

After having regulated the society here and at Kingswood, I set out again for London. On Monday 30, I read over that excellent tract, Mr. Middleton's Essay on Church Government, so nicely avoiding the two extremes of either exalting or depressing the regal power.

Tuesday 31, I read once more the Life of that good and wise (though much mistaken man) Gregory Lopez. Surely it must be a compliment made him by the biographer, (of which Gregory himself was in no wise worthy) That "he ascribed all his virtues to the merits and mediation of the queen of heaven."

We reached London in the afternoon. Friday, September 3, I preached on Phil. i. 9, *This I pray, that your love may abound more and more, in knowledge, and in all judgment:* or rather *feeling*, as it is in the margin. It pleased God to make this discourse,

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an occasion of discovering such wiles of Satan, as it never entered into my heart to conceive.

Saturday 4, I was pressed to visit a poor murderer in Newgate, who was much afflicted both in body and soul. I objected, "It could not be; for all the turnkeys, as well as the keeper, were *such good Christians*, they abhorred the name of a Methodist: and absolutely refused to admit *me* even to one, who earnestly begged it, the morning he was to die." However, I went: and found, by a surprising turn, that all the doors were now open to me. I exhorted the sick malefactor to cry unto God with all his might, for grace to repent and believe the Gospel. It was not long, before the rest of the felons flocked round; to whom I spoke strong words, concerning the Friend of sinners: which they received with as great signs of amazement, as if it had been a voice from heaven. When I came down into the common hall, (I think they called it) one of the prisoners there asking me a question, gave me occasion to speak among them also: more and more still running together, while I declared, God was not willing any of them should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Monday 6, Finding many had been offended, at the sermon I preached on Friday night, especially those who were supposed to be strong in faith, I determined to examine the matter thoroughly. Accordingly I desired M. C, M. F, E. H, and A. G, and a few others, to meet me with Sarah Cl, Jane J—n, and Ann P., to whom they had said most, concerning the point in question. I then heard each of them relate her experience at large: I afterwards examined them severally, touching the circumstances which I had not understood: on which I then talked with several others also. And thus far I approved of their experience, (because agreeable to the written word) as to their *feeling* the working of the Spirit of God, in peace, and joy, and love. But as to what some of them said farther, concerning "feeling the blood of Christ, running upon their arms, or going down their throat, or poured like warm water upon their breast or heart," I plainly told them, "The utmost I could allow, without renouncing both Scripture and reason, was, that *some* of these circumstances might be from God, (though I could not affirm they were) working in an unusual manner, no way essential either to justification or sanctification: But that all the rest I must believe, to be the mere empty dreams of an heated imagination."

Wednesday 8, I observed, That the leaven of *stillness*, was not yet purged out from among us. One of our brethren saying, "He was uneasy, because he had wilfully neglected the Lord's-Supper;" another replied, "Then his faith was weak: else his peace could not be shaken by such little things." Yea, but I think such little things as these, will shake the peace of any true believer, viz. A wilful breach of any commandment of God. If it do *not* shake us, we are asleep in the devil's arms.

Thursday 9, I buried the body of Lucy Godshall, one of the first women bands at Fetter-lane. After pressing toward the mark for more than two years, since she had known the pardoning love of God, she was for some time weary and faint in her mind, till I put her out

of the bands. God blessed this greatly to her soul, so that in a short time she was admitted again. Soon after, being at home, she felt the love of God, in an unusual manner, poured into her heart. She fell down upon her knees, and delivered up her soul and body into the hands of God. In that instant, the use of all her limbs was taken away, and she was in a burning fever. For three days she mightily praised God, and rejoiced in Him all the day long. She then cried out, "Now Satan hath desired to have me, that he may sift me as wheat." Immediately darkness and heaviness fell upon her, which continued till Saturday the fourth instant. On Sunday the light shone again upon her heart. About ten in the evening one said to her, "Jesus is ready to receive your soul:" she said, "Amen! Amen!" Closed her eyes and died.

Sunday 12, I was desired to preach in an open place, commonly called the Great Gardens, lying between Whitechapel and Coverlets-Fields, where I found a vast multitude gathered together. Taking knowledge that a great part of them were little acquainted with the things of God, I called upon them in the words of our Lord, *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* Many of the beasts of the people laboured much to disturb those who were of a better mind. They endeavoured to drive in a herd of cows among them: but the brutes were wiser than their masters. They then threw whole showers of stones, one of which struck me just between the eyes. But I felt no pain at all, and when I had wiped away the blood, went on testifying with a loud voice, That God hath given to them that believe, *not the spirit of fear, but of power and love, and of a sound mind.* And by the spirit which now appeared through the whole congregation, I plainly saw what a blessing it is, when it is given us, even in the lowest degree, to suffer for his name's sake.

Monday 13, I preached about nine at Windsor, and the next evening came to Bristol. I spent the remainder of this, and the following week, in examining those of the society: speaking severally to each, that I might more perfectly know the state of their souls to God-ward.

Thursday 23, In the evening, almost as soon as I began to pray in the society, a voice of lamentation and bitter mourning was heard from the whole congregation. But in a while, loud thanksgivings were mixed therewith, which in a short space spread over all: so that nothing was to be heard on every side, but "Praise to God and the Lamb for ever and ever!"

Friday 24, I had notes from nineteen persons, desiring to return God thanks. Some of them follow:

"John Merriman, a blind man, desires to return thanks to Almighty God, for the discovery of his love to him, an old sinner.

"One desires to return God thanks, for giving her a token of his love, in removing all prejudices, and giving her love to all mankind.

"Edith W—— desires to return thanks, for great and unspeakable mercies, which the Lord was pleased to reveal to her heart; even telling me, I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, and thy

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sins I will remember no more. And I desire, that the praise of the Lord, may be ever in my heart.

"Ann Simmonds desires to return hearty thanks to God, for the great mercies she received last night. For she has a full assurance of her redemption in the blood of Christ.

"Mary K—— desires to return thanks to God, for giving her a fresh sense of her forgiveness.

"Mary F—— desires to return thanks, for that the Lord hath made her triumph over sin, earth, and hell.

"Mary W——n desires to return thanks to Almighty God, for a fresh sense of forgiveness.

"Sir, I desire to return humble thanks to Almighty God, for the comfortable assurance of his pardoning love." E. C——.

Many others took an opportunity of speaking to me, and declaring what God had done for their souls. But one came to me, Mrs. Sp——, who was still torn in pieces with sorrow, and doubts, and fears. Her chief fear, she said, was, "That we were all Papists." I asked her, How she came to fear this, after she had heard us preach for near three years, and been more than a twelvemonth in the society! She said, "Why it is not long since I met with a gentleman, who told me, He was a Roman Catholic. And when I asked him, If Mr. Wesley was a Papist, he would not say, Yes or no: But only Mr. W. is a very good man, and you do well to hear him. Besides, it is but two or three nights since, as I was just setting out to come to the Room, Miss Gr—— met me and said, 'My dear friend, you shall not go: Indeed you shall not: You do not know what you do. I assure you, Mr. W. is a Papist: And so am I: He converted *me*. You know how I used to pray to saints and to the Virgin Mary. It was Mr. W. taught me when I was in the bands. And I saw him rock the cradle on Christmas-eve: You know I scorn to tell a lie.' Well, but (said I) how comes it that none of the rest who are in the bands, have found this out as well as you? 'O, (replied she), they are not let into the secret yet. Perhaps, if you were in the bands, you might not hear a word of it for a year or more. O! you cannot imagine the depth of the design. The maid at her back then fell a crying and said, 'Indeed, Madam! Miss Gr—— talks so fine! Do! Madam, mind what she says.'" So between one and the other, poor Mrs. Sp—— was utterly confounded.

Perhaps I need observe no more upon this, than that the Popish priest knew well, how much it would be for the interest of *his* church, to have *me* accounted a member of it: And that Miss Gr—— had lately been raving mad, (in consequence of a fever) that as such, she was tied down in bed: and as soon as she was suffered to go abroad, went to Mr. Whitefield, to inquire of *him*, Whether *she* was not a Papist? But he quickly perceived she was only a lunatic, the nature of her disorder soon betraying itself. O that all who advance the same assertion with her, had as good a plea to urge in their excuse!

Sunday 26, In the evening I rode to Marshfield. The next evening I reached Whitchurch. Tuesday 28, In the morning I preached at Great Marlow, on the Pharisee and the publican. Many were

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surprised, and perhaps, in some measure, convinced, (but how short-lived are most of these convictions!) That it is very possible a man may be a *Pharisee now*— yea, though he be not a Methodist.

A little before twelve, I came to Windsor. I was soon informed, that a large number of rabble, had combined together, and declared again and again, "There should be no preaching there that day." In order to make all sure, they had provided gunpowder enough and some other things some days before. But Burnham Fair coming between, they agreed to go thither first, and have a little diversion there. Accordingly they went, and bestowed a few of their crackers, upon their brother mob at Burnham. But these, not being Methodists, did not take it well, turned upon them, and gave them chase. They took shelter in an house; but that would not serve. For those without, soon forced a way in, and seized on as many as they could find, who, upon information made, were sent to gaol. The rest ran away: so that when I came, none hindered or interrupted. In the evening I came to London; I proposed spending a fortnight there, and then returning to Bristol.

I spent this time, partly in speaking severally to all the members of the society; partly in making a full inquiry into those devices of Satan, whereof I had scarce ever heard or read before. And I believe they are now thoroughly discovered and brought to nought. O may they never more deceive the hearts of the simple.

Monday, October 11, I had designed to leave London. But Mr. Richards being taken ill, I put off my journey. He was much better on Tuesday; so I set out next morning, and before seven in the evening reached the half-way-house, four miles short of Hungerford.

I now found it was well I did not set out on Monday, in order to be at Bristol on Tuesday night, as usual. For all the travellers that went way on Tuesday were robbed. But on Thursday, the road was clear, so that I came safe to Kingswood in the afternoon, and in the evening preached at Bristol.

My chief business now was, To examine thoroughly the society in Kingswood. This found me full employment for several days. On Wednesday 27, having finished my work, I set out very early, and (though my horse fell lame) on Thursday evening came to London.

Friday 29, I largely explained, *Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty:* namely, liberty to obey the whole will of God; to *be* and *do* whatsoever He hath commanded: in a word, to love God with all our heart, and to serve Him with all our strength.

Sunday 31, Several of the leaders desired to have an hour's conversation with me. I found they were greatly perplexed about "Want of management, ill husbandry, encouraging idleness, improper distribution of money, being imposed upon by fair pretences," and "men who talked well, but had no grace in their hearts."— I asked; "Who those men were?" But that they could not tell. "Who encouraged idleness? when and how?" "What money had been improperly distributed? By whom and to whom?" "In what instances *I* had been imposed on (as I presumed they meant *me*) and what were the particulars of that ill husbandry and mismanagement of

which they complained?" They stared at one another, as men in amaze. I began to be amazed too, not being able to imagine what was the matter, till one dropped a word, by which all came out. They had been talking with Mr. Hall, who had started so many objections against all I said or did, that they were in the utmost consternation, till the fire thus broke out; which then at once vanished away.

Wednesday, November 3, Two of those who are called *prophets*, desired to speak with me. They told me, "They were sent from God, with a message to *me*, which was, That very shortly, I should be *born'd* again." One of them added, "They would stay in the house till it was done, unless I turned them out." I answered gravely, "I will not turn you out," and shewed them down into the society-room. It was tolerably cold, and they had neither meat nor drink. However, there they sat from morning to evening. They then went away quietly, and I have heard nothing from them since.

Sunday 7, I concluded the Epistle to the Hebrews, that strong barrier against the too prevailing imagination, That the privileges of Christian believers are to be measusured by those of the Jews. Not so: That Christians are under a *better covenant*, established upon *better* promises; That although *the law made nothing perfect*, made none perfect either in holiness or happiness, yet *the bringing in of a better hope did, by which we* now *draw nigh unto God:* this is the great truth continually inculcated herein, and running through this whole epistle. Monday 8, I set out at four, reached Northampton that night, and the next evening, Donnington-Park. Wednesday 10, I rode on to Rufworth-Inn, and on Saturday 13, reached Newcastle.

My brother had been here for some weeks before, and was but just returned to London. At eight I met the wild, staring, loving society. But not them alone, as I had designed. For we could not persuade the strangers to leave us. So that we only spent about an hour in prayer.

Sunday 14, I began preaching at five o'clock, (a thing never heard of before in these parts) on *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.* And the victorious sweetness of the grace of God was present with his word. At ten we went to All-Saints, where was such a number of communicants, as I have scarce seen but at Bristol or London. At four I preached in the square of the Keelmen's hospital, on *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* It rained and hailed hard, both before and after; but there were only some scattered drops while I preached, which frighted away a few careless hearers. I met the society at six, and exhorted all, who had *set their hand to the plough*, not to *look back.*

Monday 15, I began at five expounding *The Acts of the Apostles.* In the afternoon, (and every afternoon this week) I spoke severally with the members of the society. On Tuesday evening, I began the Epistle to the Romans. After sermon the society met. I reproved some among them who walked disorderly; and earnestly besought them all to beware lest, by reason of their sins, the way of truth should be evil spoken of.

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Thursday 18, I could not but observe, the different manner, wherein God is pleased to work in different places. The grace of God flows here with a wider stream than it did at first either in Bristol or Kingswood. But it does not sink so deep, as it did there. Few are thoroughly convinced of sin, and scarce any can witness, That the Lamb of God has taken away their sins.

Friday 19, I found the first witness of this good confession. Margaret H—— (O how fallen since then!) told me, that the night before, her sight (an odd circumstance) and her strength were taken away at once. At the same time the love of God so overflowed her soul, that she could not speak or move.

James R—— also gave me an account to-day, That in going home the day before, he lost his sight in a moment, and was forced to catch hold of some rails for fear of falling. He continues under strong convictions, longing for the salvation of God.

Sunday 21, After preaching in the Room at five, I began preaching about eight at the Hospital. It rained all the time; but that did not disturb either me or the congregation, while I explained, *Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.*

Tuesday 23, There seemed in the evening to be a deeper work in many souls than I had observed before. Many trembled exceedingly: six or seven (both men and women) dropped down as dead. Some cried unto God out of the deep: others would have cried; but their voice was lost. And some have found that the Lord is *gracious and merciful, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin.*

Thursday 25, In the evening, God was pleased to wound many more who were quiet and at ease. And I could not but observe, That here the very best people, so called, were as deeply convinced as open sinners. Several of these were now constrained to roar aloud, for the disquietness of their hearts: and these generally not young, (as in most other places) but either middle-aged, or well stricken in years.

I never saw a work of God in any other place, so evenly and gradually carried on. It continually rises step by step. Not so much seems to be done at any one time, as hath frequently been at Bristol or London: but something at every time. It is the same with particular souls. I saw none in that triumph of faith, which has been so common in other places. But the believers go on, calm and steady. Let God do as seemeth him good.

Friday 26, Between twelve and one, I preached in a convenient ground at Wickham, two or three miles from Newcastle. I spoke strong, rough words, but I did not perceive, that any regarded what was spoken. The people indeed were exceeding quiet, and the cold kept them from falling asleep; until (before two) I left them, very well satisfied with the preacher, and with themselves.

Sunday 28, I preached both at five in the room, and at eight in the hospital, on *Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins.* We then walked over to Tanfield-Leigh, (about seven miles from Newcastle.) Here a large company of people were gathered together, from all the country round about: to whom I expounded the former part of the fifth chapter to

the *Romans*. But so dead, senseless, unaffected a congregation, have I scarce seen, except at Wickham. Whether gospel or law, or English or Greek, seemed all one to them!

Yet the seed sown even here, was not quite lost. For on Thursday morning between four and five, John Brown, then of Tanfield-Leigh, was waked out of sleep, by the voice that raiseth the dead. And ever since he has been full of love, and praise, and joy in the *Holy Ghost*.

At four I preached in the Hospital-Square, to the largest congregation I had seen since we left London, on *Jesus Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*

Wednesday, December 1, We had several places offered, on which to build a room for the society. But none was such as we wanted. And perhaps there was a providence in our not finding any as yet. For by this mean I was kept at Newcastle, whether I would or not.

Saturday 4, I was both surprised and grieved, at a genuine instance of enthusiasm. J—— B——, of Tanfield-Leigh, who had received a sense of the love of God a few days before, came riding through the town, hallowing, and shouting, and driving all the people before him, telling them, "God had told him, he should be a king, and should tread all his enemies under his feet." I sent him home immediately to his work, and advised him to cry day and night to God, that he might be lowly in heart; lest Satan should again get an advantage over him.

To-day a gentleman called and offered me a piece of ground. On Monday an article was drawn, wherein he agreed to put me into possession on Thursday, upon payment of thirty pounds.

Tuesday 7, I was so ill in the morning, that I was obliged to send Mr. Williams to the Room. He afterwards went to Mr. Stephenson, a merchant in the town, who had a passage through the ground we intended to buy. I was willing to purchase that passage. Mr. Stephenson told him, "Sir, I do not want money; but if Mr. Wesley wants ground, he may have a piece of my garden, adjoined to the place you mention. I am at a word. For forty pounds he shall have sixteen yards in breadth, and thirty in length."

Wednesday 8, Mr. Stephenson and I signed an article, and I took possession of the ground. But I could not fairly go back from my agreement with Mr. Riddel. So I entered on his ground at the same time. The whole is about forty yards in length: in the middle of which we determined to build the house, leaving room for a small court-yard before, and a little garden behind the building.

Sunday 12, I expounded at five the former part of the parable of the sower. At eight I preached in the Square, on *I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.* The effect of what had been spoken in the morning, now evidently appeared. For one could not observe any in the congregation, to stir hand or foot. When the sermon was done, they divided to the right and left, none offering to go until I was past. And then they walked quietly and silently away, lest Satan should catch the seed out of their hearts.

Monday 13, I removed into a lodging adjoining to the ground where we were preparing to build; but the violent frost obliged us

to delay the work. I never felt such intense cold before. In a room where a constant fire was kept, though my desk was fixed within a yard of the chimney, I could not write for a quarter of an hour together, without my hands being quite benumbed.

Wednesday 15, I preached at Horsely-upon-Tyne, eight (computed) miles from Newcastle. It was about two in the afternoon. The house not containing the people, we stood in the open air, in spite of the frost. I preached again in the evening, and in the morning. We then chose to walk home, having each of us catched a violent cold, by riding the day before. Mine gradually wore off. But Mr. Meyrick's increased, so that on Friday he took his bed. I advised him to bleed: but he imagined he should be well without it, in a few days.

Sunday 19, I cried to all who felt themselves lost, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved:* and in the afternoon, *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.* At that hour one, who was bitterly mourning after Christ, (Mary Emerson) was filled with joy unspeakable.

Monday 20, We laid the first stone of the house. Many were gathered from all parts to see it: but none scoffed or interrupted, while we praised God, and prayed that He would prosper the work of our hands upon us. Three or four times in the evening, I was forced to break off preaching, that we might pray and give thanks to God.

When I came home, they told me, the physician said, he did not expect Mr. Meyrick would live until the morning. I went to him; but his pulse was gone. He had been speechless and senseless for some time. A few of us immediately joined in prayer. (I relate the naked fact.) Before we had done, his sense and his speech returned. Now he that will account for this by *natural causes*, has my free leave. But I choose to say, This is the power of God!

Thursday 23, It being computed that such a house as was proposed, could not be finished under seven hundred pounds, many were positive it would never be finished at all: others, that I should not live to see it covered. I was of another mind; nothing doubting but as it was begun for God's sake, He would provide what was needful for the finishing it.

Saturday 25, The physician told me, "he could do no more: Mr. Meyrick could not live over the night." I went up and found them all crying about him; his legs being cold, and, as it seemed, dead already. We all kneeled down, and called upon God, with strong cries and tears. He opened his eyes, and called for me. And from that hour he continued to recover his strength, until he was restored to perfect health.—I wait to hear, Who will either disprove this fact, or philosophically account for it.

Sunday 26, From those words, *Sing we merrily unto God our strength; make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob,* I took occasion to shew the usual way of keeping these days holy in honour of the Birth of our Lord: namely, By an extraordinary degree of gluttony and drunkenness; by heathen, and worse than heathen diversions; (with their constant attendants, passion and strife, cursing,

swearing, and blasphemy:) and by dancing and card-playing, equally conducive to the glory of God. I then described the right way of keeping a day holy to the Lord; by extraordinary prayer, public and private: by thanksgiving; by hearing, reading, and meditating on his word, and by talking of all his wonderous works.

Monday 27, I rode to Horseley. The house being too small, I was obliged again to preach in the open air. But so furious a storm have I seldom known. The wind drove upon us like a torrent, coming by turns from east, west, north, and south. The straw and thatch flew round our heads; so that one would have imagined, it could not be long, before the house must follow: but scarce any one stirred, much less went away, until I dismissed them with the peace of God.

Tuesday 28, I preached in an open place at Swalwell, two or three miles from Newcastle. The wind was high, and extremely sharp; but I saw none go away until I went. Yet I observed none that seemed to be much convinced, only stunned, as if cut in the head.

Wednesday 29, After preaching (as usual) in the Square, I took horse for Tanfield. More than once I was only not blown off my horse. However, at three I reached the Leigh, and explained to a multitude of people the salvation which is through faith. Afterwards I met the society in a large upper room, which rocked to and fro with the violence of the storm. But all was calm within, and we rejoiced together in hope of a kingdom which cannot be moved.

Thursday 30, I carefully examined those, who had lately cried out in the congregation. Some of these, I found, could give no account at all, how or wherefore they had done so; only, that of a sudden they dropped down they knew not how; and what they afterwards said or did they knew not: others could just remember they were in fear, but could not tell, what they were in fear of. Several said they were afraid of the devil: and this was all they knew. But a few gave a more intelligible account of the piercing sense they then had of their sins, both inward and outward, which were set in array against them round about: of the dread they were in, of the wrath of God, and the punishment they had deserved, into which they seemed to be just falling, without any way to escape. One of them told me, "I was as if I were just falling down from the highest place I had ever seen. I thought the devil was pushing me off, and that God had forsaken me." Another said, "I felt the very fire of hell already kindled in my breast: and all my body was in as much pain, as if I had been in a burning, fiery furnace." What wisdom is that which rebuketh these, *that they should hold their peace?* Nay, let such an one cry after Jesus of Nazareth, until he saith, *Thy faith hath made the whole!*

At eleven I preached my farewell sermon in the Hospital-square. I never saw such a congregation there before; nor did I ever speak so searchingly. I could not conclude until one, and then, both men, women, and children, hung upon me, so that I knew not which way to disengage myself. After some time I got to the gate and took horse; but even then "a muckle woman" (as one called her in great anger) kept her hold, and ran by the horse's side, through thick and

thin, down to Sandgate. Jonathan Reeves rode with me. We reached Darlington that night, and Borough-bridge the next day.

What encouragement have we to speak for God! At our inn we met an ancient man, who seemed by his conversation, never to have thought, whether he had any soul, or not. Before we set out, I spoke a few words concerning his cursing and idle conversation. The man appeared quite broken in pieces. The tears started into his eyes. And he acknowledged, (with abundance of thanks to me) his own guilt and the goodness of God.

Saturday, January 1, 1743, Between Doncaster and Epworth, I overtook one who immediately accosted me, with so many, and so impertinent questions, that I was quite amazed. In the midst of some of them, concerning my travels and my journey, I interrupted him and asked, "Are you aware, that we are on a longer journey? That we are travelling toward eternity?" He replied instantly, "O, I find you, I find you! I know where you are. Is not your name Wesley? 'Tis pity! 'Tis great pity! Why could not your father's religion serve you? Why must you have a new religion?" I was going to reply; but he cut me short, by crying out in triumph, "I am a Christian! I am a Christian! I am a Church-man! I am a Church-man! I am none of your *Culamites*:" as plain as he could speak; for he was so drunk, he could but just keep his seat. Having then clearly won the day, or as his phrase was, "put them all down," he began kicking his horse on both sides, and rode off as fast as he could.

In the evening I reached Epworth. Sunday 2, At five, I preached on *So is every one who is born of the Spirit*. About eight I preached from my father's tomb, on Heb. viii. 11. Many from the neighbouring towns asked, if it would not be well, as it was the sacrament Sunday, for them to receive it? I told them, "By all means; but it would be more respectful first to ask Mr. Romley (the curate) leave." One did so, in the name of the rest. To whom he said, "Pray tell Mr. Wesley, I shall not give him the sacrament, for he is not fit."

How wise a God is our God! There could not have been so fit a place under heaven, where this should befall me first, as my father's house, the place of my nativity, and the very place, where, according to the straitest sect of our religion, I had so long lived a pharisee! It was also fit in the highest degree, that he who repelled me from that very table, where I had myself so often distributed the bread of life, should be one who owed his all in this world to the tender love which my father had shewn to *his*, as well as personally to *himself*.

Monday 3, I rode to Birstal, where John Nelson gave a melancholy account of many that did run well. I told him, "I was as willing they sohuld be with the Germans as with us, if they did but grow in grace." He said, "But that is not the case; they grow worse instead of better. They are changed both in their tempers and lives; but not for the better at all. They now do things without scruple, which they could not do before. They are light and trifling in their

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behaviour; they are easy and thoughtless, having now no holy fear, no earnest care to work out their own salvation."

Wednesday 5, I came wet and weary to Sheffield, and on Friday to Donnington Park, which I left before eight the next morning, in order to go to Wednesbury, in Staffordshire. I was immediately met by a vehement shower of rain, driven full in my face by a strong wind. But in an hour the day was clear and calm. About four in the afternoon I came to Wednesbury. At seven I preached in the town-hall. It was filled from end to end; and all appeared to be deeply attentive, while I explained, *This is the covenant which I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord.*

Sunday 9, The hall was filled again at five, and I proclaimed *The name of the Lord, the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.* At eight we met in the place where my brother preached, made, as it were, for the great congregation. It is a large hollow, scarcely a mile from the town, capable of containing four or five thousand people. They stood in a half circle one above another, and seemed all to receive with joy, that great truth, *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

In the afternoon, Mr. Egginton preached a plain, useful sermon. Almost the whole congregation then went down to the place, where abundance of people were already waiting for us: so that the hollow could not contain them, but was edged round with those who came from all parts. My subject was, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* O that all who heard might experience this salvation!

Monday 10, I preached at five, at eight, and at three. In the intervals of preaching I spoke to all who desired it. Last night twenty-nine of them were joined together. Tuesday 11, about a hundred. O that none of these may *draw back to perdition!* Let these *believe unto the saving of the soul!*

Wednesday 12, I took my leave of them in the morning, by shewing the difference between the righteousness of the law and that of faith; and in the evening, explained to a large congregation at Evesham, *So is every one that is born of the Spirit.*

Thursday 13, I rode to Stratford-upon-Avon. I had scarce sat down before I was informed, that Mrs. K——, a middle-aged woman, of Shattery, half a mile from Stratford, had been for many weeks last past, in a way which nobody could understand: that she had sent for a minister, but almost as soon as he came, began roaring in so strange a manner, (her tongue at the same time hanging out of her mouth, and her face distorted into the most terrible form), that he cried out, "It is the devil doubtless! it is the devil!" And immediately went away.

I suppose this was some unphilosophical minister; else he would have said, "Stark mad! send her to Bedlam."

I asked, "What good do you think I can do?" One answered, "We cannot tell: but Mrs. K—— (I just relate what was spoken to me, without passing any judgment upon it) earnestly desired you might come, if you were any where near; saying, she had seen you

in a dream, and should know you immediately. 'But the devil said (those were her own expressions), 'I will tear thy throat out before he comes.' But afterwards (she said) his words were, 'If he do come, I will let thee be quiet; and thou shalt be as if nothing ailed thee till he is gone away.' "

A very odd kind of madness this! I walked over about noon; but when we came to the house, I desired all those who came with me to stay below. One shewing me the way, I went up straight to her room. As soon as I came to the bed-side, she fixed her eyes and said, "You are Mr. Wesley. I am very well now, I thank God. Nothing ails me; only I am weak." I called them up, and we began to sing,

> Jesu, thou hast bid us pray,
> Pray always and not faint:
> With the word a power convey
> To utter our complaint."

After singing a verse or two we kneeled down to prayer. I had but just begun, (my eyes being shut) when I felt as if I had been plunged into cold water. And immediately there was such a roar, that my voice was quite drowned, though I spoke as loud as I usually do to three or four thousand people. However, I prayed on. She was then reared up in the bed, her whole body moving at once, without bending one joint or limb, just as if it were one piece of stone. Immediately after, it was writhed into all kinds of postures, the same horrid yell continuing still. But we left her not, till all the symptoms ceased, and she was (for the present at least) rejoicing and praising God.

Between one and two I preached at Stratford, on *The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.* Most of the hearers stood like posts. But some mocked, others blasphemed, and a few believed.

I preached at Evesham, in the evening, rode to Painswick the next day, and on Saturday 15, to Bristol; where, the following week, I spoke to each member of the society, and rejoiced over them, finding they had not been *barren or unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Monday 24, I preached at Bath. Some of the rich and great were present: to whom, as to the rest I declared with all plainness of speech, 1, That, by nature, they were all children of wrath; 2, That all their natural tempers were corrupt and abominable; and 3, All their words and works, which could never be any better but by faith; and that, 4, A natural man has no more faith than a devil, if so much. One of them my Lord ——, stayed very patiently till I came to the midst of the fourth head. Then starting up, he said, "'Tis hot! 'tis very hot!" and got down stairs as fast as he could.

Several of the gentry desired to stay at the meeting of the society: to whom I explained the nature of inward religion, words flowing upon me faster than I could speak. One of them (a noted infidel) hung over the next seat in an attitude not to be described. And when he went, left half-a-guinea with Mary Naylor, for the use of the poor.

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On the following days I spoke with each member of the society in Kingswood. I cannot understand how any minister can hope ever to give up his account with joy, unless (as Ignatius advises) he "know all his flock by name; not overlooking the men servants and maid servants."

I left Bristol on Friday 28, came to Reading on Saturday, and to Windsor on Sunday morning. Thence I walked over to Egham, where Mr. —— preached one of the most miserable sermons I ever heard; stuffed so full of dull, senseless, improbable lies, of those he complimented with the title of False Prophets.

I preached at one, and endeavoured to rescue the poor text (Matt. vii. 16,) out of so bad hands. About four I left Egham, and at eight in the evening met a joyful congregation at the Foundery.

Monday 31, One writing to desire, that I would preach on Isaiah lviii, I willingly complied with his request in the evening. A day or two after I received a letter from a girl of sixteen or seventeen, whom I had often observed, as being in an eminent degree, of a meek and lowly spirit. Some of her words were, "I do not think there were above six or seven words of the true Gospel in your whole sermon. I think nothing ought to concern you, but the errand which the Lord gave you. But how far are you from this! You preach more the law than the Gospel!" Ah, my poor *still* sister! thou art an apt scholar indeed! I did not expect this quite so soon.

Wednesday, February 2, My brother and I began visiting the society together, which employed us from six in the morning every day, till near six in the evening. Sunday 6, I preached in the morning, on *While we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men* and in the afternoon, on *By manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.* So rough a charity sermon was scarce ever heard. But God gave it his blessing; insomuch, that fifty pounds were contributed toward finishing the house at Newcastle.

Friday 11, I called on poor Joseph Hodges, who after so long withstanding all the wiles of the enemy, has been at last induced, by his fatal regard for Mr. Hall, to renounce my brother and me in form. But he had perfectly learned the exercise of his arms. He was so happy, so poor a sinner, that to produce either scripture or reason against him, was mere beating the air.

Monday 14, I left London, and (riding early and late) the next evening came to Newark. Here I met with a few who had tasted the good word: one of whom received me gladly, and desired me whenever I came to Newark, to make his house my home.

Wednesday 16, I reached Epworth. I was to preach at six; but the house not being able to contain half the congregation, I went out and declared, *We love Him because He first loved us.* In the morning, Thursday 17, I largely explained, *The Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.* And it was high time; for I soon found the spirit of delusion was gone abroad here also; and some began to boast, that Christ had made them free, who were still the servants of sin. In the evening I preached on that bold assertion of St. John,

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indeed of all who have the true Spirit of adoption,) *We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.*

Friday 18, I rode forward for Newcastle. We inquired at Poplington, a little town three miles beyond York, and hearing there was no other town near, thought it best to call there. A bible lying in the window, my fellow-traveller asked the woman of the house, "If she had read that book?" She said, Sir, I cannot read; the worse is my luck. But that great girl is a rare scholar, and yet she cares not if she never look in a book; she minds *nout* but play." I began soon after to speak to our landlord, while the old woman drew closer and closer to me. The girl spun on; but all on a sudden she stopped her wheel, burst out into tears, and, with all that were in the house, so devoured our words, that we scarce knew how to go away.

In the evening we came to Boroughbridge, and Saturday 19, to Newcastle.

Sunday 20, I went on in expounding the *Acts of the Apostles*, and *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*. In the following week I diligently inquired, who they were that did not walk according to the Gospel? In consequence of which I was obliged to put away above fifty persons. There remained about eight hundred in the society.

Saturday 26, I visited those that were sick. One of these had kept her room for many months, so that she had never heard the voice, or seen the face of any preacher of *this way*. But God had taught her in the school of affliction. She gave a plain and distinct account of the manner wherein she had received a sense of her acceptance with God more than a year before; and of a fuller manifestation of his love, of which she never after doubted for a moment.

Monday 28, I preached again at Horseley, and spoke severally with those of the society. The world now begins to take the alarm, and to cast out their names as evil. After a very good woman (so called) had used abundance of arguments, to hinder her neighbour from going near these people, she told her at length, "Why, none but the wickedest people upon earth go there." "Nay, then," replied she, "I will go immediately; for I am sure none upon earth is wickeder than I." Such be the event of all wordly wisdom!

Tuesday, March 1, I preached at two in Pelton, five miles south of Newcastle. A multitude of people were gathered together from all the neighbouring towns, and (which I rejoiced at much more) from all the neighbouring pits. In riding home, I observed a little village, called Chowden, which they told me consisted of colliers only. I resolved to preach there as soon as possible; for these are sinners, and need repentance.

Sunday 6, I read over in the society the rules which all our members are to observe, and desired every one seriously to consider, whether he was willing to conform thereto or not? That this would shake many of them I knew well; and therefore, on Monday 7, I began visiting the classes again, lest *that which is lame should be turned out of the way*.

Tuesday 8, In the afternoon I preached on a smooth part of the fell, or common, near Chowden. I found we were got into the very

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Kingswood of the north. Twenty or thirty wild children ran round us, as soon as we came, staring as in amaze. They could not properly be said to be either clothed or naked. One of the largest, a girl about fifteen, had a piece of a ragged, dirty blanket, some way hung about her, and a kind of cap on her head, of the same cloth and colour. My heart was exceedingly enlarged towards them; and they looked as if they would have swallowed me up, especially while I was applying those words, *Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.*

Saturday 12, I concluded my second course of visiting, in which I inquired particularly into two things: 1, The case of those who had almost every night the last week cried out aloud during the preaching: 2, The number of those who were separated from us, and the reason and occasion of it.

As to the former, I found,

1. That all of them, I think not one excepted, were persons in perfect health, and had not been subject to fits of any kind, till they were thus affected:

2, That this had come upon every one of them in a moment, without any previous notice, while they were either hearing the word of God, or thinking on what they had heard.

3, That in a moment they dropped down, lost all their strength, and were seized with violent pain.

This they expressed in different manners. Some said, they felt just as if a sword were running through them; others, that they thought a great weight lay upon them, as if it would squeeze them into the earth. Some said, they were quite choked, so that they could not breathe; others, that their hearts swelled ready to burst; and others, that it was as if their heart, as if all their inside, as if their whole body were tearing all to pieces.

These symptoms I can no more impute to any natural cause than to the Spirit of God. I can make no doubt but it was Satan tearing them, as they were coming to Christ. And hence proceeded those grievous cries, whereby he might design both to discredit the work of God, and to affright fearful people from hearing that word, whereby their souls might be saved.

I found, 4, That their minds had been as variously affected as their bodies. Of this some could give scarce any account at all, which also I impute to that wise spirit, purposely stunning and confounding as many as he could, that they might not be able to betray his devices. Others gave a very clear and particular account from the beginning to the end. The word of God pierced their souls, and convinced them of inward as well as outward sin. They saw and felt the wrath of God abiding on them, and were afraid of his judgments. And here the accuser came with great power, telling them, "there was no hope, they were lost for ever." The pains of body then seized them in a moment, and extorted those loud and bitter cries.

As to the latter, I observed the number of those who had left the society, since Dec. 30, was seventy-six:

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Fourteen of these (chiefly dissenters) said, "They left it, because otherwise their minister would not give them the sacrament:"

Nine more, "because their husbands or wives were not willing they should stay in it:"

Twelve, "because their parents were not willing:"

Five, "because their master and mistress would not let them come:"

Seven, "because their acquaintance persuaded them to leave it:"

Five, "because people said such bad things of the society:"

Nine, "because they would not be laughed at:"

Three, "because they would not lose the Poor's allowance:"

Three more, "because they could not spare time to come:"

Two, "because it was too far off:"

One, "because she was afraid of falling into fits:"

One, "because people were so rude in the street:"

Two, "because Thomas Naisbit was in the society:"

One, "because he would not turn his back on his baptism:"

One, "because we were mere Church of England men:" and

One, "because it was time enough to serve God yet."

The number of those who were expelled the society was sixty-four:

Two, for cursing and swearing:

Two, for habitual sabbath-breaking:

Seventeen, for drunkenness:

Two, for retailing spiritous liquors:

Three, for quarrelling and brawling:

One, for beating his wife:

Three, for habitual, wilful lying:

Four, for railing and evil-speaking:

One for idleness and laziness: And

Nine and twenty, for lightness and carelessness.

Sunday 13, I went in the morning in order to speak severally with the members of the society at Tanfield. From the terrible instances I met with here, (and indeed in all parts of England) I am more and more convinced, That the devil himself desires nothing more than this, That the people of any place, should be half awakened, and then left to themselves, to fall asleep again. Therefore I determine, by the grace of God, not to strike one stroke in any place where I cannot follow the blow.

Monday 14, I preached again near Chowden: and this I continued to do weekly, as well as at all the other places round Newcastle, (except Swalwell) where I had preached once.

Thursday 17, As I was preaching at Pelton, one of the old colliers, not much accustomed to things of this kind, in the middle of the sermon, began shouting amain for mere satisfaction and joy of heart. But their usual token of approbation (which somewhat surprised me at first) was clapping me on the back.

Friday 18, As I was meeting the leaders, a company of young men, having prepared themselves by strong drink, broke open the door, and came rushing in with the utmost fury. I began praying

for them immediately. Not one opened his mouth or lifted up a finger against us. And after half an hour, we all went away together, in great quietness and love.

Tuesday 22, I went to the South-Biddick, a village of colliers, seven miles south-east of Newcastle. The spot where I stood, was just at the bottom of a semi-circular hill, on the rising sides of which many hundreds stood; but far more on the plain beneath. I cried to them, in the words of the prophet, *O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.* Deep attention sat on every face. So that here also I believed it would be well, to preach weekly.

Wednesday 23, I met a gentleman in the streets, cursing and swearing in so dreadful a manner, that I could not but stop him. He soon grew calmer, told me, "He *must* treat me with a glass of wine; and that he would come and *hear* me: only he was afraid, I should say something against *fighting of cocks.*"

Friday 25, At the pressing instance of a cursing, swearing, drunken Papist, who would needs bring me into a state of salvation, I spent some hours in reading an artful book, entitled, "The Grounds of the Old Religion." In the first thirty pages the author heaps up scriptures, concerning the privileges of the Church. But all this is beating the air, till he proves the Romanists to be the Church, i. e. That a part is the whole. In the second chapter he brings many arguments to shew, "That the Scripture is not the sole rule of faith; at least, not if interpreted by private judgment, because private judgment has no place in matters of religion!"—Why at this moment you are appealing to *my* private judgment: and you cannot possibly avoid it. The foundation of *your*, as well as *my* religion, must necessarily rest here. First you (as well as I) must judge for yourself, whether you are implicity to follow the Church or not? And also which is the true Church? Else it is not possible to move one step forward.

This evening I preached in the shell of the new house, on the rich man and Lazarus. A great multitude were gathered together there, most of whom stayed with us and *watched* unto the Lord.

Saturday 26, I preached at Birtley, a village four miles south of Newcastle, surrounded by colliers on every side. The greater part of the congregation, earnestly attended to those solemn words, *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor.*

Monday 28, I was astonished to find it was a real fact (what I would not believe before(that three of the dissenting ministers, (Mr. A—rs, Mr. A—ns, and Mr. B—) had agreed together, "To exclude all those from the holy communion, who would not refrain from hearing *us.*" Mr. A—ns publicly affirmed, "We were all Papists, and our doctrine mere Popery." And Mr. B—, in the conclusion of a course of sermons, which he preached professedly against us, went a step farther still: for after he had confessed "many texts in the Bible are *for them:*" he added, "But you ought not to mind these texts: for the Papists have put them in!"

Wednesday 30, While I was *reasoning* (from the xxivth chapter of the Acts) on *righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,*

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God constrained many of the stout-hearted sinners to tremble. O that they may not put Him off to *a more convenient season!*

April 1, Being Good-Friday, I had a great desire to visit a little village called Placey, about ten measured miles north of Newcastle. It is inhabited by colliers only, and such as had been always in the first rank for savage ignorance and wickedness of every kind. Their grand assembly used to be on the Lord's day, on which men, women, and children, met together, to dance, fight, curse and swear, and play at chuck, ball, span-farthing, or whatever came next to hand. I felt great compassion for these poor creatures, from the time I heard of them first; and the more, because all men seemed to despair of them. Between seven and eight I set out with John Healy, my guide. The north wind being unusually high, drove the sleet full in our face, which froze as it fell, and cased us over presently. When we came to Placey we could very hardly stand. As soon as we were a little recovered, I went into the square, and declared Him who *was bruised for our sins, and wounded for our iniquities.* The poor sinners were quickly gathered together, and gave earnest heed to the things which were spoken. And so they did in the afternoon again, in spite of the wind and snow, when I besought them to receive Him for their King; *to repent and believe the Gospel.*

On Easter Monday and Tuesday I preached there again, the congregation continually increasing. And as most of these had never in their lives pretended to any religion of any kind, they were the more ready to cry to God as *mere sinners*, for the free *redemption which is in Jesus.*

Thursday 7, Having settled all things according to my desire, I cheerfully took leave of my friends at Newcastle, and rode that day to Sandhutton. At our inn I found a good-natured man, sitting and drinking in the chimney corner; with whom I began a discourse, suspecting nothing less, than that he was the minister of the parish. Before we parted I spoke exceeding plainly. And he received it in love; begging he might see me when I came that way again. But before I came, he was gone into eternity.

Friday 8, I preached at Knaresborough and at Leeds, on *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* The three following days I divided between Leeds and Birstal, and on Tuesday rode to Sheffield.

I found the society both here and at Barley-Hall, earnestly pressing on toward the mark: although there had not been wanting here also those, who by fair speeches, deceive the hearts of the simple.

Friday 15, I rode in two days to Wednesbury. I found things surprisingly altered here. The inexcusable folly of Mr. W——, had so provoked Mr. E——n, that his former love was turned into bitter hatred. But he had not yet had time to work up the poor people into the rage and madness which afterwards appeared: So that they were extremely quiet both this and the following days, while I improved the present opportunity, and exhorted them, morning and evening, to believe on the Lord Jesus, and to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling.

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Yet on Sunday 17, the scene began to open. I think I never heard so wicked a sermon, and delivered with such bitterness of voice and manner, as that which Mr. E——n preached in the afternoon. I knew what effect this must have in a little time, and therefore judged it expedient to prepare the poor people for what was to follow, that when it came, they might not be offended. Accordingly on Tuesday 19, I strongly enforced those words of our Lord, *If any man come after me, and hate not his father and mother—yea, and his own life, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple.*

While I was speaking, a gentleman rode up very drunk, and after many unseemly and bitter words, laboured much to ride over some of the people. I was surprised to hear he was a neighbouring clergyman. And this too is a man zealous for the Church! Ah poor Church! if it stood in need of such defenders!

Thursday 21, I spent an hour with some of my old friends, whom I had not seen for many years. I rejoiced to find them still loving and open of heart, just as they were before I went to Georgia. In the afternoon I called at Barkswell, near Coventry; where I had formerly spent many pleasant hours. And here likewise I found friendship and openness still. But the master of the house was under heavy affliction: and such affliction as I believe will never be removed, till he is filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Friday 22, I rode to Painswick: and on Saturday 23, through heavy rain, to Bristol.

I had now a week of rest and peace, which was refreshing both to my soul and body. Sunday, May 1, I had an opportunity of receiving the Lord's Supper at St. James's, our parish Church. We had another comfortable hour in the afternoon, while I was explaining, *This is the covenant which I will make, saith the Lord, I will put my laws in their minds, and write them in their hearts, and I will be unto them a God, and they shall be unto me a people.*

Tuesday, May 3, I set out for Wales, in company with one who was my pupil at Oxford. We could get that night no farther than the Bull, five Welsh miles beyond Abergavenny. The next morning we came to Builth, just as the Church prayers began. Mr. Phillips, the rector of Maesmennys, (at whose invitation I came) soon took knowledge of me, and we began a friendship which I trust shall never end. I preached on a tomb at the east end of the Church at four, and again at seven. Mr. Gwynne and Mr. Prothero (Justices of Peace) stood on either hand of me, and all the people before me, catching every word, with the most serious and eager attention.

Thursday 5, I rode over such rugged mountains, as I never saw before, to Cardiff. But it was late before we came in, so that I could not preach that night. Friday 6, I preached at eleven in the New Room, which the society had just built in the heart of the town. And our souls were sweetly comforted together. About two I preached at Lantrissant: and at Fennon-Castle in the evening, to a loving and serious congregation.

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Saturday 7, I was desired to preach at Cowbridge. We came into the town about eleven. And many people seemed very desirous to hear for themselves, concerning the way which is every where spoken against. But it could not be. The sons of Belial gathered themselves together, headed by one or two wretches, called gentlemen: and continued shouting, cursing, blaspheming, and throwing showers of stones, almost without intermission. So that after some time spent in prayer for them, I judged it best to dismiss the congregation.

Sunday 8, I preached in the Castle-yard at Cardiff, at five in the morning, and seven in the evening: in the afternoon at Wenvo, where the Church was quite filled, with those who came from many miles round. And God answered many of them in the joy of their hearts: it was a solemn and refreshing season.

Monday 9, I returned to Bristol. Most of the week I spent in visiting the society in Kingswood; whom I now found quite clear of those vain janglings which had for a time well nigh torn them in pieces.

Tuesday 17, My brother set out for Cornwall: where (according to the accounts we had frequently received) abundance of those, who before neither feared God, nor regarded man, began to inquire What they must do to be saved? But the same imprudence, which had laid the foundation for all the disturbances in Staffordshire, had broke out here also, and turned many of our friends into bitter and implacable enemies. Violent persecution was a natural consequence of this: but the power of God triumphed over all.

May 22, being Whitsunday, I preached both at Kingswood and Bristol, on those solemn words, *Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.*

Tuesday 24, I rode to Cirencester, and preached in a green place, at a little distance from the town, on *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* Wednesday 25, I preached to a little company at Oxford. Thursday 26, I had a larger congregation at Wycombe: from whence I hastened to London, and concluded the day, by enforcing those awful words at the Foundery, *The Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold thy salvation cometh! Behold his reward is with Him, and his work before Him.*

Sunday 29, Being Trinity-Sunday, I began officiating at the Chapel in West-Street, near the Seven-Dials, of which (by a strange chain of providences) we have a lease for several years. I preached on the Gospel for the day, part of the third chapter of St. John: and afterwards administered the Lord's-Supper, to some hundreds of communicants. I was a little afraid at first, that my strength would not suffice for the business of the day, when a service of five hours (for it lasted from ten to three) was added to my usual employment. But God looked to that: so I must think, and they that will call it enthusiasm, may. I preached at the Great-Gardens at five to an immense congre-

gation, on *Ye must be born again*. Then the leaders met, (who filled all the time that I was not speaking in public:) and after them the bands. At ten at night, I was less weary than at six in the morning.

The following week I spent in visiting the society. On Sunday, June 5, the service at the Chapel lasted till near four in the afternoon: so that I found it needful, for the time to come, to divide the communicants into three parts, that we might not have above six hundred at once.

Wednesday 8, I ended my course of visiting; throughout which I found great cause to bless God: so very few having *drawn back to perdition*, out of nineteen hundred and fifty souls.

Saturday 18, I received a full account of the terrible riots which had been in Staffordshire. I was not surprised at all: neither should I have wondered, if after the advices they had so often heard from the pulpit, as well as from the episcopal chair, the zealous high-churchmen had risen, and cut all that were Methodists in pieces.

Monday 20, Resolving to assist them as far as I could, I set out early in the morning, and after preaching at Wycombe about noon, in the evening came to Oxford. Tuesday 21, we rode to Birmingham; and in the morning, Wednesday 22, to Francis Ward's, at Wednesbury.

Although I knew all that had been done here, was as contrary to law, as it was to justice and mercy, yet I knew not how to advise the poor sufferers, or to procure them any redress. I was then little acquainted with the English course of law, having long had scruples concerning it. But as many of these were now removed, I thought it best to inquire whether there could be any help from the laws of the land. I therefore rode over to Counsellor Littleton, at Tamworth: who assured us, "We might have an easy remedy, if we resolutely prosecuted, in the manner the law directed, those rebels against God and the King."

Thursday 23, I left Wednesbury, and in the evening preached at Melbourn, in Derbyshire. I preached at Nottingham (where I met my brother coming from the north) on Friday, and on Saturday and Sunday at Epworth.

Monday 27, I preached at Awkborough, on the Trent side, to a stupidly attentive congregation. We then crossed over, and rode to Sykehouse: on Tuesday to Smeton, and on Wednesday to Newcastle.

Thursday 30, I immediately inquired into the state of those whom I left here, striving for the mastery. And some of them I found were grown faint in their minds; others had turned back as a dog to the vomit. But about six hundred still continued, striving together for the hope of the Gospel.

Monday, July 4, and the following days I had time to finish the *Instructions for Children*. Sunday 10, I preached at eight on Chowden-Fell, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* Ever since I came to Newcastle the first time, my spirit had been moved within me, at the crowds of poor wretches, who were every Sunday in the afternoon, sauntering to and fro on the Sand-hill. I resolved, if possible, to find them a better employ, and as soon as the service at All-

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Saints was over, I walked straight from the Church to the Sand-hill, and gave out a verse of a psalm. In a few minutes I had company enough, thousands upon thousands crowding together. But the prince of this world fought with all his might, lest his kingdom should be overthrown. Indeed the very mob of Newcastle, in the height of their rudeness, have commonly some humanity left. I scarce observed that they threw any thing at all: neither did I receive the least personal hurt. But they continued thrusting one another to and fro, and making such a noise, that my voice could not be heard: so that after spending near an hour in singing and prayer, I thought it best to adjourn to our own house.

Monday 11, I had almost such another congregation in the High-street at Sunderland. But the tumult subsided in a short time; so that I explained, without any interruption, the one true religion, *Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

Thursday 14, I preached at the Lower-Spen, seven or eight (northern) miles from Newcastle. John Brown had been obliged to remove hither from Tanfield-Leigh, (I believe by the peculiar providence of God.) By his rough and strong, though artless words, many of his neighbours had been much convinced; and began to search the Scriptures as they never had done before: so that they did not seem at all surprised, when I declared, *He that believeth, hath everlasting life.*

Sunday 17, I preached (as I had done the Wednesday before) to my favourite congregation at Placey, on *Him hath God exalted with his own right-hand to be a Prince and a Saviour.* I then joined a little company of them together who desired *repentance and remission of sins.*

Monday 18, I set out from Newcastle, with John Downes, of Horsley. We were four hours in riding to Ferry-Hill, about twenty measured miles. After resting there an hour, we rode softly on: and at two o'clock came to Darlington. I thought my horse was not well. He thought the same of his: though they were both young, and very well the day before. We ordered the hostler to fetch a farrier, which he did without delay. But before the men could determine what was the matter, both the horses lay down and died.

I hired a horse to Sandhutton and rode on, desiring John Downes to follow me. Thence I rode to Borough-Bridge on Tuesday morning, and then walked on to Leeds.

Wednesday 20, I preached at Birstal and High-Town. After I had visited all the societies in these parts, and preached at as many of the little towns as I could, on Monday 25, I rode to Barley-Hall. Many from Sheffield were there. We rejoiced greatly together, in *Him who justifieth the ungodly.* On Tuesday night and Wednesday morning I preached at Nottingham: on Wednesday evening, at Markfield. Friday 28, we rode to Newport-Pagnel, and Saturday 29, to London.

Saturday, August 6, A convenient Chapel was offered me in Snowsfields on the other side the water. It was built on purpose, it seems, by a poor Arian misbeliever, for the defence and propagation of her bad faith. But the wisdom of God brought that device to nought,

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and ordered by his over-ruling providence, that it should be employed, not for *crucifying the Son of God afresh*, but for calling all to believe on his name.

Monday 28, Upon mention being made of my design to preach here, a zealous woman warmly replied, "What! at Snowsfields! Will Mr. W. preach at Snowsfields? Surely he will not do it! Why, there is not such another place in all the town. The people there are not men but devils." However, I resolved to try, if God were not stronger than they. So this evening I preached there on that scripture, *Jesus said, they that be whole need not a physician: but they that are sick. I came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*

Sunday 14, Mr. G. assisted me at the chapel, one who had *then* a deep sense of the goodness of God, in lifting him up from the gates of death, and delivering him out of all his troubles.

Monday 22, After a few of us had joined in prayer, about four I set out, and rode softly to Snow-hill, where the saddle slipping quite upon my mare's neck, I fell over her head, and she ran back into Smithfield. Some boys caught her, and brought her to me again, cursing and swearing all the way. I spoke plainly to them, and they promised to amend. I was setting forward, when a man cried, "Sir, you have lost your saddle-cloth." Two or three more would needs help me to put it on; but these too swore at almost every word. I turned to one and another and spoke in love. They all took it well and thanked me much. I gave them two or three little books which they promised to read over carefully.

Before I reached Kensington, I found my mare had lost a shoe. This gave me an opportunity of talking closely for near half an hour, both to the smith and his servant. I mention these little circumstances to shew, how easy it is to redeem every fragment of time (if I may so speak) when we feel any love to those souls for which Christ died.

Tuesday 23, I came to Kingswood in the afternoon, and in the evening preached at Bristol. Wednesday 24, I made it my business to inquire concerning the truth of a strange relation which had been given me. And I found there was no possibility of doubting it. The plain fact was this:

"The Rev. Mr. —— (I use the words of a gentleman of Bristol, whose manuscript lies by me) preached at two or three churches on these word, *Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.* After shewing the different sorts of dissenters from the Church of England, who (as he said) had only the form of godliness, he inveighed very much against the novel sect, the *upstart Methodists*, (as he termed them) which indeed he was accustomed to do, more or less, in almost all his sermons. 'These are the men,' said he, 'whom St. Paul foretold, who have the form, the outside shew of holiness, but not the power; for they are ravening wolves, full of hypocrisy within.' He then alleged many grievous things against them; but without all colour of truth: and warned his flock to *turn away from* them, and not to bid them God speed, lest they should be partakers of their evil deeds.

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"Shortly after he was to preach at St. Nicholas' church. He had named the above-mentioned text twice, when he was suddenly seized with a rattling in his throat attended with a hideous groaning. He fell backward against the door of the pulpit; burst it open, and would have fallen down the stairs, but that some people caught him, and carried him away, as it seemed, dead, into the vestry. In two or three days he recovered his senses, and the Sunday following, died!"

In the evening, the word of God was indeed quick and powerful. Afterwards I desired the men as well as women to meet. But I could not speak to them. The spirit of prayer was so poured upon us all, that we could only speak to God.

Having found, for some time, a strong desire to unite with Mr. Whitefield, as far as possible; to cut off needless dispute, I wrote down my sentiments, as plainly as I could, in the following terms:

"There are three points in debate, 1, Unconditional Election; 2, Irresistible Grace; 3, Final Perseverance.

"With regard to the first, Unconditional Election, I believe, That God before the foundation of the world, did *unconditionally elect* certain persons to do certain works, as Paul to preach the Gospel:—That he has *unconditionally elected* some nations to receive peculiar privileges, the Jewish nation in particular:—That he has *unconditionally elected* some nations to hear the Gospel, as England and Scotland now, and many others in past ages:—That he has *unconditionally elected* some persons, to many peculiar advantages, both with regard to temporal and spiritual things:—And I do not deny (though I cannot prove it is so,) That he has *unconditionally elected* some persons to eternal glory. But I cannot believe, That all those who are *not* thus *elected* to glory, *must* perish everlastingly: or that there is one soul on earth, who has not, nor ever had, *a possibility* of escaping eternal damnation. With regard to the second, Irresistible Grace, I believe, That the grace which brings faith, and thereby salvation into the soul, is irresistible *at that moment*.—That most believers may remember some time when God did *irresistibly* convince them of sin:—That most believers do at some other times find God *irresistibly* acting upon their souls:—Yet I believe that the grace of God both before and after those moments, may be and hath been resisted: and, that, in general it does not act *irresistibly*, but we *may* comply therewith, or *may not*.

"And I do not deny, that in some souls the grace of God is so far *irresistible*, that they cannot but believe and be finally saved.

"But I cannot believe, that all those *must* be damned, in whom it does not *thus irresistibly* work:—or, that there is one soul on earth, who has not, and never had any other grace, than such as does in fact increase his damnation, and was designed of God so to do. With regard to the third, Final Perseverance, I incline to believe, that there is a state attainable in this life, from which a man cannot finally fall:—That he has attained this, who can say, *Old things are passed away; all things* in me *are become new*."

Thursday 25, My subject in the evening was, *As ye have received the Lord Jesus Christ, so walk ye in Him.* O what a season was

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this! I scarce remember such an hour, since the first stone of the house was laid.

Friday 26, I set out for Cornwall. In the evening I preached at the Cross in Taunton, on *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* A poor man had posted himself behind, in order to make some disturbance. But the time was not come. The zealous wretches who *deny the Lord that bought them*, had not yet stirred up the people. Many cried out. "Throw down that rascal there; knock him down: beat out his brains." So that I was obliged to entreat for him more than once, or he would have been but roughly handled.

Saturday 27, I reached Exeter in the afternoon; but as no one knew of my coming, I did not preach that night, only to one poor sinner at the inn; who after listening to our conversation for a while, looked earnestly at us and asked, "Whether it was possible for one who had in some measure known *the powers of the world to come*, and was *fallen away*, (which she said was her case) to be *renewed again to repentance?*" We besought God on her behalf, and left her sorrowing; yet not without hope.

Sunday 28, I preached at seven to a handful of people. The sermon we heard at Church was quite innocent of meaning: what that in the afternoon was, I know not: for I could not hear a single sentence.

From Church I went to the Castle, where were gathered together (as some imagined) half the grown persons in the city. It was an awful sight. So vast a congregation in that solemn amphitheatre! And all were silent and still, while I explained at large and enforced that glorious truth, *Happy are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.*

I went thence to poor Mr. V——, the clergyman, lying under sentence of death. He had for some time acted the lunatic: but I soon put him out of his play; and he appeared to have wit enough in his anger. I designed to close in with him immediately; but two cruelly-impertinent gentlemen, would needs come into the room, so that I could say no more, but was obliged to leave him in their hands.

The lad, who was to die the next day, was quite of another spirit. He appeared deeply affected while we were speaking, and yet more during our prayer. And no sooner were we gone, than he broke out into a bitter cry. Who knows but he might be heard by Him that made Him?

Monday 29, We rode forward. About sunset we were in the middle of the first, great, pathless moor beyond Launceston. About eight we were got quite out of our way. But we had not gone far before we heard Bodmin bell. Directed by this, we turned to the left, and came to the town before nine.

Tuesday 30, In the evening we reached St. Ives. At seven I invited all guilty, helpless sinners, who were conscious, they *had nothing to pay*, to accept of free forgiveness. The room was crowded both within and without. But all were quiet and attentive.

Wednesday 31, I spoke severally with those of the society, who were about one hundred and twenty. Near a hundred of these had

found peace with God. Such is the blessing of being persecuted for righteousness' sake! As we were going to Church at eleven, a large company at the market-place, welcomed us with a loud huzza: wit as harmless as the ditty sung under my window (composed, one assured me, by a gentlewoman of their own town)

> "Charley Wesley is come to town,
> To try if he can pull the churches down."

In the evening I explained "the promise of the Father." After preaching, many began to be turbulent. But John Nelson went into the midst of them, and spoke a little to the loudest, who answered not again, but went quietly away.

Thursday, September 1, We had a day of peace. Friday 2, I preached at Morva, about eight miles west of St. Ives, on the north sea. My text was, *The land of* Zabulon, *and the land of* Nephthali, *by the way of the sea—The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up.*

I observed an earnest, stupid attention in the hearers, many of whom appeared to have good desires, but I did not find one who was convinced of sin, much less who knew the pardoning love of God.

Saturday 3, I rode to the Three-cornered-down (so called) nine or ten miles east of St. Ives, where we found two or three hundred tinners, who had been some time waiting for us. They all appeared quite pleased and unconcerned: and many of them ran after us to Gwynap, (two miles east) where their number was quickly increased to four or five hundred. I had much comfort here, in applying those words, *He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor.* One who lived near, invited us to lodge at his house, and conducted us back to the green in the morning. We came thither just as the day dawned, and I strongly applied those gracious words, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely*, to five or six hundred serious people. At Trezuthan-downs, five miles nearer St. Ives, we found seven or eight hundred waiting: to whom I cried aloud, *Cast away all your transgressions; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?* After dinner I preached again to about a thousand people, on *Him* whom *God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.* It was here first I observed a little impression made, on two or three of the hearers: the rest, (as usual) shewing huge approbation, and absolute unconcern.

At seven I met the society at St. Ives, where two women, who came from Penzance, fell down as dead, and soon after cried out, in the bitterness of their souls. But we continued crying to God in their behalf, until He put a new song in their mouths. At the same time, a young man of the same place, who had once known the peace of God, but had sinned it away, had a fresh and clear manifestation of the love of God.

Tuesday 6, I preached at Morva, on *Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* But still I could not find the way into the hearts of the hearers: although they were earnest to hear what they understood not.

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Wednesday 7, I preached to two or three hundred people at Zunnor, (four miles west of St. Ives) and found much goodwill in them, but no life. It was much the same on Thursday 8, while I preached at Cannegy-downs, five miles south of St. Ives, on *The resurrection of the dry bones.* There is not yet so much as a shaking among them: much less is there any breath in them.

Friday 9, I rode in quest of St. Hilary-downs, ten or twelve miles south-east of St. Ives. And the Downs I found, but no congregation, neither man, woman, nor child. But by that I had put on my gown and cassock, about a hundred gathered themselves together, whom I earnestly called *To repent and believe the Gospel.* And if but one heard, it was worth all the labour.

Saturday 10, There were prayers at St. Just in the afternoon, which did not end until four. I then preached at the Cross, to, I believe, a thousand people, who all behaved in a quiet and serious manner.

At six I preached in Sennan, near the Land's-end, and appointed the little congregation (consisting chiefly of old, grey-headed men) to meet me again at five in the morning. But on Sunday 11, great part of them were got together between three and four o'clock. So, between four and five, we began praising God; and I largely explained and applied, *I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely.*

We went afterwards down, as far as we could go safely, toward the point of the rocks at the Land's-end. It was an awful sight! But how will these melt away, when God ariseth to judgment!—The sea between does indeed *boil like a pot. One would think the deep to be hoary.* But *though they swell, yet can they not prevail: He hath set their bounds, which they cannot pass.*

Between eight and nine I preached at St. Just, on the green plain near the town, to the largest congregation (I was informed) that ever had been seen in these parts. I cried out, with all the authority of love, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* The people trembled and were still. I had not known such an hour before in Cornwall.

Soon after one, we had such another congregation, on the north-side of Morva-church. The Spirit of the great King was in the midst. And I was filled both with matter and words, even more abundantly than at St. Just. *My strength will I ascribe unto thee.*

At Zunnor I preached about five, and then hastened to St. Ives, where we concluded the day in praising God with joyful lips.

Monday 12, I preached at one on Trezuthan-downs, and in the evening at St. Ives. The dread of God fell upon us while I was speaking, so that I could hardly utter a word: but most of all in prayer, wherein I was so carried out, as scarce ever before in my life.

I had *had* for some time a great desire to go and publish the love of God our Saviour, if it were but for one day, in the isles of Scilly. And I had occasionally mentioned it to several. This evening three of our brethren came and offered to carry me thither, if I could procure the Mayor's boat, which (they said) "was the best sailer of any in the town." I sent, and he lent it me immediately. So the next morning, Tuesday 13, John Nelson, Mr. Shepherd, and I, with three

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men and a pilot, sailed from St. Ives. It seemed strange to me, to attempt going in a fisher-boat, fifteen leagues upon the main ocean: especially when the waves began to swell, and hang over our heads. But I called to my companions, and we all joined together, in singing lustily, and with a good courage,

When passing through the wat'ry deep,
I ask in faith his promis'd aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head.
Fearless their violence I dare:
They cannot harm; for God is here.

About half an hour after one, we landed on St. Mary's, the chief of the inhabited islands.

We immediately waited upon the Governor, with the usual present, viz. a news-paper. I desired him likewise to accept of an *Earnest Appeal*. The minister not being willing I should preach in the Church, I preached at six in the streets, to almost all the town, and many soldiers, sailors, and workmen, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* It was a blessed time, so that I scarce knew how to conclude. After sermon I gave them some little books and hymns, which they were so eager to receive, that they were ready to tear both them and me to pieces.

For what *political reason* such a number of workmen were gathered together, and employed at so large an expense, to fortify a few barren rocks, which whosoever would take, deserves to have them for his pains, I could not possibly devise: but a *providential reason* was easy to be discovered. God might call them together to hear the Gospel, which perhaps otherwise they might never have thought of.

At five in the morning I preached again, on *I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely*. And between nine and ten, having talked with many in private, and distributed both to them and others, between two and three hundred hymns and little books, we left this barren, dreary place, and set sail for St. Ives, though the wind was strong, and blew directly in our teeth. Our pilot said we should have good luck, if we reached the land: but he knew not Him whom the wind and seas obey. Soon after three we were even with the Land's end, and about nine we reached St. Ives.

Friday 16, I preached to four or five hundred on St. Hilary-downs. And many seemed amazed. But I could find none as yet, who had any deep or lasting conviction.

In the evening, as I was preaching at St. Ives, Satan began to fight for his kingdom. The mob of the town, burst into the room, and created much disturbance: roaring and striking those that stood in their way, as though Legion himself possessed them. I would fain have persuaded our people to stand still; but the zeal of some, and the fear of others, had no ears: so that finding the uproar increase, I went into the midst, and brought the head of the mob up with me to the desk. I received but one blow on the side of the head: after which we reasoned the case; until he grew milder and milder, and at length undertook to quiet his companions.

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Saturday 17, I preached at St. Just, and at the Land's-end, where in the morning, Sunday 18, I largely declared (what many shall witness in due time) *By grace ye are saved, through faith.*

The congregation at St. Just was greatly increased, while I proclaimed to every convicted sinner, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*

About one I preached at Morva, on Romans viii. 15, to the largest congregation I had seen in Cornwall. The society afterwards met, consisting of above a hundred members. Which of these will endure to the end?

At Zunnor I preached on Isaiah liii, feeling no weariness at all; and concluded the day with our brethren at St. Ives, rejoicing and praising God.

Monday 19, We were informed the rabble had designed, to make their general assault in the evening. But one of the Alderman came, at the request of the Mayor, and stayed with us the whole time of the service. So that no man opened his mouth while I explained, *None is like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heavens unto thy help, and in his excellency upon the sky.*

Tuesday 20, I concluded my preaching here, by exhorting all who had *escaped the corruption that is in the world,* to *add to* their *faith, courage, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness, and charity.* At eleven I spent some time with our brethren in prayer, and commended them to the grace of God.

At Trezuthan-downs I preached to two or three thousand people, on *The high-way of the Lord, the way of holiness.* We reached Gwynap a little before six, and found the plain covered from end to end. It was supposed there were ten thousand people; to whom I preached *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* I could not conclude until it was so dark, we could scarce see one another. And there was on all sides the deepest attention, none speaking, stirring, or scarce looking aside. Surely here, though in a temple not made with hands, was *God worshipped in the beauty of holiness!*

One of those who were present, was Mr. P——, once a violent adversary. Before sermon began, he whispered to one of his acquaintance, "Captain, stand by me, do not stir from me." He soon burst out into a flood of tears; and quickly after sunk down. His friend caught him and prevented his falling to the ground. O may the Friend of sinners lift him up!

Wednesday 21, I was awaked between three and four, by a large company of tinners, who fearing they should be too late, had gathered round the house, and were singing and praising God. At five I preached once more on *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* They all devoured the word. O may it be health to their soul, and marrow unto their bones.

We rode to Launceston that day. Thursday 22, as we were riding through a village, called Sticklepath, one stopped me in the street, and asked abrupt, "Is not thy name John Wesley?" Immediately two or three more came up, and told me, "I must stop there."

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I did so, and before we had spoke many words, our souls took acquaintance with each other. I found they were called Quakers; but that hurt not me, seeing the love of God was in their hearts.

In the evening I came to Exeter, and preached in the Castle; and again at five in the morning, to such a people as I have rarely seen, void both of anger, fear, and love.

We went by Axminster, at the request of a few there that feared God, and had joined themselves together some years since. I exhorted them so to seek after the power, as not to despise the form of godliness; and then rode on to Taunton, where we were gladly received by a little company of our brethren from Bristol.

I had designed to preach in the yard of our inn; but before I had named my text, having uttered only two words, *Jesus Christ*, a tradesman of the town (who it seems was mayor elect) made so much noise and uproar, that we thought it best to give him the ground. But many of the people followed me up into a large room, where I preached unto them *Jesus*. The next evening, Saturday 24, we arrived safe at Bristol.

Sunday 25, I preached at Bristol in the morning, and at Kingswood in the afternoon, on *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever*. A vast congregation in the evening were quite serious and attentive.

Monday 26, I had a great desire to speak plain to a young man, who went with us over the New-Passage. To that end I rode with him three miles out of my way: but I could fix nothing upon him. Just as we parted, walking over Carleon Bridge, he stumbled and was like to fall. I caught him, and began to speak of God's care over us. Immediately the tears stood in his eyes, and he appeared to feel every word which was said; so I spoke and spared not. The same I did to a poor man, who led my horse over the bridge, to our landlord and his wife, and to one who occasionally came in. And they all expressed a surprising thankfulness.

About seven in the evening we reached Kirk-Howell, four miles beyond Abergavenny. Tuesday 27, we came to Mr. Gwynne's, at Garth. It brought fresh to my mind our first visit to Mr. Jones, at Fonmon. How soon may the master of this great house too be called away into everlasting habitations.

Having so little time to stay I had none to lose. So the same afternoon, about four o'clock, I read prayers and preached to a small congregation, on the *Faith* which *is counted* to us *for righteousness*.

Very early in the morning I was obliged to set out in order to reach Cardiff before it was dark. I found a large congregation waiting there, to whom I explained Zechariah ix. 11, *By the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water*.

Thursday 29, I preached at the castle of Fonmon to a loving, simple people. Friday 30, it being a fair, still evening, I preached in the castle yard at Cardiff; and the whole congregation, rich and poor, behaved as in the presence of God. Saturday, October 1, I preached at Carphilly in the morning, Lantrissent at noon, and Cardiff at night.

Sunday 2, Fearing my strength would not suffice for preaching more than four times in the day, I only spent half an hour in prayer with the society in the morning. At seven, and in the evening, I preached in the castle, at eleven in Wenvo church; and in the afternoon in Porthkerry church, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

Monday 3, I returned to Bristol, and employed several days in examining and purging the society, which still consisted (after many were put away) of more than seven hundred persons. The next week I examined the society in Kingswood, in which I found but a few things to reprove.

Saturday 15, The leaders brought in what had been contributed in their several classes toward the public debt; and we found it was sufficient to discharge it, which was therefore done without delay.

Monday 17, I left Bristol, and preached in the evening to a very civil congregation at Painswick. Tuesday 18, I preached to a little earnest company at Gutherton, near Tewksbury; and in the evening at Evesham, on the happiness of him *whose iniquities are forgiven, and his sins covered.*

Wednesday 19, I called on Mr. Taylor, at Quinton, six or seven miles north of Evesham. About eleven I preached in his church to a thin, dull congregation, and then rode on to Birmingham.

Thursday 20, After preaching to a small, attentive congregation, I rode to Wednesbury. At twelve I preached in a ground near the middle of the town, to a far larger congregation than was expected, on *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.* I believe every one present felt the power of God. And no creature offered to molest us either going or coming; but *the Lord fought for* us, and we *held our peace.*

I was writing at Francis Ward's in the afternoon, when the cry arose, that "the mob had beset the house." We prayed that God would disperse them. And it was so: one went this way, and another that: so that in half an hour not a man was left. I told our brethren, "Now is the time for us to go." But they pressed me exceedingly to stay; so, that I might not offend them, I sat down, though I foresaw what would follow. Before five the mob surrounded the house again, in greater numbers than ever. The cry of one and all was, "Bring out the minister; we will have the minister." I desired one to take their captain by the hand, and bring him into the house. After a few sentences interchanged between us, the lion was become a lamb. I desired him to go and bring one or two more of the most angry of his companions. He brought in two, who were ready to swallow the ground with rage; but in two minutes they were as calm as he. I then bade them make way, that I might go out among the people. As soon as I was in the midst of them I called for a chair, and standing up, asked, "What do any of you want with me?" Some said, "We want you to go with us to the Justice." I replied, "That I will with all my heart." I then spoke a few words, which God applied; so that they cried out with might and main, "The gentleman is an honest gentleman, and we will spill our blood in his defence." I asked, "Shall we go to the Justice to-

night or in the morning?" Most of them cried, "To-night, to-night." On which I went before, and two or three hundred followed, the rest returning whence they came.

The night came on before we had walked a mile, together with heavy rain. However, on we went to Bentley-Hall, two miles from Wednesbury. One or two ran before to tell Mr. Lane, "They had brought Mr. Wesley before his worship." Mr. Lane replied, "What have I to do with Mr. Wesley? Go, and carry him back again." By this time the main body came up, and began knocking at the door. A servant told them, "Mr. Lane was in bed." His son followed, and asked, "What was the matter?" One replied, "Why, an't please you, they sing psalms all day; nay, and make folks rise at five in the morning. And what would your worship advise us to do?" "To go home," said Mr. Lane, "and be quiet."

Here they were at a full stop, till one advised, "to go to Justice Persehouse, at Walsal." All agreed to this. So we hastened on, and about seven came to his house. But Mr. P—— likewise sent word, "That he was in bed." Now they were at a stand again; but at last they all thought it the wisest course to make the best of their way home. About fifty of them undertook to convoy me. But we had not gone a hundred yards, when the mob of Walsal came, pouring in like a flood, and bore down all before them. The Darlaston mob made what defence they could; but they were weary, as well as outnumbered; so that, in a short time, many being knocked down, the rest ran away, and left me in their hands.

To attempt speaking was vain, for the noise on every side was like the roaring of the sea. So they dragged me along till we came to the town: where seeing the door of a large house open, I attempted to go in; but a man catching me by the hair, pulled me back into the middle of the mob. They made no more stop till they had carried me through the main street from one end of the town to the other. I continued speaking all the time to those within hearing, feeling no pain or weariness. At the west end of the town, seeing a door half open, I made toward it, and would have gone in, but a gentlemen in the shop would not suffer me, saying, "They would pull the house down to the ground." However, I stood at the door, and asked, "Are you willing to hear me speak?" Many cried out, "No, no! knock his brains out! down with him! kill him at once!" Others said, "Nay, but we will hear him first." I began asking, "What evil have I done!—which of you all have I wronged in word or deed?" And continued speaking for above a quarter of an hour, till my voice suddenly failed. Then the floods began to lift up their voice again; many crying out, "Bring him away, Bring him away."

In the mean time my strength and my voice returned, and I broke out aloud into prayer. And now the man who had just before headed the mob, turned and said, "Sir, I will spend my life for you; follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head." Two or three of his fellows confirmed his words, and got close to me immediately. At the same time the gentleman in the shop cried out, "For shame, for shame, let him go." An honest butcher, who was a little

farther off, said, "It was a shame they should do thus;" and pulled back four or five one after another, who were running on the most fiercely. The people then, as if had been by common consent, fell back to the right and left; while those three or four men took me between them, and carried me through them all. But on the bridge the mob rallied again: we therefore went on one side, over the mill-dam, and thence through the meadows; till a little before ten, God brought me safe to Wednesbury, having lost only one flap of my waistcoat, and a little skin from one of my hands.

I never saw such a chain of providences before; so many convincing proofs that the hand of God is on every person and thing, over-ruling all as it seemeth Him good.

The poor woman of Darlaston, who had headed that mob, and sworn that none should touch me, when she saw her followers give way, ran into the thickest of the throng, and knocked down three or four men, one after another. But many assaulting her at once, she was overpowered, and had probably been killed in a few minutes, (three men keep her down, and beating her with all their might,) had not a man called out to one of them, "Hold; Tom, hold!" "Who is there?" said Tom. "What, honest Munchin? Nay, then, let her go." So they held their hands, and let her get up, and crawl home as well as she could.

From the beginning to the end I found the same presence of mind, as if I had been sitting in my own study. But I took no thought for one moment before another: only once it came into my mind, that if they should throw me into the river it would spoil the papers that were in my pocket. For myself, I did not doubt but I should swim across, having but a thin coat and a light pair of boots.

The circumstances that follow, I thought, were particularly remarkable: 1, That many endeavoured to throw me down while we were going down-hill on a slippery path to the town, as well judging, that if I were once on the ground, I should hardly rise any more. But I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip, till I was entirely out of their hands: 2, That although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes to pull me down, they could not fasten at all: only one got fast hold on the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand. The other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank-note, was torn but half off. 3, That a lusty man, just behind, struck at me several times with a large oaken stick; with which, if he had struck me once on the back part of my head, it would have saved him all farther trouble; but every time the blow was turned aside I know not how, for I could not move to the right-hand or left. 4, That another came rushing through the press, and raising his arm to strike, on a sudden let it drop, and only stroked my head, saying, "What soft hair he has." 5, That I stopped exactly at the Mayor's door, as if I had known it (which the mob doubtless thought I did,) and found him standing in the shop, which gave the first check to the madness of the people. 6, That the very first men, whose hearts were turned, were the heroes of the town, the captains of the rabble on all occasions, one of them having been a prize-fighter at the bear-garden.

7, That from first to last, I heard none give a reviling word, or call me by any opprobrious name whatever. But the cry of one and all was, "The preacher! the parson! the minister!" 8, That no creature, at least within my hearing, lay any thing to my charge, either true or false; having in the hurry quite forgot to provide themselves with an accusation of any kind. And, lastly, that they were utterly at a loss what they should do with me; none proposing any determinate thing, only, "Away with him; kill him at once."

By how gentle degrees does God prepare us for his will! Two years ago a piece of a brick grazed my shoulders. It was a year after that the stone struck me between the eyes. Last month I received one blow, and this evening two; one before we came into the town, and one after we were gone out. But both were as nothing; for though one man struck me on the breast with all his might, and the other on the mouth with such a force that the blood gushed out immediately; I felt no more pain from either of the blows, than if they had touched me with a straw.

It ought not to be forgotten, that when the rest of the society made all haste to escape for their lives, four only would not stir, William Stitch, Edward Slater, John Griffiths, and Joan Parks: these kept with me, resolving to live or die together. And none of them received one blow but William Stitch, who held me by the arm from one end of the town to the other. He was then dragged away and knocked down; but he soon rose and got to me again. I afterwards asked him, "What he expected when the mob came upon us?" He said, "To die for Him who had died for us; and he felt no hurry or fear, but calmly waited till God should require his soul of him."

I asked J. P——, if she were not afraid when they tore her from me? She said, "No; no more than I am now. I could trust God for you as well as for myself. From the beginning I had a full persuasion that God would deliver you. I knew not how, but I left that to Him, and was as sure as if it were already done." I asked, if the report were true, that she had fought for me. She said, "No; I knew God would fight for his children."—And shall these souls perish at the last?

When I came back to Francis Ward's, I found many of our brethren waiting upon God. Many also whom I never had seen before came to rejoice with us. And the next morning, as I rode through the town in my way to Nottingham, every one I met expressed such a cordial affection, that I could scarce believe what I saw and heard.

I cannot close this head without inserting as great a curiosity in its kind, as I believe was ever yet seen in England, which had its birth within a very few days of this remarkable occurrence at Walsal:

Staffordshire.

"To all High-Constables, Petty-Constables, and other of his Majesty's Peace-officers, within the said county, and particularly to the Constable of Tipton," (near Walsal.)

"Whereas, we his Majesty's Justices of the peace, for the said county of Stafford, have received information, that several disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist preachers, go about, raising

routs and riots, to the great damage of his Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King:

"These are in his Majesty's name, to command you and every one of you, within your respective districts, to make diligent search after the said Methodist preachers, and to bring him or them before some of us his said Majesty's Justices of the peace, to be examined concerning their unlawful doings.

"Given under our hands and seals this day of October, 1743.

JOHN LANE,
WM. PERSEHOUSE."

N. B. The very Justices to whose houses I was carried, and who severally refused to see me!

Saturday 22, I rode from Nottingham to Epworth, and on Monday set out for Grimsby. But at Ferry we were at a full stop: The boatmen telling us, "We could not pass the Trent: It was as much as our lives were worth to put from shore before the storm abated." We waited an hour. But being afraid it would do much hurt, if I should disappoint the congregation at Grimsby, asked the men, "If they did not think it possible, to get to the other shore?" They said, "They could not tell; but if we would venture our lives, they would venture theirs." So we put off, having six men, two women, and three horses in the boat, Many stood, looking after us on the river side: in the middle of which we were, when in an instant, the side of the boat was under water, and the horses and men rolling one over another. We expected the boat to sink every moment, but I did not doubt being able to swim ashore. The boatmen were amazed as well as the rest; but they quickly recovered and rowed for life. And soon after our horses leaping overboard, lightened the boat, and we all came unhurt to land.

They wondered what was the matter I did not rise (for I lay along in the bottom of the boat; and I wondered too, till upon examination I found, that a large iron crow, which the boatmen sometimes used, was (none knew how) run through the string of my boot, which pinned me down that I could not stir. So that if the boat had sunk, I should have been safe enough from swimming any further.

The same day, and as near as we could judge the same hour, the boat in which my brother was crossing the Severn, at the New Passage, was carried away by the wind, and in the utmost danger of splitting upon the rocks. But the same God, when all human hope was past, delivered them as well as us.

In the evening, the house at Grimsby not being able to contain one-fourth of the congregation, I stood in the street, and exhorted every prodigal to *arise and go to his father*. One or two endeavoured to interrupt, but they were soon stilled by their own companions. The next day, Tuesday 25, one in the town promised us the use of a large room. But he was prevailed upon to retract his promise before the hour of preaching came. I then designed going to the Cross, but the rain prevented; so that we were a little at a loss, till we were offered a very convenient place, by a woman who was a sinner. I there declared him (about one o'clock,) whom God hath

exalted, to give repentance and remission of sins. And God so confirmed the word of his grace, that I marvelled any one could withstand Him.

However, the prodigal held out till the evening, when I enlarged upon her sins and faith, who *washed* our *Lord's feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.* She was then utterly broken in pieces, (as, indeed, was well nigh the whole congregation,) and came after me to my lodging, crying out, "O, Sir! *What must I do to be saved?*" Being now informed of her case, I said, "Escape for your life; return instantly to your husband." She said, "But how can it be? Which way can I go? He is above a hundred miles off. I have just received a letter from him, and he is at Newcastle-upon-Tyne." I told her, "I am going for Newcastle in the morning; you may go with me. William Blow shall take you behind him." And so he did. Glory be to the Friend of sinners! He hath plucked one more brand out of the fire. Thou poor sinner, thou hast received a prophet in the name of a prophet; and thou art found of Him that sent him.

Wednesday 26, I enlarged upon those deep words, *Repent and believe the Gospel.* When I had done, a man stood forth in the midst, one who had exceedingly troubled his brethren, vehemently maintaining (for the plague had spread hither also,) that they ought not to pray, to sing, to communicate; to search the Scriptures, or to trouble themselves about works, but only to believe and *be still*, and said with a loud voice, "Mr. Wesley, let me speak a few words. Is it not said, *A certain man had two sons? And he said unto the younger, Go and work in my vineyard. And he answered, I will not: but afterwards he repented and went?* I am he. I said yesterday, 'I will not go to hear him; I will have nothing to do with him.' But I repent. Here is my hand. By the grace of God, I will not leave you as long as I live."

William Blow, Mrs. S., and I set out at six. During our whole journey to Newcastle, I scarce observed her to laugh or even smile once. Nor did she ever complain of any thing, or appeared moved in the least with those trying circumstances which many times occurred in our way. A steady seriousness, or sadness rather, appeared in her whole behaviour and conversation, as became one that felt the burthen of sin, and was groaning after salvation. In the same spirit, by all I could observe or learn, she continued during her stay at Newcastle. Not long after, her husband removed from thence, and wrote to her to follow him. She set out in a ship bound for Hull. A storm met them by the way. The ship sprung a leak. But though it was near the shore, on which many people flocked together, yet the sea ran so exceeding high, that it was impossible to make any help. Mrs. S. was seen standing on the deck, as the ship gradually sunk; and afterwards, hanging by her hands on the ropes, till the masts likewise disappeared. Even then for some moments they could observe her floating upon the waves, till her clothes, which buoyed her up, being thoroughly wet, she sunk—I trust into the ocean of God's mercy.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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